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# The Carolina Quarterly

## Announces

# 2nd Annual Fiction Award

In recognition of excellence in creative writing a prize of \$50 is offered to the author of the best short story submitted to the CAROLINA QUARTERLY.

Authors must be enrolled in a college or university in the United States at the time their work is submitted. Manuscripts of 1500 to 5000 words will be accepted not later than March 1, 1952, and should be marked CAROLINA QUARTERLY FICTION AWARD.

The judges, Jessie Rehder and Richard Walser, reserve the right to withhold the award in the event that no story is, in their opinion, worthy of it.

The prize story will be published in the Spring issue of the QUARTERLY.

LANE KERR

## A Flag for a Soldier



**T**HE GRAY-STEEL ship rode with its welldecks high above the placid ocean. Her barrels of crude oil and gallons of octane had been discharged in a small, dirty seaport in North Africa. Now the crew mechanically settled down to the anticipated routine of the fifteen days' journey back to the States.

Forward, on the foc'sle, a small balloon-like man sat on the number one hatch and tried to catch some part of the breeze. Even though he would point his face towards the bow, still the sweat ran off his partly bald head, past his eyes and lumpy nose and then virtually cascaded down his short, thick neck onto his hairy back and front. Chief Bosun Rothstein drew a breath and let it out as slowly as he had sucked it in. Then he grasped the silver whistle which hung from his squat neck and piped a series of high, shrill noises which was the signal for the deck crew to begin their work again.

From the flying bridge, just below the top of the superstructure, Signalman Brad Townsend looked down and saw the deckhands ease themselves out of their compartments and lunchtime poker games and slowly move forward upship where they received work orders from Chief Rothstein. Townsend could hear the routine grumbling as the work details were assigned to various groups and individuals. One crew would continue to paint forward while another would chip and scrape aft. "Good God," thought Townsend, "what a helluva way to fight a war; paint and then when the damn

ship shines with the stuff, they reverse the process, chip and scrape it off and then begin to paint again. Anything to keep busy."

He was standing the twelve-to-four signal watch and thus was responsible for any interchange of signals between the other ships of the convoy and the Merrimac, his own. Methodically his eyes patrolled the starboard side of the fleet and saw nothing in particular while seeing everything in general. Far ahead, with her sixteen inch guns slanted in all directions, ploughed the twenty year old Flagship of the Taskforce, the U.S.S. Texas. In mechanical columns spreading from her port and starboard beams were grouped the troop ships, cargo ships, merchant vessels, and other assorted craft, each behind the one in front. Along and about the horizon swept the destroyers and their escorts, traveling at twice the speed of the ten knot convoy as they cut circles across the spacious green-blue ocean in search of undersea danger. Most of the ships rode high, having left their cargoes—tons of ammunition, crates of food, piles of coal, and thousands of troops, at a number of European and African ports just before the D-Day assault on Southern France. Now they were returning with many of the wounded and some prisoners.

Brad moved from the wing and walked across the calm deck of the wheelhouse to the hot-plate and the smell of coffee. He poured what might have passed for black ink into the cracked, porcelain, dirty-white mug. He watched the steam and wondered about asking Rothstein to play some poker later on that night. It would be a good way to find out what kind of a guy he really is, he thought. The coffee cooled and then he slurped its muddiness through to the bottom before going back out to the wing.

"Brad."

"Yeah?" It was Moreno calling him from the number three, twenty millimeter.

"Looks like a signal at about zero nine zero. See it?"

Townsend brushed the hair and squint from his eyes and turned to face the port side almost directly abeam of the ship. He spelled out the quick brightness of dots and dashes as the light flashed speedily . . . AO37 v DD661 - - - AO37 v DD661 . . . it flickered on and off. His call.

"Damn," he said while he called to the Quartermaster in the same breath, "damn, Bob, copy for me while I read this, will you?" He adjusted his own signal light and in brief moments the message was being received, and each two or three words were receipted for. And when the individual letters and collective words had all been grouped, the Quartermaster read it aloud to Townsend. "Have you doctor aboard?" it began, "Have seriously ill patient requiring

immediate treatment. Can we transfer soonest? Patient is 'Rinso-White.' Signed, Commanding Officer."

"Now what the hell kind of crap is that, Brad? What's that stuff about Rinso-White?"

"Must be part of the code group for the convoy. The Old Man didn't give me a list this trip so I don't have the least idea what it stands for. Hell, maybe somebody gave him a bath."

The Officer of the Deck, Ensign Carney, had taken the slip of paper from Townsend's hands and left the wing to go below to the Captain's Deck. He stood for a second outside the panelled oak door before knocking.

"Enter," the Captain shouted and he did.

The Captain looked like one. Though he was the only Annapolis man on board, still he tolerated his officers with a peculiar sort of understanding which usually bordered on the condescending. The officers liked to think that the Old Man was stuck aboard a ship in the Auxiliary Navy due to some breach of duty. The enlisted men's scuttlebutt had it that he had been wounded in the North African invasion, and that it was either a command aboard the "Mac" or a desk in Washington with a small chair for his two hundred and fifty pounds and no deck to pace. Needless to say he chose the command.

The Captain read, then exploded in a gentlemanly way as only officers can do. "My God, Carney, there must be other doctors in this convoy. Couldn't they transfer him to another ship?"

Carney knew from experience that he wasn't expected to answer, and he did his duty well. He stood and stared while he tried to look as though he knew just half of what the Captain hoped he did.

"Well," Captain Homering continued, "well, I suppose there's nothing to do but to take the sonofabitch aboard." Carney wanted to know why the sick man had developed into a sonofabitch and what the code word meant, but decided that this might not be the best time to ask.

"Carney, are you listening to me? I said we'll have to take him aboard. I don't suppose he can be too bad or he would have been put on a ship with a doctor in the first place. They might think that we won't roll as much in the heavy seas as some of these other ships. Very well, Carney, send word back that we'll accept him as soon as the Fleet Commander gives us permission. Tell the crew to stand by for a ship to come alongside. I'll join you in a few minutes."

Townsend relayed the message across to the tin can on the fringe of the horizon. Another message was sent to the Commander of the Taskforce, and the Merrimac received permission to drop astern of the convoy. Captain Homering shouted orders to the Navigation

Officer, and the Quartermaster spun the wheel while instructions were barked into the speaking tube connected to the engine room. Fifty-four minutes later the ship was at the rear of the convoy with the crew anticipating the excitement.

Destroyers hovered about protectively. Rothstein grumbled at this interruption of routine while he told his men to hurry up with the necessary lines, tackle and various rigging which would be needed for the always hazardous operation of transferring a man from one ship to the other.

The destroyer received the signal to begin her approach and then began to ease along the fantail of the big oiler, cutting her powerful turbines and seeming to squat like a little brother alongside a larger one. The line guns were fired, and in almost no time a human conveyor belt was set up between the two ships while both maintained a speed of some six knots. Gun and deck crews looked across at each other in silence and stared without expression or meaning.

The officers and men on the deck of the Merrimac must have seen him at the same instant, for there was an involuntary gasp and then a nervous silence before Carney said, "Good God, look at him," which was a foolish thing to say because they were. Just twenty yards away they saw a shrunken little head with whiteness bundling him from toes to neck. He looked very small and terribly scared as he prepared for the voyage across the few long yards of Atlantic.

Both ships lurched ponderously and periodically in constant quiver-like motions and spasms in the current which they generated between their beams. Alternately the thick hawsers and lines tightened and slackened. Captain Homering yelled across to "Get him in the chair and get your Goddamn ship the hell away." The crew looked again and saw their opposites literally forcing the man into the bosun's chair and then strapping him down. Finally he was in and the trip began as the destroyer crew strained on the line which would pull him across. He was about halfway over when the two ships chose exactly the wrong moment to dip towards each other in the cross current, the Merrimac to port and the destroyer to starboard. The lines slackened and while the Captain cursed and yelled at the youthful Lieutenant across on the other bridge to pull away, Rothstein screamed at his men, "Tighten up damn it, tighten up on that line."

If the sea had been rough, the man would surely have been lost. If he had been scared before the journey began, he was literally paralyzed with fear when it was over. He was pulled aboard with the blanket which bound him, soaking wet with the saltiness of the

water. Those who saw him before Doc Griffin hurried him off the crowded deck into the sick bay kept the conversation going well through supper, and all that evening sick bay had fourteen visitors with assorted and impossible complaints. "You bunch of goldbrick-ing phonies," the H.A. Deuce had told them, "nobody ain't gonna see the sonofabitch, so all of you get the hell out of here unless you're dying, 'cause he is."

Someone said that he was being sent back to the States for hospitalization and that he was supposed to be decorated for bravery at Normandy. "The Congressional Medal, I suppose?" someone asked and suggested. "Sure, that's it. Honest to God. I heard Carney telling the Exec about it just before chow."

Another theory was that he was a basket case and that that was why they had only seen his head. It took only a second for some ingenious, imaginative mind to fuse the rumors, and soon it was an accepted fact that he had been wounded at the Beachhead and was on his way to Walter Reed Hospital where Roosevelt would personally give him the Medal of Honor.

Seaman second John Feary had seen him when he had come aboard and then listened while the others talked. Later, after chow was over, he sought out Townsend, finally finding him stretched out on the forward hatch breathing in the hot darkness of the night.

"Brad, it's me. John."

"Yeah John, what's on your mind? Don't tell me that they're saying it's Patton coming home in disguise."

John laughed for a second, nervously.

"But Brad, you saw him, didn't you?" he asked.

"Sure I did. I got a helluva good look, and I don't particularly care if I never get another one."

John sat for a little while, then leaned over and cautiously asked, "What was the spoon in his mouth for, Brad?"

"I'm not sure," the answer floated back through the still blackness. "I've been wondering about that myself. I think it must have something to do with keeping him from choking."

More silence, only breathing.

Then from John again, quietly almost like a prayer, "Brad, he's going to die. I could see it in his eyes, and he's scared as all hell."

After that, just the sound of the ship swishing into the sea and far across the beam they both could see the silvery phosphorous carving paths in the ocean as the iron and giant hulls caused the eerie chemical reaction.

Finally John spoke again, slowly. "Brad. Did you see the eyes?"

Brad had seen the eyes, and he was looking at them even then, seeing their red reflection in the huge, black sky. The eyes were

almost all that could be seen, not really the eyes themselves, but the slots, the hollow holes where they just barely were, sunk far back on a level with the gaunt high cheek bone where the face-skin was pulled death tight. The head was shaved. Brad wondered why.

Later, in bed, he lay there staring with his own eyes shut tight while he tried to blot out the shrunken death head before him. The long mouth stayed clenched with fear and pain, and the eyes kept following him from beneath the shiny, crooked head. The sweat had soaked the bed, and his hair was matted with smelly perspiration. A quick shower helped to chase the tiredness from his body, but his mind lingered and wondered. Dear God, he thought, how would I feel if I were in there? What would I do? He can't talk, and he's dying every minute. Worst of all, he knows it. He knows he's dying.

The words whispered themselves out and away from his mind, and he climbed the ladder on the way to his station for the mid-watch while he finished buttoning his dungaree shirt. He passed beneath the sick bay porthole and wondered whether he had imagined or had really heard a guttural sound from inside. Then he hungrily sucked in the hot air, which, at least, was a change from the stuffiness of the hotter compartment.

He relieved the watch, drank coffee black again, and then tried to think of something pleasant—anything. Nothing came except a combination of wonder and fear. Halfway through the watch he was surprised to turn and see the Captain and Doctor Griffin standing together in the small passageway between the wing and the wheelhouse. The Captain had just asked what had happened.

"The inevitable," the Doctor replied in his high pitched, almost girl-like voice, "Breathing became impossible about an hour ago. I made the discovery just in time and cut through the neck to insert tubes into the trachea. He's more comfortable now."

"He'll live then." It wasn't a question, simply a statement in a cautious, matter of fact tone.

"No. He'll die. Within twenty-four hours. I can't save him. He was dead when he came aboard. You saw that."

The Captain sighed and said something about how damn complicated some things could become, and that when he died, they would probably become even more so. He turned and opened his log to write up the day's report.

Two hours later Townsend was back in his sack and sleep came from sheer exhaustion rather than from tiredness. The morning was half gone when he awoke at a few minutes past nine and saw Rothstein's bulk plopped in the sagging bed across from his own. "Hey, Chief," he said and smiled when Rothstein said something about him being a lazy goldbricker.

"Chief," he continued slowly while he felt for his words, "what do you think about the guy? I was sort of wondering what you might be thinking."

"Why?"

"Well, because. . . I mean how because it might be different with you. You're Jewish and I just thought it might make some difference about how you felt . . ." then hesitatingly as though he had said too much before he had really said anything . . . "maybe."

"Different? Different how?"

"I guess I mean are you sorry; because he's dying I mean?"

"He's dying, ain't he? What the hell you want me to do? Send flowers?" Rothstein had his head down and tied his left shoe while he was saying it. Then he walked away before Townsend could catch his eye. He thought that he had understood what the Chief might be saying, but he didn't want to be too sure. Rothstein knew by now; most of the crew knew now who the sick man was, and so they would be able to invent new stories to while away their loneliness on the still-long journey.

Brad Townsend sat and puffed, watching his smoke rings weave themselves into gaunt, long shapes, and saw emptiness where eyes should be.

## II

At 2007 that same evening the sick man vomited on an empty stomach, burst his blood loose from his bowels, hemorrhaged, and died with his eyes open.

## III

The Officer of the Deck woke Townsend an hour later, three hours before he was due topside to man his watch. He told him that he was wanted on the Captain's Deck on the double. Minutes later salutes were exchanged in the darkness; tonight there was just a part of the moon hanging down and pin-pointing small circles in the sea. The Captain startled Townsend out of his sleep by addressing him by his first name.

"Brad," he began, "he's dead and the funeral will have to be tomorrow. We can't keep the body until we hit port, so he'll have to be buried here. I've checked his diary and I'm taking personal responsibility and seeing that he receives a full military funeral." Brad Townsend thought the Old Man looked unusually tired while he slowed his words in a style which was foreign to him; usually he barked his words, chopping them into quick, small pieces. "The body has to have a flag if it's to be a military funeral, doesn't it?"

"Yes sir," Brad replied, realizing now what he had been called for. "I'll start immediately, sir. There's some cloth in the signalbags, and I might finish by morning. Full size?" he wanted to know.

"Yes, I suppose so. Just so you can finish it."

Next morning at the regular 0900 muster the word was passed to all hands that their passenger had died. Notice was given that all men not on watch would muster on the quarterdeck at 1100 in dress whites for the funeral. The Executive Officer mentioned something about pallbearers, and the men glanced uneasily at one another while they waited.

"Suppose we take different ranks," the Exec decided for them. "I'll be one. Then if Lieutenant Martin, you, Ensign Carney can make it, we'll have three of the six. Rothstein, how about you from the CPO Division, and then we can fill out with two seamen?"

"No sir," came back Rothstein's answer clear and as sharp as the morning sun which followed the ship. The Captain heard, turned from the officer he had been speaking to and in a semi-serious yet bantering tone asked the Chief, "Why, Rothstein? Superstitious?"

The men near the Chief pretended not to hear and looked as though they wished to move away with their nervousness, for they knew before the Captain knew why. Rothstein raised his eyes and caught the Captain's on a dead center before he let himself say, "Because I'm a Jew, sir."

Everyone heard but no one said anything and the men watched the shine on their shoes in the embarrassed silence. The Captain recovered his stumble quickly and locked the stare between them.

"Because you're a . . . Good Lord, Rothstein, I apologize. I never in this world gave it a thought." Turning to the Executive Officer he continued, "It might be a better at that to find six men of his own faith. Yes, I do believe that that might be more appropriate. He was a Lutheran, Lieutenant."

#### IV

At 1100 the men lined the quarterdeck in tight fitting whiteness about and on top, and with black on their feet, around their necks, and over their breasts. Robinson, who saw the services from his perch high above in the crow's nest, remarked at lunch that it had looked like a "bunch of little white sticks on a picket fence trimmed with black." The men paired off in four long lines and whispered right and left as they kept their eyes focussed on midship, watching the hatch that opened into the sick bay. They felt the ship slow her speed and someone mentioned in a muted tone that this was so because when they dropped the man over the side, it wouldn't do to have him caught in the giant screw of the ship. The others nodded at his knowledge.

Some pretended resentment at this interruption, this transgression of fixed routine. It was sham, however, for secretly they were

enjoying it the same as if they were home watching the Red Sox and Yankees or at the square dance in the firehall. This was a show and while they waited for the main character to make his appearance they talked about the man impersonally, almost making him a neuter. Just then the Executive Officer appeared on the bridge with the bugler by his side. Before the bugle reached the lips of the straw-haired boy, the Exec called for attention in a loud, commanding voice and below him the Quarterdeck became still as the men became straight and stayed stiff. Heads did not move, but the eyes in them squeezed and slanted so that the men saw the hatch open and the Captain step through and out. Behind him came the pallbearers, struggling almost profanely and sacrilegiously to move the shrouded figure through the narrow hatch. The Captain waited until the great flag was draped over the small lump and the procession began along the catwalk with the Captain looking sad and monkish. Closer they came to the group and the Captain finally halted near the bottom of the giant mast from which the flag hung passively. The body thumped to the deck between the rows of men and they gazed uneasily, heads held still stiff until the Captain commanded them, "At ease."

They tried, but weren't. The Captain began. "We have gathered here this morning to bury a man whom we could not save. God has called him and we must commit his soul to Him and his body to the sea. I have learned that this man was a soldier, at that a brave one. He was wounded on June sixteenth, three miles north of St. Lo. He came aboard our ship to die and did so leaving a wife and three children. I am taking the personal responsibility of seeing that he is afforded a full military funeral. I shall now read from The Book of Common Prayer."

With that he bowed his head and the men did likewise as he began, "The Lord is my Shepherd . . ." and his voice droned on sonorously while the crew lifted their eyes close to the brows and wondered about beneath the flag. Ensign Carney involuntarily shuddered when he thought of what would happen when the emaciated body, so heavy with weights, fell into the sea. So far to the bottom he thought; how far, he wondered, how far?

Brad Townsend came out of a trance just long enough to catch the trailing words of the Captain as he finished ". . . these few lines of poetry which I will read."

His voice dropped and the words rolled out pompously as he tried to play Prospero. Indeed, John Feary remarked to Brad later that all the Old Man lacked was the makeup; Brad countered that it was a lucky thing that Ogden Nash had not written anything

with the word "sea" in it or the Captain might have seized on that for his closing dramatic effect.

He was almost finished, Brad hoped:

"... Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
Nothing of him that doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange,  
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell."

Then, as though at a prearranged signal, as the Captain finished, the bearers grasped their burden and walked to the edge of the deck where they lifted the body high. Again by prearrangement, the Gunnery Officer gave the order to the gunners mates and they lifted their rifles high to skyward and split the silence with simultaneous shots; three times they fired. Then while the bugler puffed out a nasal "Taps," the men let go of their burden, not gracefully, but timidly and the body hung for a fleeting second that seemed like a longer minute. At the last instant the flag was snatched from the shroud. From the deck the men heard only the splash as the body cleaved the water. It was almost over. Townsend moved to the mizzenmast on the Captain's order and lowered the Stars and Stripes to halfmast. As he did so, other ships in the convoy followed suit. It was then that the Captain called for the flag which had been dedicated in death. As he moved and handed it to Townsend he informed the crew that upon arrival in port it would be turned over to the Red Cross so that they might forward it to the deceased's family.

"Townsend," he said just before he dismissed the crew, "take charge of the flag until that time."

As the lines broke, the men passed by on their way to the compartments where they would change to working clothes. They passed and stared at Townsend and the huge homemade flag without speaking. The deck was cleared when Rothstein walked over to him, standing alone, and looked straight at him.

"Here, Brad, let me help you."

Rothstein took a side of the blood red flag and stood away from him while they held it straight. They moved towards each other with a few steps and folded it over twice so that the large white circle in the center stood out more predominately. One more fold and the blackness of the crooked lines overshadowed the white and the red. Brad tucked it under his arm, looked at Rothstein and they walked away together.

It was over.



E. M. ADAMS

# Cultural Slavery Or Freedom?

MEN HAVE ALWAYS desired and often fought for that form of freedom which David Hume called *liberty*—freedom to direct one's own actions in accord with one's own desires and knowledge of existing circumstances. Liberty, in this sense, has the status of an ultimate value in our American culture and it functions as the fundamental criterion by which we judge social policy and structure. The aspiration for liberty gave birth to our Republic, and every war we have ever fought has been in its defense.

It is not difficult to stir men to fight and even die for liberty when deprivation of it occurs by open and flagrant imposition of an external will upon the individual. We adjust to natural events and reformulate our desires in light of our knowledge of changing circumstances without feeling any constraint or loss of liberty. But few, if any, ever knowingly yield to the demands of the will of another, unless one has voluntarily accepted the will of the other to be one's own, without feeling constraint and loss of liberty which is accompanied by resentment and a desire for freedom. We resent this imposition because it compromises our autonomy as a person.

*Cultural freedom* is a different matter. It is much more subtle and difficult. The victim of cultural slavery, for the most part, is completely unaware of his servitude and consequently *feels* no constraint, harbors no resentment of his bonds, and entertains no aspiration for release. There are no smoldering coals of desire for cultural freedom in his heart which may be fanned into a blazing indignation that would burst forth into liberating activity. Some have achieved a high degree of cultural freedom, but among those who have it is not universally agreed that it is a desirable state. Even some who would champion its cause, like our contemporary Existentialists, do not hesitate to characterize it as *dreadful freedom*. On the other hand there are ancient and honored, as well as powerful, institutions in our culture devoted to defending and promoting cultural slavery as a necessary condition of human sanity and salvation.

Perhaps the most important features of any person are his be-

liefs and attitudes and their organization, for these constitute the foundations of his character and are the major determinants of his behavior.

We may divide beliefs and attitudes into two classes: unexamined, uncriticized, and irrational on one hand, and examined, criticized, and rational on the other. The former are beliefs and attitudes which are present simply as effects of certain conditions to which the individual has been exposed. Usually they are culturally determined and the individual, if he becomes aware of them at all, merely finds himself with them in the same way in which he finds that he has certain color eyes, skin, native capacities, etc. He takes them for granted, consciously or unconsciously, but usually unconsciously, and proceeds to interpret and act upon situations in terms of them. The latter are beliefs and attitudes which the individual has subjected to reflective scrutiny and accepts them because he has found them to be justified.

We may picture an average person in any culture as a buoy which is partially submerged and anchored to the bottom of a channel. The area of reflectively examined beliefs and attitudes is somewhat analogous to the part of the buoy projecting beyond the water level, and the area of unexamined culturally determined beliefs and attitudes to the submerged part and the anchor. The water level or the threshold of rational examination of belief and attitude for most of us is high with a considerable part of our set of beliefs and attitudes submerged in a subterranean darkness beyond the penetration of the light rays of rational reflection.

Anyone in this state is more or less a cultural slave. His primary beliefs and attitudes, which shape all others and consequently his actions, are effects of conditions external to him. They are not *his* beliefs and attitudes in any significant sense. He is not free in that he is not the master of himself. Totally unaware and unsuspecting, he lives out his life as a puppet of forces unknown to him. The depth of his self-consciousness is slight. Unaware of the causes of his beliefs and attitudes, he feels no restraint or lack of freedom but tenaciously holds on to them as his own, and even experiences a sense of freedom in his capacity to remain unmoved by transient winds of doctrine and attitude.

The nature or character of the servitude involved in cultural slavery becomes more repugnant to those who are aware of it and have thus escaped from it to a certain extent, in light of the socio-analytic theory of culture first presented by Marx and now widely accepted. According to this view, culture in all of its fundamental aspects is a rationalization or pseudo-justification of the status quo

under which one class or combination of classes dominates and exploits all others. If this is true, and certainly it is quite plausible, cultural slavery deprives one of freedom in two senses. First, one is a slave in that he is not his own master. His beliefs and attitudes are not his; and in so far as his actions are determined by them, he cannot be said to act freely. Second, in so far as the cultural slave is not a member of the dominant class of his society, the cultural determinants of his beliefs and attitudes, and consequently his actions, are but weapons, even though unconsciously forged and wielded, by which the will of the dominant class is imposed upon the others in a subtle and unsuspecting way so that there is no felt restraint and accompanying resentment. In this way suppression and exploitation may be pursued without the risk of revolution. In so far as the cultural slave is of the dominant exploiting class, and he is just as likely to be here as among the oppressed and exploited, he is enslaved to his own baseness and selfishness while being deluded by his culture into thinking of himself as magnanimous and noble.

Furthermore, there are those who can and do deliberately manipulate culture in its various aspects so that they can impose their will upon cultural slaves and thus, in a sense, deprive them of liberty without giving rise to resentment. Every tyrant, whether priest, king, or modern dictator, knows this trick. By the control of culture and indoctrination, as in Nazi Germany or Communist Russia or Catholic Spain, or in many instances in America, the beliefs and attitudes of the individual are so molded that he not only does not resent the imposition of another's will upon him but actively and enthusiastically supports the imposer in his imposition. As Thurmon Arnold says, value beliefs, which are especially culturally determined, are weapons or tools for pushing people around. And according to a Yale Political Scientist, culturally determined value beliefs are not to be believed by Statesmen but used by them in imposing their will upon the masses.

Cultural slaves are especially susceptible to either or both the undeliberate and deliberate control by others through culture and thus deepening their servitude to the point not only of the deprivation of freedom, but also a subtle type of deprivation of liberty.

Cultural slavery cannot be dismissed by anyone as completely undesirable and without positive value. One deeply submerged in his culture in this manner is a very stable person and not likely to drift to sea. The winds of fashionable radicalisms and fluctuating attitudes have little effect upon him. He is likely to have a strong conviction and stubborn attitude about most important issues, which renders him a man of decision and action. Furthermore, he is probably mentally balanced and not prone to anxiety. He feels at home

in his world and that his life has meaning and a sense of direction, for he is nurtured by the culture which keeps him anchored by dictating his primary beliefs and shaping his fundamental attitudes.

We have described the cultural slave as one with a considerable portion of his beliefs and attitudes, especially his basic or primary ones, submerged below the level of reflective consideration and rational scrutiny and thus falling in the category of the unexamined, uncriticized, and irrational. The man in a state of cultural freedom is one with a relatively larger portion of his beliefs and attitudes, including the primary ones, appearing above the threshold of self-consciousness and having been subjected to rational examination and criticism. The difference between cultural freedom and slavery is not a clear-cut, precise, black and white, either-or matter, but rather a difference of degree. All of us are perhaps to some extent cultural slaves and also to some extent culturally free.

A person's beliefs and attitudes which are merely effects of certain conditions to which he has been exposed, are enslaving. We all have them. In fact, it is impossible to reach adulthood without acquiring a large stock. The genuine educational process, as distinct from indoctrination, attempts to stimulate the individual to engage in a thorough self-probing to bring into the clear field of his critical attention the beliefs and attitudes which were not of his making, but are makers of his personality and character. It is neither easy nor comfortable to peer within the intersanctum of our being and see the true state of affairs. Our critical eyes are naturally turned towards the external world and the beliefs and attitudes of others. Their lenses are adjusted for distant objects. When we are first able to turn them upon our own matrix of beliefs and attitudes, we find that they are out of focus and thus are unable to reveal contradictions, groundless and false beliefs, biases and prejudices. It takes time and effort to develop the skill required for redirecting and re-focusing our critical attention for thorough self-examination. But this is required for a high degree of self-consciousness, individuality, and freedom.

By subjecting our stock of beliefs and attitudes absorbed from our culture to rational scrutiny we may be able to determine which are rationally justified and which are not; and if we are really committed to rationality, we may be able to reject those which are unjustified and accept only the justified. A similar prescription may be used for acquiring new beliefs and attitudes.

Such an education would be literally a remaking of ourselves, a self-making, resulting in individuality and freedom. Our beliefs would be deliberately selected and accepted by us and thus be ours. Our attitudes would be approved because justified or disapproved

and reformulated under rational direction. No longer would our beliefs and attitudes be merely effects of cultural and other external conditions. No longer would we be mere puppets. No longer would we be subject to being controlled by and subjected to the sets of interests for which the culture is a rationalization. No longer would we be subject to being preyed upon by those who deliberately manipulate the culture in order to impose their will upon us without openly depriving us of our liberty and generating resentment and revolution. At last each would be his own master, a free, self-directing person, a product of his own workmanship. Of course materials would have been provided from many sources. There would have to be a long list of acknowledgements and expressions of gratitude; but in the last analysis the individual, the author of his own matrix of beliefs and attitudes and their organization, his character, would have to assume all responsibility for the selection and use of materials.

There are those who would insist that we can never achieve complete cultural freedom. Even if we could, with the sentiment of rationality and the criteria of rational justification for belief and attitude, admit into our repertory only examined and rationally justified beliefs and attitudes, it would be argued that we could not justify and accept the sentiment and criteria of rationality in the same manner. Hence in so far as we possessed them, they would have to be culturally determined.

It is true that we cannot give rational justifications for the principle and sentiment of rationality in the manner in which we can for other principles and attitudes. This is as impossible as a mechanical explanation of the fundamental laws of motion. But the principle of rationality is nothing more than that we should think and act in such a manner that our thinking and acting would not come to grief and regret. The sentiment of rationality is merely the desire to do whatever we set out to do in such a manner that we will meet with success. Culture may thwart and misdirect or implement the application of the sentiment and principle of rationality. But it neither gives birth to nor can it kill rationality. They originate and are coextensive with reflective problem solving, and thus transcend all particular cultures. We cannot reject them and continue to seek to live. Indeed we cannot reject them and pursue the goals of suicide and genocide, for all pursuing of goals or seeking requires rationality. We cannot reflectively or deliberately do anything without using them. Hence the principle and sentiment of rationality are practically necessary and therefore carry their own warranty.

While complete cultural freedom may be theoretically possible, it may also be only a myth which some people entertain about them-

selves and an ideal towards which some others aspire, but never attain. But certainly some people are more culturally free while others are more culturally enslaved. And perhaps it is possible for all of us to further liberate ourselves, if we so desire.

But should we desire to be culturally free? This is more than a parenthetical question. The answer is not obvious to one who genuinely appraises the matter. We have observed that cultural slavery is not without positive value. Neither is cultural freedom free from evil.

All too frequently the rational probing process leads only to the disqualification and rejection of beliefs and positive attitudes and is unable to replace them with anything but disbeliefs and negative attitudes. One may achieve cultural freedom in this manner, but in his freedom he will be a lonely withering spirit in an arid desert with his only sustenance the deadening companionship of fellow nihilists. To return to our earlier analogy, those in this state are like buoys cut loose from their moorings and afloat without anchorage or direction. They lack stability and purpose. To them life is nothing but a meaningless shiver of anxiety. All that can be hoped for is a series of eddies of excitement engulfed in an ocean of spiritual aloneness and isolation. For one in this state of "dreadful freedom," there is little consolation in the awareness that he and he alone is the maker and master of his fate. His insecurity and anxiety creates a yearning for stability, for something to depend upon and in which to anchor himself. In this state he becomes an easy prey for some old or new dogmatic ideology like an orthodox religion, Nazism, or Communism, and may end his days engulfed in a greater cultural slavery than in the beginning.

Other inquirers are able to escape the bonds of cultural slavery without falling into the snares of nihilism. In the rational examination of their culturally determined beliefs and attitudes, while being forced to reject some, they find that they can rationally retain others. Furthermore, they are able to discover and accept new positive beliefs and attitudes. In this way, they are replenished with a firm set of positive beliefs and attitudes, their own rationally accepted beliefs and attitudes, around which they can securely build and direct their lives. They are firmly anchored in reality and find purpose and direction in a rationally justified ideality. They enjoy the benefits of the stability and purpose of cultural slavery without its servitude and accompanying evils, and at the same time are invigorated and vitalized by the waters of positive freedom without meaninglessness, fear, and anxiety.



OREON SCOTT SKINNER

# The Queen Carouses To Thy Fortune



All you would have had to do was open the front gate and come in. You would have been sent away shortly as all strangers were; but had you been able to stay and watch unnoticed, you would have seen it all.

It could be the May of any year, but one of the later ones will do best. Nineteen-o-seven and Hanly Jamison was fifteen. That was the year that he took charge of the whole thing. It became his party: he inherited it. Now it was he who ordered the refreshments and favors, and decided what linen set would be used, and which cylinders Miss Nony was to play on the phonograph. Following the custom he had her set it in the window seat of the music room so that from the table in the garden he could hear the Merry Widow Waltz and Caprice, his favorite. The antique chess table that had been his father's was placed as usual beside the restless old cork tree, which during the parties always seemed to be an envious excluded guest.

The night before the party it seemed he would never fall asleep. But asleep, or awake daydreaming, his mind was an image of the treasured May eleventh from the past and the anticipated one tomorrow.

All the years were the same. When he awoke, if he had slept at all the night before, Hanly would steal quickly into his mother's room, slip beneath the covers, and silently wait for her to awaken. He began to dream.

## II

He silently waited for her to awaken. His head on the pillow looked not much different than it did in noon light. A round face in olive complexion centered with a small nose. And set above, full moon-yellow eyes that seemed to mirror only the gleam of marble.

It was a chilly, damp morning.

"Happy birthday, my dear mother."

"You never forget, do you?" She held him behind the head and kissed him.

"No, I never do. I couldn't." He glanced out the open window for a moment. "Miss Nony's out on the back porch turning the ice cream. Hear her? She's making peppermint-stick this year, you know."

The pair were quiet and soon fell together into a sleep; spoon-fashion, they called it. But it was soon mid-morning and a knock came at the door.

"There's Miss Nony," she sighed. "After she dresses me and helps me downstairs, we will make our plans. Later today I might take you to see about a new summer suit. Would you like that?"

The boy's face affirmed it.

"Wait. A kiss first."

When they returned home from shopping, everything was set out ready for them. They sat down and began her party. Immediately the envious excluded guest said, "My name is Irene." She was looking at Hanly and smiling.

Mrs. Jamison helped Hanly to some ice cream and birthday cake. "There, now be careful of your new suit. You look so nice and grown-up. You are my little grown-up boy." She reached out. "Give me your glass. You have drunk all your rootbeer. I will pour you some more."

"Don't drink any more of that kid stuff," said Irene.

Mrs. Jamison placed the refilled glass in front of him.

"Come along with me," prompted Irene. She took him by the hand and led him into the house.

Mrs. Jamison continued talking.

The pair found themselves in the music room. One two three, one two three the waltz punctuated. Irene took the cylinder off, and replaced it with one of her own.

"I think you will like this better," she said. "It's a new song. They say every cafe in Paris is playing it. You will grow to like it."

Hanly was across the room crouched in a French satinwood chair.

"I adore your new suit. A Schaffner, isn't it? Very grown-up. It makes you so you look strong—even aggressive." Her thoughts trailed off with the music and she rolled her arms to the melody.

"That's a fox trot. Ever done it? Come here. I'll show you."

Irene led and he followed her around the room in a clumsy two-step. When the song was over she sat him down beside her. Next she took a sweating bottle of champagne out of her purse along with two hollow-stemmed glasses.

"Here we are. You pop the cork, like a young gentleman."

Hanly had never opened a bottle of champagne, nor had he ever been allowed to taste it, but rather than admit his inexperience he accepted the bottle and after some effort removed the foil and got the cork in flight.

"What shall we toast to, Hanly?"

"To my mother. It is her birthday, and it is her party that you have taken me from."

"It is time you were forgetting her. I prefer we toast to the two of us—our future. Man and woman."

The champagne warmed.

"Put your arms around me, Hanly," she said dryly but emphatically, "I want to kiss you."

His eyes made a slow blink and his olive cheeks suddenly screamed pink. Now he faced her directly for the first time and forced a patronizing, methodical look that hid a frightened grin.

"All right, kiss me." Then more approvingly, "I think I shall like that." His doll face held the carved grimace of a child puppet.

"Quickly then."

He faced her and closed his eyes. She leaned down and slowly kissed him. And then again. His body lurched and he grabbed her tightly but not affectionately.

"Come to bed with me, Hanly, my darling. Be mine. You need me so badly."

"You are making me cry. I can't help myself."

"Now close your eyes, my darling, and follow me. It's all so easy. Give in."

"I want to cry so terribly much. I want to but I can't." He burst out into sobs, but it was no use.

She took him firmly by the hand and led him to a bedroom.

"Let go, Hanly, let *me* do everything. Trust yourself to me, Hanly. I love you and I am going to take care of you. You are my little boy now."

Something went out of the night . . . and now he heard a little touch of music in the day.

## III

Miss Nony was already downstairs that morning busy with the preparations when Hanly cried out from upstairs. He was standing at the open window. The old cook was just about to carry the freezer out onto the back porch and call him to come down and turn it. They were going to have peppermint-stick this year.

"You stay right there, Mister Hanly. I'm coming. Don't do nothin'."

When she got up to Mrs. Jamison's room she stared only for a moment at the woman's face. There was no mistaking it. The old Negress had been to many wakes.

"Come along with me," she said. "There's nothin' can be done for her."

Waking out of a sleep, this seemed too unreal. But there was enough sunlight in the room, and enough silence to tell him it was true. From the window he saw a garden and a table spread with a lace cloth . . . bright cookies and cool drinks . . . peppermint-stick this year and next year maybe chocolate, then vanilla . . . a waltz played now . . . played then.



CORNELIA V. POTTS

## Three Bird Calls

## I

Somewhere in the moveings,  
Somewhere in the weeds,  
Sleep,  
Somewhere in the rushings,  
Sleep,  
Somewhere in the trees.

## II

Love, live, love  
Each other.  
Kiss, kill, kiss  
Another.  
Live, love, live.

## III

Stay away there,  
Careful, careful.  
Do you see me?  
Careful, careful,  
This is my tree,  
Careful, careful.

AGATHA BOYD ADAMS

## Gertrude Stein Wins A Small War

BACK IN THE WINTER of 1934-35 Gertrude Stein made a complete conquest of Chapel Hill. That year the local branch of the Association of University Women, not unusually, needed to raise some money for a fellowship for women graduate students. Just about the same time Russell Potter, who was directing the Institute of Arts and Sciences at Columbia, wrote me that Gertrude Stein was about to start on a lecture tour of colleges and universities. He would like to have her see Chapel Hill—he had lived here long enough to have acquired a local pride in the village, and he thought she would like to lecture at the University of North Carolina if it could be arranged. Her lecture at Columbia, he added, had been a complete success. Making money by introducing Gertrude Stein to Chapel Hill appealed to the university women as about a million times more exciting than the usual forced levy of a bridge supper. The estimate was accurate.

In order to have the lecture in one of the University buildings (there are no other halls in the village) and under University auspices, it was necessary to secure the sponsorship of one of the departments. English seemed most logical. Was she not, along with Joyce, one of the great influences on contemporary writing? The affable head of the department, when approached, bestowed a hearty blessing; yes indeed, the lecture could be announced as under the joint auspices of the English Department and the American Association of University Women. The chairman of the publicity committee, with perhaps premature zeal, soon had posters up all over town bearing this announcement. Then trouble began. The unfortunate head of a conservative department found himself assailed by a lingering conviction on the part of several of his faculty that English literature had ceased with the nineteenth century. Perhaps they have now read in *Wars I Have Seen* Miss Stein's brilliant exposition of the thesis that the nineteenth century persisted until the second World War. Anyway, at that time, in 1935, they felt it was outrageous for the University of North Carolina to sponsor a writer so erratic, so experimental, so unhallowed by rhetoric or tradition.

They became very vocal about it. Might not such sponsorship be interpreted as an endorsement of her grammar? What shattering effects might that not have on Freshman Composition? A long solemn departmental meeting was held. What was said there in favor of Miss Stein's prose style and against it must remain forever in the secret archives of a departmental secretary. After several hours, however, the more adventurous spirits won. We would not have to take down the posters. The English Department gallantly consented to sponsor Gertrude Stein.

Immediately there arose another snag: to secure an introducer. In our academic world proper lecturers always have introducers. One by one the more august members of the English Department found to their courteous regret that they would be out of town that evening. Finally one of the younger members consented to introduce her. He was, to tell the truth, a sort of marginal member, since his major subject was public speaking; but he could be counted on for a gracious and brief introduction. He looked forward with some eagerness to the occasion, and I have no doubt that he was ready with winged words. But when Miss Stein arrived, she explained that she neither needed nor wanted an introduction; and indeed she did not.

But that goes ahead of the story. The preliminary correspondence with Alice B. Toklas I shall always cherish; it was my first acquaintance with that amazingly efficient and gentle soul. Miss Stein preferred not to ride on trains; could we route her so as to avoid them? The audience must be strictly limited to three hundred. Miss Stein would like to have a table on the platform. We removed the somewhat ecclesiastical reading desk and with some difficulty found an appropriate table. Amazing how difficult it can be on a big campus to find a simple moveable object like a "plain deal table." I contemplated it with some satisfaction, and pictured her sitting behind it with notes spread before her. Actually she stood in front of it, leaning against it and occasionally raising one hip as if to sit on it, though she never quite did. Its only use was as a prop.

The lecture was held in Gerrard Hall, a small, ancient, and austere brick building with excellent acoustics. It seats exactly three hundred, including the galleries. That night every seat was taken.

Never did a speaker need an introduction less. From the moment that Miss Stein stalked up to the platform she completely controlled her audience. If there were those who had gone to giggle at a literary freak, they were immediately under her spell. Immediately behind the speaker's platform in Gerrard Hall there hangs a large copy of Guido Reni's *St. Michael Slaying the Dragon*. Gertrude Stein is the only speaker I have ever seen on that platform who could

successfully compete with the flamboyant dominance of St. Michael. There was an impressive dignity even about her solid figure in the long woolen skirt, sleeveless woolen jacket, and white shirt, which seemed so individually right for her. There was magnificence in her beautifully modelled Roman head. Her voice had resonance and vitality; her dark eyes glowed as she spoke. The lecture was on the Making of the Making of Americans. It was good conversation, or conversational monologue: the natural spontaneous expression of a rich personality. No one could hear her without realizing her magnetism and the power of her intelligence.

After the lecture we went to the lounge of Graham Memorial so that the students could meet her. They flocked around her. She sat in a low comfortable chair and the boys and girls sat on the floor. They asked her questions, the questions that students who want to write always ask; how to get started writing, what to write about, was it important to go to college, and so on. She answered them straight, never wise-cracking or getting flippant, as some lecturers are with college students. She respected their youth and their eagerness. Her manner was grave and kind, but her wit was ready. I think she was at her best in this informal give and take.

When she could get away from the students, we drove her and Miss Toklas to the Inn. She refused anything to drink except Vichy water. At that time it was much easier to find corn liquor in Chapel Hill, by law and custom a dry town, than Vichy water. But after considerable search, a lone bottle was discovered; and we sat for a while in her room at the Inn while Miss Stein sipped and talked. She was that rarest of combinations, a good listener as well as a superlative talker. She asked questions which she really wanted to have answered, and looked at you intently while you answered. Under her kind, wise look you found yourself talking much more readily than usual. This ability of hers to encourage others to talk is evident all through *Wars I Have Seen* in the countless friendly, intimate anecdotes.

The next morning my husband and I had planned to drive Miss Stein and Miss Toklas to Cheraw, South Carolina, where they were to be met by another relay and conveyed to Charleston. My eight year old daughter woke up with a sore throat and fever. Clearly I could not go. When this was explained to Miss Stein, she insisted on being brought by the house to inquire after the child. With her she brought the great sheaf of roses which had been presented to her the night before, and which she bestowed on the somewhat overawed invalid. She was amused by my little girl's name, another Alice B., and wrote a poem for this "very little Alice B." And when she

said goodbye she stood in the doorway for a minute with a look of warm friendliness that I can still see.

It is that same warm friendliness which makes *Wars I Have Seen* such an engaging book. Gertrude Stein won Chapel Hill just as later she was to win Bilignim and Culoz. And she left, though she probably doesn't know it, certain tangible evidences of her brief stay here—the manuscript poem for “Little Alice B.”, for one. For another, the frustrated introducer wrote a parody of her lecture which tickled academic parties for years; in it the table-prop furnished the theme, “I Can't Get the Stein on the Table.” And, far from the least, an Irish setter pup acquired by my child that spring was at once named Gertrude Stein; she still flourishes in her doggish way as friendly, as sympathetic, as well-integrated a personality as her great namesake.



AUGUST KADOW

### Free Translation From A Child's Prayer

And if this sacred me should cease,  
which now is breath and touches here,  
would that unknowing be increase  
when eye and tongue are a career?

Or if this secret thing should be  
beyond the bells its night invents:  
not to unfold the grass, this me  
for whom a leaf holds continents?

But if this ceaseless me should wake  
to nothingness and sounds unbright,  
then would my father God remake  
me large and grow me in the night.

BETTY STEELE

# Lonely Is The Pavement



**DO** YOU COME from a big city? Me either.

Maybe you know what I mean about bein lonesome then. Take me. I came here over a year ago. Thought I had to leave home and come to Chicago. There wasn't any two ways about it. So, I get a job in a department store and find a room in a boarding house on the west side.

At first it's pretty exciting. All the sights! I had a lot of fun gawkin! But when you don't know nobody—well. I would of gone home only I hate to admit I was wrong, so I don't have much fun. That is, until this week.

The funniest things happen sometimes—things that don't happen to some people in a million years. Like what happened Monday. I was ridin the el, like always, only I'd forgot to bring along my "Readers Digest" and I'd already finished with the funnies and Hedda Hopper's colyum. So you know how it is. I was sort of lookin around at the people.

Did you ever do that? I mean, try and imagine where they're goin or what kind of wives they got. Most of them have got wives—worst luck. Well, like I said, I was just sittin there kinda thinkin about that tall distinguished fellow who gets on with me ever mornin. I mean he's got class. All of a sudden, I heard a deep voice beside me say, "Mind if I sit beside you?"

I say no, even though I am the only girl in the car, and there's some other places besides fellows. So I look up to see who belongs to the deep voice and it's this little guy. I doubt if he's any over five-four. Anyway, I get a chance to see that he's got a pretty nice face, even if he is heavy set. So I smile at him and offer my paper. He smiles back and says he read the headlines before he left the "Y," so I take it he ain't married. Funny, when I know a guy ain't married, then I freeze up inside. You know what I mean?

Well, I sit there lookin out the window at the dirty buildings and wishin I could draw a tall unmarried guy to sit by, when the fellow with class gets up and goes down to the door. I never can be sure whether that ring he wears is a wedding ring or maybe a Masonic ring. They're kinda alike sometimes. The little guy is watchin him go too. He turns to me and says, "God, I wish I was six-feet tall."

I don't know what to say. You know, it makes a girl feel funny to have a guy say personal things like that when you don't know who he is. And like the other girls at the boarding house say, I gotta be careful it ain't nobody on the make. But this little guy, he seems sort of wistful, so I say to him, "There's other things besides bein six-feet tall."

"You really think so?" he says.

"Why I can't see how bein tall makes a guy any better or any worse. You look pretty strong to me—an' healthy."

Well, I wish you could have seen his face. If I'd been tryin I couldn't of said anything that would have pleased him more.

"I do work-outs down at the gym every night for a hour," he tells me. "Sometimes I do sixty-six push-ups without stoppin."

Course, I don't know up to then what a push-up was; but he tells me, and I can see his muscles bulging through his coat sleeve like nothin I ever saw before. It's really somethin.

I don't think much about him after I get off, what with one thing and another; but the next mornin he gets on the same stop and looks real disappointed when he sees me sittin next to the tall guy. I sit there on purpose so as to see about the ring, but I don't know to this day what it is. Anyway, when my seat partner excuses himself and leaves, the little guy comes and sits down. We don't have much to say. Muscles are only good for about one conversation, if you know what I mean. But when he sees we're comin into my station he asks,

"What train do you take back in the evenings?"

I try to be real casual. Besides, I'm not so sure I want him knowin about my habits. So I say off handed so to speak, "Oh sometimes I take the 4:40."

"Maybe I'll see you," he says, and he gets up to let me out.

Well, it just so happens that I catch the 4:40 Tuesday night. Sure enough, there is the little guy savin a space for me. I like to leave before the big rush, so that's why I nearly always break my neck to catch that train. Standin behind the counter all day gives my feet fits by four o'clock, as you well know if you've ever tried standin eight hours a day, waitin on fussy customers.

Well, like I say, he seems to be in a pretty talky mood; so I join in. Gets my mind off my feet. He asks me if I'm tired and then I ask him—you know how it is when you talk to strangers. Then we run through the weather, and after that I ask him if he's going to do his sixty-six pick-ups. He laughs and tells me it's push-ups, but he's not going to do them tonight as he's going to the early show at the Bijou. And I ask him what's the show, and he tells me. I've seen it and it's low-zay; but I can't disappoint him when he's so hepped up about it, so I say that's nice. Then he waits a few minutes to say anything and pops out with, "I don't suppose you'd like to go to the show."

I'm knocked in a heap!

Here we are on such short acquaintance and not introduced and he's askin me for a date. Back home we wouldn't think of lookin at a guy twice if he had the nerve to say such a thing to a nice girl. I'm just about to tell him so, too. But then, things are different in the city. And he don't seem hardly like the kind that's on the make. The girls say all men are alike, and especially in big cities. I don't know about that. In all the year I been in Chicago, I haven't met any fellows. But all the same, the girls have scared me good and proper with their stories, so I just tell him, "No thank you," and leave it at that.

Well, he looks crushed. "I'm too short," he says.

I tell him it ain't that, and he says he knows what I'm thinkin, and I say I told him what I thought yesterday. By that time I'm beginnin to get a little mad with him. Can't stand somebody feelin sorry for himself all the time.

"I promise I won't lay a hand on you."

This sort of knocks me too—him readin my mind like that, and I find myself apologizin to him. Then I realize I ain't got anything to apologize about and turn red. I look out the window and see he's gone past his stop.

"That's all right," he says. "I'll get off at the next stop and change. Won't make me very late for the first feature."

"That's my stop," I tell him.

"Well," he says, "I wonder if maybe you'd consider having supper with me. I can go to the seven o'clock show."

"I don't know," I says. "I don't even know your name."

So we introduce ourselves. His name is Stanley. I kinda like that name. Knew a boy in the third grade named Stanley who was real nice. Course I don't let that influence me, but I finally say I have to eat somewhere. So we stop in Child's and have a seventy-five cent dinner. It's nice bein there with him. Kinda gives a girl self-confidence again. You know what I mean. Fresh customers is about

the only chance a girl has for dates in the city, and I'm not about to risk goin out with anybody doubtful.

I enjoy the meal a lot. Boardin house food gets kinda tiresome. So he pays the check and leaves a quarter tip and walks me up to the house. I tell him he'd better catch the next train back if he wants to get in at the first of the main feature.

"I don't care if I never see that picture," he tells me. He looks at me sorta like he means he'd rather be with me, and that's a lot, considerin he thinks it's such a good picture he's missin. Well, we stand there and gas a few minutes, mostly about where we're from and stuff like that. I sorta hope some of the girls may just happen to see me standin there, even if he is so short. He's right nice lookin when you get used to that.

It's gettin good and dark right about now, and I tell him I wish I could invite him in, but we got no parlor to entertain boy-friends in. He says that's all right. Maybe would I like to take a walk. It's funny how my feet was hurtin when I quit work at four-thirty but don't seem to hurt a bit now.

I figure nothin much can happen to a girl if she stays on lighted streets, so we start off. He takes my arm as nice as you please when we cross streets, and all the time he's tellin me about how lonesome it is in the city, and he don't have the chance to meet a nice girl-friend.

I tell him I been here a year and had the same trouble, only with me it's boy-friends. And we laugh. And then he holds my hand when we cross another street and forgets to turn it loose when we get across. This bothers me some because I don't like nobody gettin fresh or nothin. He don't seem to notice though.

He keeps right on tellin me about some of the boys at the "Y" who've lived there for years and don't do anything but go to work and sleep and read the newspaper.

"You gotta have interests," he says. "Now take me. I take in most of the sports events when they don't cost too much, especially wrestling. Do you like wrestling?"

"I don't know. I never saw any," I says.

"You'd like it, all right." He seems pretty sure about this although I'm not so sure myself. "If you're worrying about them hurtin each other, I wrestled some when I got out of high school. I oughta know when they hurt each other."

"You mean you were a professional? No wonder you got such big muscles."

"You really think so?"

About this time we come to a bowling alley and he asks me would I like to bowl a line. I'm gettin a little tired because I have

on heels. But he says you can rent shoes—regular bowlin shoes, so I say yes. We bowl two lines. He's pretty good, I guess. Keeps knockin over most of the pins at one blow, and some of the other fellows stop and watch him. He struts just a little I guess, but it don't seem to show like it did at first.

And then he gets a kick out of me. I keep throwin my ball down the gutter, or whatever you call it; and I don't have hardly any score at all. I'm afraid he'll think I'm wastin his money, but he says you can't expect girls to be good at things like that, so I don't worry any more. Pretty soon one of the fellows that's dressed in some kind of red and white uniform comes over to Stanley and asks him if he'd like to play on their team. He says he don't live in this neighborhood and the fellow says that's all right, he don't have to, and Stanley says he'd like to.

On the way home he seems pretty happy about it. Says I'm lucky for him—that he's been wantin to get on a team, but didn't ever meet any fellows who wanted to bowl much.

This team meets every Tuesday night, so that means he'll be comin once a week. He asks if maybe we could have dinner together on Tuesdays since he'll be comin this way anyway, and I say I guess we can if I don't have other plans.

He looks real worried at that and wants to know if I have a boy-friend back home. I tell him nobody in particular. I don't want him to get the notion that I don't ever go out. That makes it look like something's wrong with your personality. You know. So he asks me quick like, if maybe I'd like to go to the wrestling matches with him on Friday night.

This seems like a good idea, so I tell him yes, and by that time we're back at the boarding house and he says it's time to be gettin along. He don't try to kiss me, like he promised, and I'm pretty sure that he's a gentleman. Even if my roommate tells me that's a come-on. She says men just lead you on and then before you know it, they're pawin you all over.

It bothers me some—about Stanley, I mean. You know, a girl don't like to be too forward, or let a fellow think she ain't particular about who she goes out with. Stanley is no great shakes I guess. He's awful short. But then somebody's got to love the short men.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not in love with Stanley. How could I be when tonight's my first honest to God date with him? But I keep thinkin about how last week at this time I didn't know he was alive even, and now I'm sittin here waitin for him to take me to the matches. Last week at this time, I was thinkin about quittin my job and headin back home. Now I don't want you to think I'm boy crazy or anything.

It's just that I get tired of hearin the rumbling of the el, of seein nothin but pavement, and not havin anything to do after work.

I don't know. Maybe my room-mate is right. Maybe I'd better not go with him tonight. He might not be a gentleman. You never can tell.

It's funny how things happen. Just like that! Here I got nothin on my mind but Stanley now. It's funny. Stanley don't even seem short anymore.

Wonder how many dates a girl should have before she lets a guy kiss her—in the city I mean . . .



CHARLES EDWARD EATON

## A Lady Of Lilies

She is meant to hold white lilies in her hand  
Against the summer-brown until the whiteness glows  
As though through tan compression of her skin it rose,  
A fructive frightening light from barren land.

Like the woman-paragon of summer time,  
She wears the sun tight-coiled within her hair,  
A master-mistress of seduced, seductive stare,  
The conflict-body of both innocence and crime.

But these are hidden powers underneath the bronze,  
The furtive failure of a deft control;  
The hardness of her beauty, the softness of her soul  
Are vision and a vice that she feigns and shuns.

Think the flower on her breast like a pose she strikes—  
The brilliant lily wears its senses in the sun  
And gives the largesse of its light to everyone—  
In the contrast of her heart she likes what she dislikes.

Not softness but the seed is central to the lily-glow,  
Caught the season in taut-shining for another year,  
But though the autumn-yield portends exposure of her fear,  
She festers whitely in her blood and never lets the color show.

GORDON W. BLACKWELL

and

WINFRED L. GODWIN

## The Social Scientist Speaks Back

"The critical problems which obstruct advancement in human welfare and progress toward democratic goals are today social rather than physical in character. The problems and opportunities of our time arise out of man's relation to man—rather than his relations to the physical world." Thus reads the recent report to the trustees of the Ford Foundation, America's richest (\$500,000,000) philanthropic trust, which has decided to concentrate its resources in the social sciences and related fields.

Though problems of human relations do not stem wholly from the jeopardy in which we find ourselves because of our mastery of the physical world, their resolution has perhaps never been so urgently and universally sought.

The Ford Foundation Report states that "... the greatest challenge is the achievement of peace. . . . This is the greatest single issue of our times. In the balance is the very survival of man." But the vital issues in human relations are local as well as global. Intimately linked with the search for peace is the necessity for strengthening—hence understanding—our personal, communal, and national life.

It is a fundamental assumption of social science research that scientific methods can be brought to bear on these problems of human behavior—personal, communal, national, global—and that valid principles can be established to aid prediction and intelligent, democratic action. In the light of this fundamental assumption and the primacy of human behavior problems, the democratic imperative is that both layman and academician learn and appreciate the abilities and limitations of the social sciences and social science research. Likewise, the social scientist has the obligation to be frank and specific with regard to the accomplishments and promise of his research.

To the general public, social science, if it means anything at all, may suggest widely varying activities from socialism to studies of primitive peoples, public opinion polling, explanations of the business cycle, and back again to brain trusters in governmental bureaucracy.

Academic-wise, we usually think of the social sciences as separate departments in a division of Arts and Sciences. Other divisions are the natural sciences and the humanities, the latter properly including philosophy, religion, and much of history, as these fields generally do not resort to the canons of scientific method involving empirical verification and prediction.

Among the social sciences, economics and political science have had a relatively secure place in the university curriculum for some time. Economics, especially, has accumulated a body of theory which has been subjected to empirical testing.

Newer developments in social science include social anthropology, sociology, and social psychology. Originally focussing almost exclusively upon description of entire cultures of primitive peoples, social anthropology is now extending its research into subcultures of contemporary societies with focus upon prediction of human behavior. Sociology, primarily concerned with social organization and social process, utilizes somewhat similar theoretical formulations and research techniques, with more emphasis upon quantified data. Parts of social structure (institutions, social classes, groups, communities) are analyzed rather than cultures as organic wholes. Still a more recent addition to social science is social psychology which bridges the psychologist's interest in the individual, the sociologist's concern with social organization, and the anthropologist's focus upon culture. These three disciplines, together with general psychology, have been designated by the Ford Foundation Report as the core of the "behavioral sciences." They are also sometimes called the sciences of "social relations" and have recently been combined into one department under this name at Harvard University.

Each of the social sciences has its own plot to cultivate in the area of human society. Each develops theory and methods suitable to its research problems. Each in its own right must become strong in its analytical and predictive capacities. Yet, by the very organic nature of human society, each alone can go only so far toward giving a scientific understanding of human behavior. Many complex problems require joint attack by several of the social sciences.

If social science research has been slow in developing, this has been due in part to a rather vigorous skepticism about what social science can do and has done. This lack of confidence may be traced

to at least four erroneous assumptions of the layman, student, and academician. (1) Anyone is an expert in human behavior problems—the fallacy of a “common-sense” solution to behavior problems. (2) Social science research can’t produce valid answers and principles because it employs no reliable methods. (3) Social science research is too concerned with theoretical implications of problems—the fallacy of “impracticality.” (4) The summation of the first three assumptions, and actually the heart of the skepticism, is that social science research hasn’t produced or “come across.” These four criticisms clearly refer to the orientation, methods, theory, and applications of social science.

Problems of human behavior demand scientific investigation—that is, investigation ordered to the method common to all science. The idea is not too widely accepted, even among some academicians, that the basic orientation and *modus operandi* of the scientific method apply to social science research. It is often assumed that merely because we are investigating the most common thing in the world—human behavior—objective procedures are useless. The assumption that we know and understand something simply because we are part of it is fallacious in both the physical and social order of things. Just as our living in the midst of a physical world has not automatically produced knowledge of atomic energy, neither does our participation in society qualify us as experts in personality, industrial relations, crime, or any other aspect of human behavior.

Actually, the “common-sense” attitude toward human behavior problems may be more misleading than in other problem areas. The extremely wide variation in attitudes, values, and customs of people in different societies means that no one of us can be intimately familiar with a very large segment of social reality. “Common sense” has led also to a frequent tendency to infer casual connections between unrelated events, simply because one event occurred before another, or because both took place under similar conditions.

Somewhat akin to the assumption that no expert knowledge is needed to understand human behavior is the charge that social science cannot, or at least has not developed scientific methodology. What are the calipers, the test tubes, the cyclotron of social science? The intangible, changing character of human relations should be no more difficult to study than the inner workings of the atom.

The controlled laboratory situation of the natural scientist is rarely possible for the investigator of human behavior; yet, there have been a few studies in sociology and social psychology which have approached experimental method in laboratory-created situa-

tions. The Bales recording device has made possible systematic observation of how groups solve problems, how communication channels and leadership develop in planning, problem-solving, and therapy groups. Questionnaires, interview schedules, and tape or wire recorders are other instruments which extend the social scientist's powers of observation somewhat as does the biologist's microscope.

No longer does the social scientist have to rely exclusively upon historical data in the library and official sources such as the Census. Gordon Allport, social psychologist of Harvard, once said: "If we want to know how people feel: what they experience and what they remember, what their emotions and motives are like, and the reasons for acting as they do—why not ask them?" Social scientists in increasing numbers have come to rely on interviewing of statistically representative samples of the population. Following the lead of the anthropologist, we also use intensive field studies of particular groups or organizations, as in industrial and military research. Combination of these two research techniques offers even more promise.

It has been said that "Whatever exists exists in some quantity and number." Improvement of tools of measurement of such intangible factors as attitudes, personality, public opinion, consumer preferences, morale, and social class has led to increasing emphasis upon quantification in social science. As data have been quantified, the use of statistics has made possible accuracy and control hitherto not possible in human behavior research. As theoretical developments in mathematical statistics are made, their application in social and economic statistics advances the horizons of social science research. This is an objective of the Social Science Statistical Laboratory recently established at Chapel Hill.

The charge is often made that social science research is too theoretical and not practical enough. The assumption seems to be that research must be immediately useful in the solution of problems. It is generally agreed that the ultimate purpose of all research is the betterment of human welfare and progress. The crucial word here is "ultimate," for all science is limited to narrow bounds if research is to be instantly useful. The history of scientific research is replete with examples of "irrelevant" questions subsequently leading to important new and useful knowledge. One sociologist, Read Bain, recently wrote: "The problem is *how* to do what 'everyone' agrees should be done: save souls, help Negroes, sell soap. There is little interest in such silly questions as: . . . what are the possible side-effects of prohibiting liquor? Do revivals really revive the faith? . . . It should be remembered that science in all fields has

progressed because some peculiar people have persisted in asking what sensible people regard as silly questions. The man of action and the public want direct, practical results—quickly and cheaply. Often the results obtained by such practical action research are very different from what was wanted and expected.”

Social science, or any other science, for that matter, cannot be limited to immediately practical research, for the essential reason that prediction and control are possible only when basic research has uncovered universal principles of human behavior. The findings of research in any science become cumulative and integrated through basic research. The Ford Foundation, in subsidizing research projects in the human behavior field, has specified that the most desirable research will be characterized by “a concern with basic (fundamental or general) concepts and relationships of concepts, as distinguished from local, particularized, or exclusively applied research . . .” Basic research by psychologists and sociologists, on small groups for example, has been quite promising in indicating the general nature of communal and societal problems of communication, power, order, and leadership. Basic “theoretical” research along these lines may in time be immensely important in helping us better understand and strengthen the structural peculiarities of modern representative democracy.

Probably the most frequent single criticism, actually the summation of other criticisms, of social science research is that it hasn’t yet produced. A few examples of research with immediate application possibilities may answer this criticism.

Of outstanding significance in the stability of communal and national life is our industrial structure and the relations within that structure. Industrial unrest leads to social friction and decreased earnings, both individual and business. But on a more personal level, if “a man is his job,” what can social science research contribute in an age of mass production economy where the worker’s satisfaction must derive from something other than a close identification with a finished product?

Social scientists — primarily sociologists, anthropologists, and psychologists—have pointed to the coexistence of technical and human organizations in industry. These organizations perform two major functions, one economic, the other social. The production of goods takes place within the framework of a set of social relations involving workers and management. The essential problem is to establish a balanced, working equilibrium between these two interdependent orders in the industrial organization. Utilizing case studies, experimentation, and interviewing of statistically represen-

tative samples, a wide array of researches in "industrial sociology" and "industrial psychology" has validated the general hypothesis that production is directly conditioned by the social-psychological factors in the work situation—workers' relations to each other and to management and management's representatives. Specifically, worker satisfaction often depends upon the maintenance on the job of primary, direct ties with fellow workers. That this is not a "common-sense" solution is evident from increasing support of social science research by business and industry, and from employment of social science-trained consultants by such firms as Studebaker, Caterpillar Tractors, and Prudential Life. Social science research in industry has also dealt with such matters as restriction of output, the foreman, the "rate buster," and the effect of democratic participation of the worker in making decisions regarding production routine.

The theory of large-scale social organization is leading to more effective use of manpower in the military as well as in industry and business. This means increased productivity whatever the mission of the agency. Here the social scientists go directly into the field, into the very situations being analyzed. The several agencies of the Department of Defense are contracting for research on these matters. For example, a study of human factors in Air Force base efficiency is now being conducted by the Institute for Research in Social Science of the University of North Carolina for the U. S. Air Force. This project, perhaps the largest field research undertaking ever sponsored by the University, makes sense to USAF officers who requested it, are cooperating in it, and will use its findings. Faculty and graduate research assistants followed a Wing to foreign assignment on this project last summer, and a field team is currently studying the Wing at its home base in this country. Reports now being written deal with the Air Force base and its host community, patterns of interpersonal relations in selected flying squadrons, family life of Air Force personnel, organization and methods of research in the Air Force, and Royal Air Force-U. S. Air Force relations—a problem of cultural conflict.

For another example of pay-off in social science research, consider a community survey of Hoffman, North Carolina, undertaken by the Institute upon request of the State Board of Conservation and Development and a local community betterment association. In this project the human, natural, and social resources of an economically depressed community in crisis were objectively inventoried and recommendations made. Special attention was given to community leadership as local citizens set about attacking their problems with the aid of social science research. The community

is apparently pulling out of its lethargy as recommendations are followed and citizens are motivated to participate in the planning process.

Or again, what are the cultural and social organizational factors in a veterans' mental hospital which impede or aid the recovery of patients? Psychiatrists have asked the question. Social anthropologists and sociologists of the Institute are seeking answers under contract with the Veterans' Administration. What status and role do patients assume in the ward in which they live for a few months or for years? What are their relationships to the doctors, nurses, attendants, and other patients? How does the formal and informal social organization of the hospital differ basically from that in the home communities to which many of the patients will return? How can the usual feeling of dependence upon the hospital be avoided in patients so that their adjustment "outside" will be easier? How can the family be best prepared for the return of its mentally ill member who may still require time before he will again be entirely "normal"? With the reaching of tentative answers to these and other questions, the project contemplates an experimental phase in which certain wards will be manipulated in prescribed fashion to test the predictive value of the conclusions. The possible implications for hospital administration are obvious.

What has the national Aid to Dependent Children program meant to several million children in the United States since 1935. A survey of some 18,000 children in thirty-nine states is currently being analyzed by the Institute in an effort to find out. This investigation was requested by the American Public Welfare Association and had the cooperation of the Federal Security Agency. The findings are awaited as a possible basis for revisions in national and state social legislation and in the actual administration of child welfare programs.

A final example of the usefulness of social science research, selected from scores which we might cite, is a study of the effects of urbanization and industrialization at and around the site of the rising Savannah River plant of the Atomic Energy Commission. A field team of five graduate research assistants from city planning, psychology, and sociology are engaged in a two to three year investigation for the Institute under contract with the Housing and Home Finance Agency and with a grant-in-aid from the United States Public Health Service. Findings of this research will be immediately useful in alleviation of the many human problems which come with the influx of thousands of construction workers and their families, to be followed by other thousands of permanent operating and service personnel. With no new government community like Oak

Ridge, Tennessee, being contemplated, several small South Carolina towns and the city of Augusta, Georgia, must absorb the shock. The adequacy of community services for this greatly expanded population may go a long way in determining whether the construction and operation of the plant proceeds on schedule. Furthermore, the Institute is analyzing what this greatly speeded-up process of urbanization and industrialization means to the mental hygiene and stability of individuals and families long resident in the area.

These projects are perhaps representative of a newer multidisciplinary team approach in social science being emphasized at Chapel Hill and at other university centers. The "common sense" approach to these problems has not sufficed and has given way to scientific method. New techniques of data collection and measurement are being developed involving both qualitative and quantitative information. Although the usefulness of each project in guiding some type of social action is obvious, each study is planned so that it may also contribute to social science theory. Thus, basic and applied social science research proceeds in integrated fashion.



PERRY ORGAN

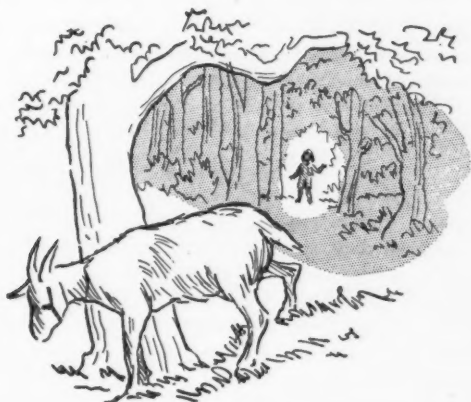
### A Sonnet

The sceptre of the flame is absolute,  
For in this flick'ring silence who will speak?  
Although we know that we are destitute,  
Apart from one another, who will seek  
The love of language in this magic ring?  
The very wish to understand, communicate,  
Has fled into the labyrinth of things  
So vague we know them not, until too late.

The silence of the flame extinguishes  
The brimming words; do lips forget their goal?  
The candle's light full well distinguishes  
Our neighbor's dreaming face—but not his soul.  
Blow out the flame! Let darkness, if it can,  
Fill up the void dividing man from man.

GLENN HARDEN

# The Music



Charlotte was the biggest city in the whole state of North Carolina, and Joyce Ann lived far out on the edge of it. Far enough out that she played often in a cotton field next her house, belonging to Mr. Sanderson, who came to his farm to fish, and occasionally saw a tree down with Joyce Ann's father on the other end of the cross-cut.

On the other side of Joyce Ann's house there was a cleared field, and a brook, and then another meadow, and beyond that a few houses, with big yards like her own. The houses got bigger and bigger and closer together, then smaller and still closer together all the way to school.

Joyce had found the Secret Road in the woods behind the cotton field in July, and by September had been to the pond by the Pine Trees. It was a slow exploration, down that pebbled and deserted road. She hoped that if she could ever go far enough she would come to a place where the foliage that inched down into the timeless gravel closed it off to a narrow trail; and that at the end of the trail would be the Indians, gravely smoking before a fire. The fire (she knew from her quasi-history book) would flicker against the closing trees and against the red breasts of the savages.

Or perhaps (and this was a more secret hope) there would be such things as fairies, or a castle, or a deliciously soul-shuddering dragon, or any number of things whose existence she had long refused to admit in the *top* of her head. The end of the road could be anything; but in September Joyce Ann could barely reach the pond before it was time to turn back for supper, because there were not enough hours between school and six.

She came to know the road so well this side of the needle-choked pond that she began making side explorations through the Great Forest trees, explorations that were dances, set to her own woodsmusic. One day she found the goat.

She had never seen a real goat, but she called this phantasm of the brown forest floor by its name, crying, "Oh, Goat!"

And the lovely brown and black and yellow and grey all soft and mixed and warm creature cocked its head and stared at her mournfully, chewing methodically at the ends of a long green beard of grass. Just so, she cocked her head and stared back. This was possibly better than Indians. For several minutes they gazed at each other, Joyce Ann thoroughly delighted, Goat non-committal, before she became aware of a third pair of eyes in the forest. Then she had a truly Indian (or possibly Princess) sort of feeling for the seconds before she turned in silence to stare at the girl crouching in the edge of closed-over clearing.

"Hello," Joyce Ann offered. But the girl only sat and looked at her from big brown eyes like the goat's. Then her mouth moved, and Joyce thought she would speak; but she only rolled her tongue behind her lower lip methodically, as the goat had. Her lip moved in and out, and finally she tossed her hair back, stood up, and moved past Joyce into the clearing, holding a battered bucket before her with both hands. She stood and stared, her expressionless face looking up into Joyce's wide eyes.

"What's the bucket for?"

"'Tis my goat."

She had a speech that was strange and soft to Joyce's ears. And when she opened her mouth to speak, Joyce saw that a brown liquid rolled over her teeth, and that her breath was strong and rich, and also brown. Joyce said just the right thing, with wonder for the whole afternoon in her voice. "It's a lovely goat."

"Yes. I s'l milk Her now."

"Like cows?"

"That I will," the girl answered. She knelt by the rounded belly of the still goat, and Joyce knelt by them and stroked the warm neck of the animal.

"Don't you have a stool? Don't goats have to live like cows in a stall?"

"I've not got no stool."

The milk rattled lightly against the pail, and the heavy odor was strange.

"Do you suppose I could taste it?"

The girl looked at her scornfully. "I'd cows milk."

"What?"

"At middy."

Joyce was astounded. She couldn't understand a word.

But it was all right. The girl picked up the pail and handed it to Joyce. The milk was full and heavy, and Joyce's eyes closed in pleasure as it went down.

"It's good."

The girl looked at her, spat her snuff to the ground, and tilted the pail to her own mouth. A little spilled to the front of the cotton print dress, long faded to an over-all brown.

"Oh," came from Joyce, and she reached to smooth the dress.

"S'all right. T'wont muss."

The girl stared at Joyce's bright jeans and jacket, and decided that Joyce was a rich one. She turned away carelessly and held a handfull of the grass to the tethered goat.

"Oh, may I feed Her? Please?"

The girl held out some grass to Joyce wonderingly.

When it was all gone, they went to a meadow filled with late sunlight and long grasses and gathered more.

"What is it that makes Her like grass?"

"What it is, is that . . ." The girl considered her words carefully, knowing that she was an authority on this subject. ". . . is that the grasses tucker up the sunshine and brang it back unto the woods for Her."

Joyce found this a remarkable thing for the grasses to do and fed great quantities of tuckered up sunshine to the Goat of Many Colors.

So they were friends, so Joyce said, "I have to go now."

The girl accepted this and turned to the goat. She took her snuff from her pocket and felt two fingers-full into her lip before she stooped to pick up the now empty bucket.

"Will you milk her again tomorrow?"

"That I will," said the girl, and smiled for the first time.

Joyce Ann turned and ran most of the way home.

At supper she told them eagerly about the goat, and the girl who fed it grass and milked it, and shared its milk with her. The mother and father smiled and nodded, and explained about the snuff.

After school the next day Joyce Ann hurried into the kitchen for something to eat. "Put the knife in the sink and the butter back in the refrigerator when you finish with it," Mother said. Joyce finished her sandwiches and put the knife and butter up. She went to get her jacket. "May I take some cookies to the girl in the woods, Mother? May I please, Mother?"

Her mother looked at her sharply. "You may take some cookies with you to the woods if you like."

Joyce Ann ran back to the kitchen to inform Cook. But Cook had left the room; and Joyce reached into the cookie jar herself, filling her pockets. She was almost out the back door when her mother's strident voice called her back.

"I thought I told you to put that butter up when you finished with it."

Joyce Ann blinked at the plate beside the sink. "I did."

"I'll not have you fibbing to me, Joyce Ann; now put that butter up."

The child moved obediently, saying, "I put it up already."

"Joyce Ann, the one thing I won't tolerate from you is lying."

The butter was safely in the refrigerator. "Mother, I did before, really."

"Come here."

Joyce didn't want to be spanked.

But she was spanked; until trembling, she would have admitted that she didn't. But Cook came in and saw what it was about. "Mrs. Johnson, I took that butter out myself, to make some white sauce."

Then the mother knelt beside the child on the floor, and came close to tears herself, as she told Joyce Ann how sorry she was, and how much she loved her, and how she wished she hadn't done it. Joyce Ann patted her weary mother's cheeks, and left.

With sorrow, she noted that the cookies had been crushed.

The girl in the brown dress was waiting in the clearing. But when Joyce came, she turned diffidently to the goat and knelt beside it, her forehead against the warm pulse of the hollow between the animal's flank and belly.

"Let me try," Joyce begged.

The girl rose, and showed Joyce how to hold the teats in her hands and press them, from top to bottom, and bring the yellow milk out in a steaming clatter against the battered bucket. They sat by the goat and fed it long, soft grass, and ate the broken cookies with the milk.

"I'd not such ere this," the girl explained.

Joyce thought she knew the word and exclaimed triumphantly, "I know where you're from now! Scotland!"

"That I'm not," the girl said, bewildered.

"Where are you from then?"

"We bided on Rumley's Hummock."

"Rumley's Hummock! Rumley's Hummock." It was like a song, like the music she heard for herself on the Secret Road and by the Pine Tree Pond. "Oh, that's much better than Scotland, so tell me about it. Who lived there?"

"Dadda and Her and We."

"Who are they?"

"But the girl was disinclined to talk of her family.

A voice called then, out of the woods, a long way off. "Mary," the voice sang faintly, "Mary."

The girl jumped up. "I'm sposed to go get some tonic off of him for Her." She nodded at the goat.

"Let me come."

"To rid Her of the mites," Mary said, and stepped into the woods. Joyce followed, and they came out with it into a tiny corn patch behind a ramshackle little brown house that stood by a road.

Mary's father stood in the doorway of the house with a bottle in his hand.

"Dadda," Mary said, nodding at her father with her eyes on the ground, just as she had at the goat.

Joyce was so confused under the scrutiny of the big man, she bobbed the curtsy they had taught her in Dancing School.

The father said "well, then," as though it were a finality, and laid his hand on her shoulder, looking at her with sky-and-sea eyes.

They went back to the woods with the tonic and rubbed it carefully into the hide of the gentle goat. As they worked with the strong greasy odor of it in their faces, Mary told Joyce about Rumley's Hummock, content with her hands moving against the warmth of Her.

And Joyce learned that it was an island, surely a thoroughly magic one, where a boat came indefinitely once or twice "the season" to take the fish and the clams and eels off of Dadda; and to bring such wonderful articles as cotton mathing, and binder, and checked gingham, and snuff, and brown bottles of tonic for Dadda, over which he sang with Cap'n Tom, after they had shared tales.

And of the Bell Poppies, who nodded with the constant wind, and of the myrtles, great and wall-like at the barrier of the water, and of the pines, twisted like old folk, and of the tame creatures, so few on the island that each had its own name, not just "Squirrel," or 'Rabbit," but real names. And of Cap'n Tom's bringing Her to them with Her's own children and of the orange Indian Cigars, which lay burning on the yellow sands, on the constant and shifting sands.

Then Joyce told Mary about her brother who was twelve and played baseball at the school yard and had a big white dog, which didn't love anyone but Harry (I'd two brothers, Mary said quietly) and of the wonderful dancing school, and of her father and her mother in the pretty white house. But this seemed dull to Joyce, who had just heard, for the first time in her life, of Rumley's Hummock. Everyone in the world, with the single exception of Mary,

lived in a pretty white house and had brothers . . . sometimes sisters . . . and a Mother and a Father and Cook and went to school. Mary only lived in the woods with a lovely goat, and had such a person as Dadda.

They went again to the bright meadow to gather the long grasses against their breasts for the goat. Joyce remembered a story about a pet pony who took apples from his mistress' pocket, and she stuffed some of the grass in the patch pocket of her jacket. The goat nudged her, and then ate the pocket and the grass both right off her jacket.

And all the quietness rushed out of them, as they laughed together at the silly goat, with the red of the pocket and the green of the grass being slowly munched together into the pink mouth. They laughed so loudly that they had to sit on the soft pine needles to let the laughter wash out of them, ringing into the forest.

"I read that they'll eat tin cans, too," Joyce said knowingly.

"No."

"Let's try Her to see!" They ran to the warm brown house and found an empty can that said tomatoes and had a big red fruit on it. But the quiet goat refused the proffered delicacy to push past their hands at the grass on the ground. They offered it until her soft lips reached out, and she nudged the paper label off the can. Down it went behind the pocket, and again their laughter rang out in the woods.

"It's the red she likes," Mary said profoundly. "*That* it is."

"That it is," Joyce agreed.

Then they were quiet; and the peace of Rumley's Hummock seemed to have descended upon the little closed clearing that sheltered Her the goat, the blond child, and the small tanned child who seemed to belong in the forest as the trees themselves did, not as Joyce belonged there, finding adventure, but as the creatures who moved in the living, stirring silences of the woods. For the first time, Joyce found she could hear her music with someone else.

"I can hear a music," she whispered.

"'Tis the leaves," Mary said "And the creatures. And the wind."

"Yes," Joyce agreed, "but if I want to, I can make it into more of a thing than that. It's . . . it's more of a thing than that, when I want it."

"Yes," said Mary, her face turned up to the trees, hearing.

At supper her mother asked about the pocket.

Joyce laughed, remembrance bubbling up in her. "The goat ate it! And Her ate a tin can, except she wouldn't eat the tin, but ate the label off instead. Mary . . ."

"Who is Mary?"

"The Girl in the Woods, with brown hair and brown eyes who lives on an island."

The mother turned to the brother to ask about the baseball game that afternoon.

Joyce Ann lay secret and warm in bed that night, thinking of the next afternoon (Friday! And then the whole free day Saturday) with the goat and Mary, and the good milk. From the next bedroom droned the irritated voice of her father. "It's just that she has a good imagination then, and we should be thankful for that."

"But, Jim, when she learns to use that imagination to excuse herself, she is turning into a liar, and we can't let that happen. I certainly don't care about the pocket, but this goat business has gone far enough when it eats her clothes up. Besides, there's been a tramp seen in Sanderson's woods."

"She loves them."

"I know that, but the tramp aside, it's dangerous for an eight-year-old child to spend so much time by herself, down in the woods making up fantastic stories to herself."

The voices went on, but Joyce Ann put her hands over her ears to shut them out. She was in an agony of realization. If she couldn't go into the woods, couldn't see Mary and Her again . . . But she knew the nagging intelligence twisting her into tears was that they believed her to be a liar.

Lies. Truth. Belief?

That's all. Belief. And it was not a true thing. It was a lie . . .

And so at last her soul ground out her defense against it, and she faced sleep in an aloneness that was the accumulated result of discovered untruths. It was that they, in that alien bedroom, knew how to lie, and did lie, and would cast that title on anything belonging to her which they did not or could not or would not share.

For the Truth is, they had admitted slowly, so many times, that Santa Claus is not . . .

The Truth is . . .

At breakfast that Friday morning Joyce Ann remembered that she might not be allowed to go to the woods this afternoon.

She thought how to put it, without admitting that she had heard their talking last night. From this day forth, Joyce Ann would know how to lie when it was needed.

"Mother, could I please take some cookies with me to the woods again today?"

Her mother's glance barely touched her father's before she looked at her breakfast again. Joyce also waited for him to answer.

"Joyce Ann . . . Harry, you kids want to go camping with me this weekend?"

Harry was eager for the trip. "Let's, Daddy," Joyce Ann conceded. The mother looked at the father, as though she despised him for his weakness.

After school, there was the flurry of packing food and utensils, and securing the white dog to be ready for the trip.

At last the father came, and they piled excitedly into the car with all their paraphernalia and the dog, and off they went, the mother waving happily as they pulled out of the drive.

"Kids, I have to go back into town tomorrow morning, but you can amuse yourselves at Sanderson's while I'm gone without any trouble, can't you?"

"At Sanderson's? Oh, Daddy," Harry exclaimed. "I thought we'd be going to Morrow Mountain like last time, or someplace real far off, anyway. Who wants to go to Sanderson's to camp?"

"Wait and see," the father cautioned. "We're going into his wooded lot."

At Sanderson's farm that important man met them in the yard of the farm house in which his chief tenants lived. Harry and Joyce Ann ran back to the barn to see the cows and mule. Then they were in the car again, and driving out from the house on a dirt road, that showed the scars of a tractor.

"Where are we going, Daddy, where?" they demanded, but he cautioned them again to wait and see.

"Besides, I might not find it. It's just a little hill in the middle of the woods, down the road a way."

They did find it, but before they did, Joyce Ann had cried aloud when she saw the Pine Tree Pond and knew at last that her secret road led only to Sanderson's. Her father smiled at her little noise, and said, "It is lovely, Joyce Ann, and we should have discovered it before. We can probably walk to this pond from our house on Sundays if you like."

Then, just beyond . . . yes! She knew the place between the trees that led back into the woods to a warm little clearing where Her the goat was, and where Mary was probably waiting for her now.

They drove on, but it wasn't far enough. A few more twisting curves brought them in front of the tumble-down little brown house set back against the woods in the tiny cornfield.

So then the road, no longer secret at all, at all, connected these: Sanderson's and the pond and the house where Mary lived with her Dadda.

And her Dadda came into his yard now, and stood, his deeply

tanned hands heavy by his sides. His blue eyes lit up at her in the automobile and he said, "Well, then," but looking at her father, he kept his hands by him, and did not reach to touch her shoulder as he had before.

"Mr. Sanderson told us to stop by here, and tell you we'd be up on the knoll camping tonight, so you wouldn't think we were marauders."

The man said nothing, only gazed levelly at the father, and then looked to Joyce Ann again. With a quick nod of his head to the woods, he said, "Mary's yonder with Her. S'some winesaps and Her's own cheese for to go wi' the milk." But Joyce looked sullenly away, sorry, sorry, that it was all together and open, and not separate from her brother and Sanderson's and her father, as it had been. It didn't seem to belong to her anymore.

Her father looked at her wonderingly as they were making camp. "So your Mary with the goat is Firche's little girl." And Joyce Ann was proud, but fiercely so, not happy in her vindication.

"And they did live on an island, didn't they?"

"What, Daddy, what? Tell *me*," Harry said.

"I didn't hear it until this afternoon. Sanderson was telling me where to stop. 'I've got a curious new tenant,' he said. But Joyce Ann can probably tell you better than I can."

"No. Don't tell him. I don't want to."

"Tell me, Daddy, tell me. Tell *me*!"

"Well, Firche, that old man in the house back there, was Sanderson's guide down on the coast where he goes to hunt and fish every summer. A great big storm came up this summer, and . . ."

"A hurricane, Daddy?"

"Oh, yes, Harry, a reel sho' nuff hurricane this was, for it blew the little island they lived on nearly off the map. It really did take away the better part of a twelve acre island."

"Where was it?"

"Well, it sat out into Pamlico Sound, less than two miles off Cedar Island, but the wind and the sea whipped through an inlet just right to hit poor old Firche's particular plot of ground."

"It was called Rumley's Hummock," Joyce said softly. "It was a magic island."

Her father's tone became consolingly serious. "Yes, it really must have been somewhat enchanted, for Firche was destitute, and didn't know what to do afterwards. He was a fisherman by trade, and the storm took his boat with the island. The sea tide washed up and stayed on the acre or so that were left, and will salt out everything growing there. Sanderson brought him back here as a tenant, on the promise that he would take him and Mary back

every summer for the two months and put them on a boat to guide him. Lucky Sanderson. The man is the best guide on the coast."

Joyce wondered. "Daddy, Mary has two brothers."

"They were drowned in the storm. The Coast Guard took Firche out of the top of a tree, with Mary in his arms. I guess this goat of hers is the only thing they saved. I sure hope the goat is as pretty as you make it out to be."

Joyce Ann looked at the stars for a long time that night before she fell asleep and listened for the music of the forest.

But it did not come.

The next morning they went up the narrow old road to Sanderson's and there the father left them, promising to return in the early afternoon.

But Joyce Ann went out to the pasture and under the fence and was running down the road before her brother missed her.

She walked for about an hour and a half, and was afraid she had passed it, when she found the place through the trees. She stumbled through the forest eagerly and burst into the tiny clearing. It was empty.

She found the goat half a minute later standing in the bright morning-sunned meadow, only the ridge of her back above the soft grasses. She knelt beside Her, her forehead against the warm shoulder, and stroked the downbent neck, murmuring, "Oh Goat, oh, beautiful Goat. Where is Mary, Goat, where could she be?" But Her the goat only munched and munched and did not care to answer.

Joyce Ann sat for a long time, nursing the unaccustomed feeling that she had lost something. Then Mary leaned over Her the goat and said, "Here I'm, Joy. I wouldn't ha' spoke, but . . . Come to see." And Joy went, gladness in her. "See?" "T'is like a house." And so it was, somehow, the warm burrow the tiny girl had made for herself to lie in. They widened it to fit two, the green burrow, such as the rabbits must live in, and warm and close and soft enough to complement a whole family of rabbits. They lay on their backs, the fair hand and the smaller brown one clasped tightly together in an understanding that would not meet any words in the two heads, except . . . "T'is like . . . 'a swam, and was under the water, and the sun shone through."

"Yes," said Joy.

She closed here eyes, holding in her vision the green swimming world, and in her ears, the vast teeming chuckle of life that was all about her in the softness.

When she woke, Mary was crouching at the opening of the burrow. "Be weary," she murmured.

"Yes, I was." Joy stretched and squirmed out of the burrow, feeling full of things. She brushed the bits of dry foliage and the insects from her dress and legs.

"We s'l eat." It was a question.

"Oh, yes, I'm so hungry. Shall we milk Her now, then? I have to go, in a little."

"You might step yonder to the hill, and bring somewhat."

"You come, too."

Mary shook her head. "I was there . . . I've no liking for hills."

Joy trudged up to the campsite. It was bare and open there between the great trees, and only the pine needles covered the bare earth. There was no green below, except for greyish lichens here and there beside stones and against a fallen trunk. Autumn lay on top of the hill. She took bread and peanut butter and a knife and ran down again to summer, as quickly as she could.

There wasn't so much milk as before, and they drank it all quickly, eating most of the bread between them, hungrily. Joy took the food back to camp and again ran away from the place where her father's and her brother's boots had been. They walked to the road together, holding hands without consciousness. Then Joy went up the road, leaving Mary peering from between the trees, the brown of her lost in the woods-brown.

Joyce Ann closed herself against the supper at the farmhouse, and afterwards, at the camp, she left the father and the brother by their fire, and crept into the tent to curl still and warm in her blankets. The father was telling another of Sanderson's stories of the coast. It was a nice story, and Joyce Ann smiled as she went to sleep.

She dreamt that she was with Mary, walking down a wonderful road; and they could see as far as their eyes could reach through the blueness, because there was nothing but sand, flat sand; and they were standing on the sand under an old bridge which stood up alone in all that desolation, and the wind was whistling and whistling in the bridge in a queer sort of way, but she didn't mind because she was with Mary and the music the bridge made was very happy and lovely and . . .

She opened her eyes, and there was the music, more clearly than she had ever heard it.

Speckled bits of moonlight had spilled through the trees and through the open door of the tent and to her face. Her eyes opened into it, and she saw bits of it on the blanket. The white dog was

lying in a little pool of it, only his face in the dark, his eyes shining at her.

"Beautiful puppy," Joyce whispered. "Darling ghost of a puppy in the moonlight."

Then she was in the shimmering forest, stepping with her bare feet down the hill, not needing to run now. Wide awake, she left the strangely sleeping father and brother behind her, unalive to her, sleeping through this magic sheen. There was no stir in the forest. She and the dog walked without a sound on the sponge of the leaves, and it was so quiet that she could hear the music clearly.

It was the silver of the moon, the silver sound of the moon.

That was how she could hear it, then, because it was touching her face, her hair, her arms, and the thin blue jeans and shirt she had been sleeping in . . . back in the tent. But she knew the tent to be very far away, and that she would lose the music if she surrendered the singing of the waiting forest. The trees were irrevocably still, caught in this moment as she was. The dog was a little in front of her, and the moon stars, slipping subtly across his whiteness as he moved formed the only change in the woods possible.

Soft leaves touched her face, and the music was louder and all around her as she moved feeling motionless with the spell-struck pines above her. It seemed real this time, it happened of itself and not because she wanted it. It was so loud that she was caught in it, as she might have been caught in the warmth of bedclothes, before dawn, producing it and receiving of it, beyond her reach and within her bowels. And now it was truly real, for the dog had stopped, listening, hearing what was beyond.

Beyond the dog the moonlight and the music streamed through a great rift in the forest, ribbed across it and into it, and filled it substantially, loudly.

She didn't notice her own motions, dropping her garments, one by one, beside the unmoving dog. She only noticed that there were no more leaves, that her bare feet and thighs and belly touched and were touched by the vast thick grasses, silvered with silent secret flowers.

And she scarcely knew that she was dancing, her movements were so much a part of the music that was now swirling green and silver in the clearing, liquid and real about her body. She only knew that she alone of the watching creatures was not to be still in all the listening forest.

And the pixie Mary, waiting from her own wakeful sleep, stood, one hand on the back of Her the goat, who also listened and saw this thing happening in the clearing. The beautiful magic dance

was held there, the green silver pool of music was held between the dark walls of the watching forest.

It was Mary who first broke the spell that lay on the wood, and turned in sweet pain from the beauty, with wonder in her that would realize and crystalize her belief in the other two things she knew to be real, the Sea and the Forest.

But Joyce Ann would never again believe in her own music . . .

Suddenly it was gone (Mary walked up the path to her house) leaving a tingling of tone running through her. The dog, too, moved imperceptibly, and a voice whispered from the dark waiting wall of the forest.

"What are you doing?"

Her brother it was. She got into her clothes hastily. "What are you doing here?" she whispered above the low sighing of the trees and tell-tale movements of little animal life.

Harry said, "I thought you were going to pee, so I followed to watch. You walked so fast!"

She looked at him in horror, and then because she was after all a child, she kicked the white dog. Recoiling from the blow herself, she ran down the path into the rising wind, alone.



## In Review

*The Finer Things of Life.* By Frances Gray Patton. 248 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3.00

Whether she is discussing Episcopal standards regarding ham in a small North Carolina town or the impact of the teen-age girl on a placid academic household, Frances Gray Patton's short stories are always intelligent, always amusing, and endowed with a tranquility and sense of order rare in hectic modern authors. Most of the stories in *The Finer Things of Life* first appeared in the *New Yorker* and have that magazine's well known sharp flavor tempered by her own essential humanity. She is most charming when her material is drawn from her own life in Durham, North Carolina, where

her husband is a member of the faculty of Duke University. They deal with day to day life in a Southern town that exists relatively undisturbed by a larger world. With quiet humor she goes to Faculty Club and P.T.A. meetings, tends her rose bushes, and takes time off from her housework to visit the local recorder's court. Quick to see both the ridiculous and the poignant, she can be uproariously funny or subtly ironic but never bitter and never unkind. Her world is a serene one, upon which the terrifying tensions of the atomic era intrude every now and then to make her basically civilized laughter seem all the more precious and all the more rare.

—Charlotte Davis

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The Focus of Campus Activity

*The Riddle of Emily Dickinson.* By Rebecca Patterson. 434 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00. A Houghton Mifflin Literary Award Fellowship Winner.

The mystery that has surrounded the life and works of Emily Dickinson for nearly a century has been a serious impediment to an intelligent understanding of her poetry. Though there have been many previous attempts to account for the great tragedy of her life and to link it meaningfully with her poetry, the vast majority of these have presented only unsubstantiated conjectures and further obscured its essential meaning. It has remained for Mrs. Patterson to attack the problem from an entirely fresh point of view and to present a convincingly logical solution, supported by a thoroughness of research that is in itself monumental.

The riddle revolves around the identity of the 'unknown lover' who was the cause of Emily Dickinson's sudden withdrawal, at the age of thirty, into a lifetime of bitter seclusion. Mrs. Patterson has sensed that the earlier attempts to identify this person as a married clergyman, or as the mere imaginative figment of a frustrated mind are lacking in conclusiveness. There is a passionate intimacy in the poetry that not only suggests, but demands the existence of a very real and powerful affection. The author proposes that the object of this affection was not a man at all, but a woman—a woman whose unbounded capacity to love was matched only by Emily Dickinson's desperate need to be loved.

*The Riddle of Emily Dickinson* is primarily the story of this woman, Kate Scott Anthon, and of the impact her personality had on the course of Emily Dickinson's life. Far from being a casual conjecture, the theory is developed methodically from the first, and Mrs. Patterson has not spared the minutest detail of research in her substantiation. She does not, however, attempt to establish any relation between

her conclusions and the Dickinson poetry, other than references to those passages that are indicative of their validity, wisely leaving the reader to develop the association to the extent of his interest and ability. The book is not only a valuable addition to existing biographical data, but also a rewarding literary experience for the Dickinson following, scholar and neophyte alike.

—Paul T. Chase

*Requiem For a Nun.* By William Faulkner. 286 pp. New York: Random House. \$3.00

In at least the present surveyor Mr. Faulkner's most recent work arouses a disturbing suspicion of hurried craft, a suspicion strengthened by the evidence of careless proof-reading in the errant typography.

The organization of the book is at first glance admirable. We are given a considerable drama in three acts, each of the acts preceded by a narrative discussion of the settings in which the drama occurs. Yet somehow the whole is not a whole; we are not given an integrated work, but a false impression of integration.

The first and best of the narrative sections concerns "The Courthouse" at Jefferson, the action that led to its conception, and its consummation at the hands of the townsmen. The appearance here of Thomas Sutpen's wild slaves and impressed French architect accents a resemblance in the writing to the haunting and evocative pages of *Absalom, Absalom*.

"The Golden Dome," which introduces the second act of the drama, is blessedly brief. It begins specifically with the capitol building at Jackson, continues with a political and social resume of state history, and ends with a World Almanac summary of facts and figures about the capitol city. The prose here exhibits nearly all the features—one might even say clinches—of Mr. Faulkner's style at its worst.

## THE LITTLE SHOP

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In the beginning was already decreed this rounded knob, this gilded postule, already before and beyond the steamy chiaroscuro, untimed unseasoned winterless miasma not any one of water or earth or life yet all of each, inextricable and indivisible; that one seethe one spawn one mother-womb, one furious tumescence, father-mother-one, one vast incubant ejaculation already fissionating in one boiling moil of litter from the experimental Work Bench; that one spawning crawl and creep printing with three-toed mastodonic tracks the steamy-green swaddling clothes of the coal and oil, above which the pea-brained reptilian heads curved the heavy leather flapped air . . .

The third and final narrative (introducing Act III) is "The Jail," a rambling and tedious sentence which runs to the excessive length of 49 pages. There is much good in it, but it is difficult to separate this good from much more that seems little better than aimless verbal unwinding.

One can hardly read this example of non-full-stop-prose without oneself stopping to recall with what marvelous cogency and craft Mr. Faulkner used this same technique in the crucial and moving fourth section of "The Bear," and to lament his present lapses.

As a kind of consolation, the final pages of the narrative reward us with an unforgettable portrait of the spinster, "the indomitable and undefeated, maiden progenitress of spinster and childless descendants," surely one of Mr. Faulkner's most significant thematic figures.

In contrast to the narrative interludes, the drama taken by itself is almost wholly admirable; and it is the drama which occupies nearly two-thirds of the book, provides it with substance and a solid core.

The drama has for its central figure the Temple Drake of *Sanctuary*,

that violent shocker of Mr. Faulkner's earlier career.

In *Sanctuary* Temple was left to her own resources in a backwoods bootleg hangout by her drunken escort Gowan Stevens. Brutally attacked by one of the mob she was carried off to be held captive in a Memphis brothel, where she fell in love with another small-time racketeer named Red whom she saw murdered because of her perverted kidnapper's jealousy.

In the present drama Temple, some eight years older but no wiser, is wife to Gowan, who has married her out of pity and a sense of guilt. Of their two children, one is still an infant.

Temple has taken as a servant the colored Nancy, sometime prostitute and dope-fiend, with whom she relishes her days of evil in retrospect.

With some of her old letters to Red, Temple is blackmailed by his brother Pete. Blackmail is forgotten when they find themselves mutually attracted, and they determine to run away together taking Temple's infant child with them.

Nancy, not concerned with forestalling them but supremely loyal to the infant and her concern for its future, smothers the child on the eve of Temple's departure.

Most of this story (including the richly violent incidents of *Sanctuary*) is recounted by Temple in the first scene of Act II. She has been brought to confessional with the governor for the good of her soul by her uncle-in-law, lawyer Gavin Stevens, who has patiently goaded her into the belief (which he knows to be false) that her story might alter the unalterable verdict rendered on Nancy.

In form an interrupted monologue, it is this lengthy confessional, so intricate verbally and emotionally, by which the play is likely to stand or fall. Its success in the theatre will depend on whether its emotional urgency can be sustained through so extreme

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The scenes of Act I in which Temple is prodded and harried into her visit to the governor, the final act of Nancy's serene affirmation, and the climactic second scene of muted violence in Act II are all excellently made. The dialogue in these scenes realizes as nothing else heretofore Mr. Faulkner's superb skill as a dialectician, and for this alone the play would be memorable.

Beyond this and for all its involvement in melodrama, the figure of Nancy emerges into the calm and luminous atmosphere of genuine tragedy.

The ultimate question is why Mr. Faulkner and/or his publishers saw fit to muddle a remarkable play with at least two undistinguished examples of his so-called "incantatory" prose? The mannerism is there but where is the magic?

—Frank Groseclose



## Contributors

Agatha Boyd Adams, whose death in 1950 was a great loss to both the University and the community, appears in *THE QUARTERLY* for the fourth time with another of her charming sketches of writers she has known in Chapel Hill. Her former articles concerned Thomas Wolfe and Paul Green. She was associate director of the Extension Library at UNC and editor of *The Book Mark*, a periodical published for The Friends of the Library.

E. M. Adams is a native Virginian now on the faculty of the University of North Carolina where he is assistant professor of Philosophy. He has studied at the University of Richmond, Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, and holds a Ph.D. in philosophy from Harvard University. Before coming to Chapel Hill Mr. Adams was assistant professor of philosophy at Ohio University.

Gordon W. Blackwell, director of The Institute for Research in Social Science at the University of North Carolina, is a graduate of Furman University. He studied further at UNC where he received his M.A., and holds a Ph.D. from Harvard University. Mr. Blackwell has contributed to professional journals previously, but this is his first appearance in *THE QUARTERLY*.

Winfred L. Godwin is a graduate of Birmingham Southern and the University of North Carolina. A research assistant at The Institute for Research in Social Science, Mr. Godwin recently completed the requirements for his Ph.D.

Charles Edward Eaton, Chapel Hill poet and teacher of creative writing at the University of North Carolina, has published two books of verse, *The Bright Plain* and *The Shadow of the Swimmer*. In addition he is a frequent contributor to such magazines as the *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Harper's* and *THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY*.

Glenn Harden, special student in journalism at the University of North Carolina, is not a newcomer to readers of *THE QUARTERLY*. Last year, Miss



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Harden published a short story, *The Coachman*, in the fall issue. Currently the editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*, she has studied under Phillips Russell and Charles Eaton at the University, from which she received her A.B. in journalism in June, 1951.

August Kadow, of Hollywood, Florida, is a graduate of Guilford College, where he received his A.B. in 1947. After completing his work there, Mr. Kadow studied at the Breadloaf School of English, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont. He has taught at Georgia Tech and his poetry has appeared in *Interim*, *Poetry*, *The Arizona Quarterly*, and *Experiment*.

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# "THE P LAY'S THE THING" THE LAYMAKERS RESENT

DARKNESS AT NOON.....	Nov. 27-Dec. 2
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WINTERSET.....	Feb. 26-Mar. 2
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# The Carolina Quarterly

Winter  
Issue



Vol. IV, No. 2, March, 1952

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## Contributors To This Issue

*Professor Constantine Cavarinos*, author of *Science and Modern Greek Thought*, was educated at Harvard College and is now with the Philosophy Department at the University of North Carolina. In a few short years he has established himself as one of the most respected and distinguished members of the faculty. The editors of the CAROLINA QUARTERLY are proud to introduce him to those of our readers who do not have the opportunity to attend his stimulating lectures.

Three of the short stories appearing in this issue were written by young authors whose work has been included previously in the CAROLINA QUARTERLY. *R. W. Hyde*, who is represented in the current number by *California Is Like That*, is a former member of the English Department here at Chapel Hill. His story, *Cousin Albert*, which was printed a year ago in this magazine, has been selection for publication in CAMPUSCRIPT, a new anthology of short fiction. *Made a Monkey of Rev. One-Eye* is the third story by Bob Fowler to appear in these pages. Mr. Fowler is a former fiction editor of this magazine and is currently living in Greensboro where he is a reporter on *The Greensboro Daily News*. *Joseph Terrell*, an English major at the University of North Carolina, lives in Raleigh. *The Front Side of Three Lead Bullets* is his second story to be published in the CAROLINA QUARTERLY. *Juliet Toubin Saunders* is a resident of New York City. She has published frequently in other magazines, but *Hot Day in February* marks her first appearance in the CAROLINA QUARTERLY.

*Judy Inabinet*, *James Gardner*, *William Hood*, and *Thomas Lloyd*, each of whom has verse in this issue, are all undergraduates in English at the University of North Carolina. Mr. Lloyd is the poetry editor of this magazine. *Maidi Payne* of Jacksonville, Florida, has published verse in a number of the most outstanding literary magazines. Along with *Wendell B. Anderson*, she is making her initial contribution to the CAROLINA QUARTERLY.

R. W. HYDE

## California Is Like That



*I should not have come*, he thought. He turned from the babble of voices in the close, humid room. Through the open window he could see the shocks of wheat that stood at regular intervals in the stubble of his uncle's field. The rows ascended the rocky hillside and on the hilltop stood a mound of straw, massive and golden in the Tennessee sun. The threshing machine was hidden behind the mound, but its blower reared like the head of a dinosaur over the straw.

He started as he heard his mother's voice in his ear, chiding.

"What on earth are you staring at, Lawrence? Didn't you hear Aunt Bertie ask you a question?"

He was aware that the babble had ceased. He turned uneasily toward the circle of relatives who were looking at him. His gaze swept past the anxious face of his mother and lingered for a moment on his father and Aunt Bertie's husband, Uncle John, who sat close together in cane-bottomed chairs. In the dim light they looked like twins more than ever. Aunt Bertie, bespectacled and enormous, sat in an easy chair beyond Uncle John, clutching a cardboard fan in her fat fingers. She wagged the fan reproachfully at him.

"I declare," she said, "anybody would think you were wishing you were back at Harvard. I asked you what the sermon was about this morning."

A minor panic started in his stomach and worked up into his throat. All had turned in their chairs and were waiting for his answer. He was conscious of his mother's strained breathing beside him. Across the room from Aunt Bertie his sister, Margaret, was watching him with a sly little smile on her lips.

"Why," he began, "it was about love. How God loves us, and how we should love one another." The smile grew broader on his sister's face.

"He took his text from the third chapter of John," Lawrence went on, more strongly now. "'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life'."

Beside him his mother gave a little contented sigh. Aunt Bertie beamed upon him. His father and Uncle John nodded approvingly. The smile hung for another moment on Margaret's lips and then disappeared.

"I sure do miss not going to church any more," Aunt Bertie said. She spread her fingers out on the arm of the chair. Lawrence stared fascinated at her great swollen ankles, which distended her stockings and overflowed her shoes.

"Was that the King James Version?" Aunt Bertie demanded.

"Yes," Lawrence said.

"Well, I don't believe in anything but the King James Version," Aunt Bertie said. She shifted her body in the chair. "Several years ago, back when I was able to go to church reg'lar, a minister came down from the Seminary, saying he used the American version. Said it was more modern. That was before you all moved from Rock Creek over here to Big Springs. Anyway, I said to him, 'Young man, we've been using the King James Version all our lives, an' our fathers an' mothers used the King James Version before us, an' if the King James Version was good enough for them I reckon it's good enough for us'."

"I remember that time," Uncle John said. "You really lambasted him. He ast me how I felt about it. I told him I wasn't saying the American version was wrong, but if it was a question of one being righter than the other, I'd stick by the King James Version. I don't mind going new-fangled in farm machinery, but danged if I'll go new-fangled in religion!"

"So we loaned him our Bible 'til he could get one in the King James Version from the publishing house in Nashville," Aunt Bertie said, "an' we never had any more young preachers coming down from the Seminary trying to use anything but the King James Version."

The heat, which Lawrence had forgotten, came flowing back again. It poured in through the windows and spread in an unseen tide into every corner of the room. The conversation had broken up into little units, and now that attention was no longer directed at him he turned again to the window. The sunshine hurt his eyes,

and it was several moments before he could look at the mound of straw on the hill.

*They began threshing the wheat that lies beyond the hill, he thought, and when Saturday came they stopped at noon, and the men went home. They went home on their wagons, trailing chaff and straw on the gravel roads, lashing their mules with the black leather lines. They went home famished, and they washed their faces in basins of cold water, and with wet towels they removed the chaff that had caked on neck and shoulders. After they had eaten they put on their shabby suits and drove to the town, where they walked about the hot pavements, drawn to the crowds that jostled them on the sidewalks. The more daring of them slipped into a cafe for a beer and played a few games of pool next door. But most of them avoided these pleasures and returned to their farms at sundown, to the chores that awaited them, and then they slept soundly until morning. And then they scrubbed and washed and again put on the shabby suits and drove to their churches, and after church they assembled by families and clans for dinner.*

"I could never understand why you went 'way up North to school," Aunt Bertie was saying. He turned from the window and met her questioning gaze.

"I've always wanted to go to Harvard, Aunt Bertie."

A hush had again fallen upon the room. Again their gaze was upon him. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the sweat from his face and neck.

"The government pays most of the expense," he said. "And I make enough money as assistant to a professor to cover the rest."

"What I meant was, why you couldn't have gone to a church school, or even to the university, though I can't say I like state schools. Look at your sister here. Why, Margaret got a fine education at Teacher's College, only thirty miles from here."

"That wasn't what I wanted," he said, twisting the damp handkerchief in his hands. "I've traveled a good deal. I felt I wanted to study in a place I wasn't familiar with."

"You're twenty-five," Aunt Bertie said. "You ought to know your own mind. But you'd better watch out for those professors. I've heard some mighty bad things about those northern schools. Why, I heard a minister say that they actually teach evolution in those schools!"

Aunt Bertie pronounced the word with an effort and sank exhausted in her cushions. A shudder ran through the people in the room. They stared at him with horror. He saw that Margaret's lips were set in a firm line. There was absolutely no expression on her face.

"I haven't seen any evidence of it," Lawrence said slowly. "Of course, I'm in graduate school. I got my science requirements off long ago, as an undergraduate. But I haven't noticed any evidence of it."

The air became less tense, and Aunt Bertie waved her fan back and forth.

"Well, it's good to hear that," she said. "But you be on guard. You never can tell. An' don't you take up with a fast crowd. It would be a shock to all of us if we ever heard you'd taken to drinking an' suchlike. What do you do in your spare time?"

"I don't have much spare time. I sometimes listen to music."

Aunt Bertie raised herself in her chair and give him a startled look.

"Music? What kind of music?"

"Well, Beethoven, Bach. Something like that."

"What?"

"Beethoven and Bach. They're composers."

"Oh."

Aunt Bertie sat squashed in the chair, toying with her fan and gazing out the window. His father was talking to Uncle John, and Uncle John was saying, "I'm in better shape than I've been in since the first world war. I'm out of debt for the first time in thirty years, and I'm thinking about buying a tractor. But it's still hard to get any hired help. You used to be able to get a good nigger for fifty cents a day and board. But you can't get one for less than three dollars now. And they want more in threshing time. The war ruined 'em. Too many had war jobs, and they think they're too good to work in the fields."

Aunt Bertie stirred in her chair. She gestured with her fan toward his sister.

"Margaret," she said, "go in the kitchen an' dish out that ice cream in the freezer. Use those new saucers in the cabinet. Lawrence, you go help her. No, stay here. I want to ask you more about school."

Margaret rose and left the room. Lawrence had risen, and after pausing uncertainly he sank back into his chair. Aunt Bertie smiled reassuringly.

"I never thought to ask you about your studies, Lawrence. What are you studying for?"

"I'm planning to be an anthropologist, Aunt Bertie. An anthropologist studies people and their customs. You see, if you are on a college faculty, for example, they send you on expeditions to New Guinea, or South America, or some place in the United States,

like New Mexico. You live with the people and take notes on them. It's all very interesting."

"Sounds pretty silly to me. But suppose you go to some place like South America, like you said. You don't actually have to live with those people, do you?"

"Of course."

"But aren't they colored?"

The only sound was Uncle John's chair scraping on the rug as Uncle John swung around, facing him.

"Well," Lawrence said, "I guess South America has all kinds of people, just as we have."

Lawrence got up from his chair, mumbling that Margaret might need some help, and left the room. His sister looked up when he entered the kitchen.

"What happened?" she asked. "I figured there'd be a blow-up, sooner or later."

"Nothing," he said "I saw what her questions were leading up to. My God, Margaret, how do you stand it, day after day, year after year?"

"I adjust," she said. She went to the cabinet and removed a cake from the shelf. She brought the cake to the table and started cutting it into small, trim slices.

"But doesn't it get on your nerves?" he insisted, watching her. Her lips twitched, and a shadow passed over her face.

"You don't live in it like I do," she said. "You fight it so long, and then you don't fight it any more."

She finished cutting the cake and laid a slice on each saucer.

"Stay in here a few minutes," she said. "Aunt Bertie will start talking about her trip to California. She's never failed yet, and it's been all of twenty years since she made it."

She picked up two saucers of ice cream and left the kitchen. When she returned a moment later she was smiling.

"She's already started on it," she said. "They've just had a puncture in Arkansas."

She disappeared with two more saucers.

"Aunt Bertie wants a glass of water," she said, when she returned. "It should be safe for you to go in now. They're stranded on the Arizona desert."

He filled a glass with water and tiptoed back into the room. Everyone was bent forward, listening to Aunt Bertie.

"Don't ever let anybody tell you that California is the garden spot of this country," Aunt Bertie was saying. "Why, half the state is a desert, an' in the other half it rains so much you can't go out without an umbrulla. We drove for hundreds of miles through

country that was so dry cactuses couldn't grow in it. An' when we did find any farming it was because they irrigated the land. An' when we got to San Diego it started raining. An' it rained an' rained. I never saw the likes of it. The water was standing a foot deep in the business section. But that's not the worst. It's not safe to live there. Earthquakes. They had a terrible earthquake there forty years ago, an' they've been having 'em ever since. Maybe not as big, but they're sure scary, I can tell you."

She paused for breath. Lawrence handed her the glass of water. "Now, I don't think it's that bad, Aunt Bertie," he said. "After all, I was stationed there during the war."

"What do you know about earthquakes?" she demanded. "Maybe there wasn't none while you were there. An' earthquakes aren't all, neither," she went on, addressing the others. "We were driving from San Diego to Los Angeles an' we stopped at a filling station for gas. We drive up to the gas tank an' the man at the gas tank says, 'Lady, I see you people are from Tennessee.' I says, 'How did you know that?' I forgot about the license tag, you see. He says, 'From your license tag.' Then he says, 'I'm from Tennessee myself, an' I think I ought to tell you all that when you buy gas be sure you make the attendant drain the hose.' So we thanked him an' paid for the gas an' started pulling away from the station. Then he comes running after us. 'I forgot to tell you to be careful in driving on these highways,' he says. 'There's a fault a little ways up the road. There's a wood bridge over it now, but it's just past a curve, an' you ought to know about it before you get there.' 'What's a fault?' I ask him. 'A fisher,' he says, 'where the earth has dropped.' Well, we drove along slow an' sure enough we come to a place where the earth had dropped, just like he said. It was big enough for a railroad car to fall into. California is like that. You never know when you start from San Diego to Los Angeles if you're going to get there. As like as not the ground will pop open an' swallow you up!"

A shiver ran through the listeners.

"We ought to be thankful to be living in a place like this," his mother said. The heads nodded fervently.

Lawrence walked unnoticed to the window. Shade was creeping rapidly up the hillside, and soon the mound of straw, with the dinosaur-like funnel poised over it, would be in shadow.

*At sundown, he thought, the suits will be brushed carefully clean and hung in the closets for another week. And tomorrow the thresh-er will belch chaff and straw again, the shocks of wheat will diminish, and except for the mound the field will contain nothing but rock-strewn stubble.*

JAMES GARDNER

## Genesis

Came once  
At one time  
God  
With an interest in detail  
Sketching man  
With a talent for detail  
Hands and arms  
A head  
And one empty empty heart  
For contents planned  
Which this God  
Given to detail  
Had some once in mind  
But slipped his sketching  
For awhile  
Keeps sending  
Nervous promissory notes  
To fill . . .  
Once . . .  
At one time . . .

CONSTANTINE CAVARNOS

# Science and Modern Greek Thought

Modern Greek thinkers have not overestimated the importance of the positive sciences. "Scientism"—the view that philosophy is essentially one with science, that all knowledge is scientific knowledge, and that the only methods of attaining knowledge are the methods of science—has not prevailed in modern Greece. For answers to the great problem: What is the nature of the Universe? Does God exist? What is man? What are the principles that ought to guide human conduct?—for answers to these and similar questions modern Greek thinkers have appealed either to man's reason, natural or enlightened, or to his inner experience, or to Christian revelation. For them the positive sciences, that is, astronomy, biology, physics, sociology and the like either have no value with regard to these questions or have only auxiliary value, when utilized by philosophy.

In this paper I shall undertake to discuss briefly the views of some of the outstanding modern Greek thinkers with reference to relation of the positive sciences to the solution of the great problems of man which I have just indicated. This discussion will not only serve to acquaint the reader with modern Greek thought, about which extremely little is known in this country, but will also touch questions which affect men's whole outlook and way of life. In the Western world man's conception of the universe and of himself has become increasingly determined by the development of the empirical sciences and the employment of the scientific method, the method which employs exclusively the data given by the senses, analyzes these data, and makes inferences from these analyses. What is to be said about this? Modern Greek thinkers have something def-

inite to say on this matter—something, indeed, that seems to be interesting, stimulating, and significant.

Because of the geographical location of their country—Greece lies between the East and the West because of its unique history, which includes two great civilizations, the classical and the medieval or Byzantine, modern Greek thinkers have, with some exceptions, an outlook which stands, in some important ways, in sharp contrast to that of Westerners. I shall not concern myself with the exceptions, but only with those thinkers who are representative of modern Greek thought. The exceptions are very few. The more notable among them are Theophilos Voreas, who is professor of philosophy in the University of Athens, and the aesthetician Th. Moustoxydes. Voreas follows W. Wundt's conception of philosophy, according to which philosophy is a "general science," which has as its task to integrate into a consistent system the general principles discovered by the various sciences. Moustoxydes applies the scientific method to the problems of aesthetics.

My treatment of the views of the various thinkers will have to be very brief, since my space is limited. This will mean that the views will acquire a certain air of dogmatism. But I believe that it is better to present them in such a form than not to present them at all.

I shall begin by discussing the views of Apostolos Macrakis (1831-1905), one, of the first philosophers of modern Greece. Macrakis is very critical of Western science. He has a particular antipathy for the biological theory of evolution. More generally, he condemns the tendency in Western science to concern itself far more with nature than with man.

In his *Divine and Sacred Catechism*, where he writes not merely as an exponent of Eastern Christianity but also as a rationalist philosopher, Macrakis refers to the popularized version of Darwin's theory of evolution, which was in his time advanced in the name of science by such men as T. Huxley, C. Vogt and E. Haeckel, and rejects it. In the West, he says, sciences falsely so called, teaches that "inanimate and inert and soulless and mindless matter is the cause of the existence of irrational organisms, and these again are the cause of the existence of rational and free man; that man received his freedom and reason from an animal devoid of reason and not possessed of freedom, such as the monkey . . ." Macrakis holds that it is foolish to believe that which is not living is the cause of that which is living, and that which has no understanding is the cause of intelligence. It would have been more reasonable, he says, for those who advance this theory, to have supposed the reverse, namely, that the more perfect order produced the less perfect. The origin of inanimate bodies, irrational animals, and rational men can be explained

neither by referring them to themselves nor by referring them to one another. Their cause must be sought beyond them, in God.

In his *A New Philosophy and the Philosophical Sciences*, which was originally published in four volumes (1876-1890), Macrakis makes a distinction between the "anthropological sciences" and the "cosmological sciences." By "anthropological sciences" he means those disciplines or branches of knowledge which are in some important way concerned with man. Thus, he includes under this heading history, philology, medicine, paedagogy, juristics, statesmanship. He includes also the higher, non-empirical "philosophical sciences" of ethics, logic, and theory of the soul. By the term "cosmological sciences," on the other hand, he means such empirical or positive sciences as geology, mineralogy, geography, botany, zoology, physics, chemistry, dynamics, mechanics, meteorology, astronomy, and also mathematics. Considering the question of the relative importance of these two divisions of science, Macrakis assigns greater value to the "anthropological" than to the "cosmological" sciences. And he makes the same observation that was made long after, in the twentieth century, by men such as Alexis Carrel (*Man, the Unknown*, 1935), that European civilization has cultivated the cosmological, rather than the anthropological sciences, with disastrous consequences. He concludes by exhorting the Greeks to turn their attention towards the anthropological sciences.

"The anthropological sciences or sciences of man," says Macrakis, "are vastly superior to the cosmological as regards the value of their object and usefulness. Because, in the same measure in which the physical world is superior to man in volume and size, man is superior to the physical world in quality and value, being an image and likeness of the supreme and perfect Being." The knowledge which we acquire from the anthropological sciences shows us how to live in relation to ourselves, to our fellowmen, to nature, and to God so that we may attain the high goal for which we have been destined. The progress of the anthropological sciences, he goes on to say, is an index of the freedom, order, justice, civilization, and happiness of peoples and nations. Their decline, on the other hand, is an index of the bestiality, anarchy, despotism, and every kind of evil. When the sciences which are concerned with man flourish, then the knowledge derived from the cosmological sciences is put to good use. When, on the other hand, they are neglected and the cosmological sciences dominate, these latter become a deadly poison; they become instruments for destruction and desolation.

It is necessary, therefore, says Macrakis, that the Greeks turn their attention to the sciences of man, that they cultivate these. "European civilization," he remarks, "has cultivated the cosmo-

logical rather than the anthropological sciences; but modern Greek civilization must be based on knowledge of the sciences of man and must subordinate what is inferior to what is superior, in order that it may prove itself vastly superior to European civilization and much more beneficial."

\* \* \* \*

Macrakis does not condemn any science, in so far as it is a science in the true sense of the term and not something else, such as atheistic, materialistic propaganda dressed up in the garb of science. He believes that there can be no disagreement or contradiction between the teachings of true science on the one hand and those of religion on the other. He emphasizes, as we have seen, that some of the sciences are superior to the others. And he believes, like Plato in antiquity and Bergson in our time, that the study of the mathematical and the positive sciences is a necessary "propaedia" (preparatory discipline) for the philosopher. Above the sciences, however, stands, he says, philosophy, particularly that branch of it which is called metaphysics. Thus, the positive sciences presuppose the existence of natural laws. But what makes us believe in the existence of natural laws—laws which were, are, and will be the same? What but the conscious or unconscious belief that from the beginning God created all things in accordance with the best laws, and hence in accordance with laws which there is no reason for him to change? Now this belief, though presupposed by scientific inquiry, is not scientifically provable, but finds its justification in a sound metaphysical system.

In this connection it is worth noting that a very distinguished Anglo-American philosopher, who died only a few years ago, A. N. Whitehead, has said something very similar to this. In his book *Science and the Modern World* (1923), Whitehead criticizes those scientists who want science independent of philosophy. A science, says Whitehead, which does not accept metaphysical foundations is not science but unfounded, arbitrary opinions.

\* \* \* \*

Five years after Macrakis' death, in 1910, there appeared a very interesting and beautifully written book by another philosopher, Joannes Zervos (1875-1942). The title of this book is *The History of an Idea*. It is a work in metaphysics in which the writer uses mythical representation to sum up, criticize, and evaluate old and new theories concerning man and the universe, and also to develop his own views. He arrives at certain conclusions regarding the teachings of the positive sciences that are worth noting.

Zervos holds that the knowledge given by them is true only relatively. It is true only in a certain narrow system of concepts.

The positive sciences, he says, cannot arrive at absolutely true conclusions, because the data which they possess are inadequate. They continually acquire new data and by necessity, therefore, they ultimately have to modify their conclusions. Hence, their views are always only relatively true.

The value of the views of the positive sciences is chiefly practical, not theoretical. They have value for the lower, material needs of life. As far as theoretical, absolute, metaphysical knowledge is concerned, they can at most serve only as aids, as a part—and not the most important part, at that—of the preparatory discipline that can lead one to an inner, objective knowledge of the whole cosmos.

The positive sciences enable us to know the external, visible, phenomenal world. But they do not give us knowledge of the inner, invisible, mystical, and incomparably more important realm of being. The knowledge of this second realm is the most important factor in our life. "In the inner knowledge," says Zervos, "we live and move and have our being." This mystical knowledge is the fountainhead from which spring the deeper and general theories about the life of the individual and the totality of things. From it also arise the basic, immovable faiths which preserve life, organize our energies, nourish our deeper self. Even positive scientific conceptions, conceptions derived from the external world, are, consciously or unconsciously, combined and ordered by it.

Zervos not only plays down the importance of the positive sciences, but even criticizes them severely for their unjustified negations. When, he says, man becomes intoxicated by zeal and success of scientific inquiry, he forgets the most important factor in his life—inner knowledge, and wants naively to base himself exclusively on observations of the external world. The result is that he ends up with extreme negation. He denies the inner world, the soul, its immortality. And something more: he maintains that in order to endure life we have to deceive ourselves, living always in a kind of drunken state, in which we believe things which, when we are in our right state of mind, we know are illusions.

Such a wholly subjectivistic view on the most important matters, remarks Zervos, is unwarranted. Faith, serenity, happiness in the objective sense of the term, which are indispensable constituents of life, need not and cannot be founded on arbitrariness and self-deception.

The positivists, he says, thus reinforce in themselves something sickly. They are overcome by a strange feeling that goes against life. Such men are not, as they think, "modern." They are very old and weary travellers on the road of life. Their feeling of the meaning-

lessness of all things is the result of the phenomenon of retrogression, and is nothing but a portent of their disintegration, of their spiritual death.

Zervos does not give historical figures to illustrate this. His book deals with ideas, not with persons, and makes use, as I said earlier, of mythical representation. But as one reads the passages where Zervos discusses this point, there come to one's mind a number of thinkers who seem to fit into Zervos' category of pseudo-moderns. One thinks, for instance, of the psychologist S. Freud, and his teaching about a "death instinct;" of the "existentialist" philosophers: M. Heidegger, with his nihilism, and J.-P. Sartre, with his teaching that life is irrational and absurd; and of many others.

\* \* \*

Let us turn now to one of the greatest poets of modern Greece and one of its most erudite and penetrating thinkers, Costis Palamas (1859-1943). Palamas vacillated for a long time between an allegiance to science on the one hand and an allegiance to metaphysics on the other. In the end, however, the metaphysician in him prevailed over the scientist.

In 1920 he observes in one of his works that two unreconciled ideas dominate him together, that two opposed currents move him at the same time: science with its experience and metaphysics with its system of ideas; positivism and idealism. I know, on the one hand, he says, "that positive science can somehow initiate me into that which we call truth, as distinct from the mere play of words." On the other hand, "there comes the metaphysical dream with its claim to vastly broaden my horizon. Simultaneously, or in turns, my imagination is warmed up by materialistic and by transcendental philosophical thoughts."

Palamas was attracted to science because it purported to do away with what Francis Bacon calls "idols," which prevent men from knowing reality as it is in itself. What repelled him from science was the fact that science itself seemed to be assuming the form of just such an idol. As early as 1897, in a work entitled *lambs and Anapests*, he said:

"With a lightning-like axe  
Merciless Science  
Strikes and smashes the Idol  
And casts it down shattered.  
"But afterwards She  
Becomes in the world an idol  
Creating unwittingly again  
That which She came to destroy."

The growth of this realization, a better understanding of the limitations of the scientific method, a deepening of his inner experience led Palamas eventually to assign a secondary role to science. Several years before his death, conversing with another outstanding Greek poet, Anghelos Sikelianos (1884-1951), Palamas expressed a view regarding science similar to that of Joannes Zervos. He expressed the conviction that the poet who has inner, spiritual experience penetrates more deeply into the essence of reality than does the scientist. Sikelianos quoted the words of the famous sculptor Auguste Rodin: "Science is a veil. Remove it, if you want to see the heavens." To this Palamas replied: "Science, yes. . . The executive instrument of a possible higher civilization. Nothing else. . ."

Sikelianos himself shared the viewpoint of Palamas.

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In 1925 there appeared in Greece a book called *The Great Problem*, written by Elisiaos Gianides (1865-1941). Gianides received a scientific education in France and Greece and was a teacher of science. A reading of his book shows that he had a very good grasp of the various scientific doctrines that prevailed at that time, and also real dialectical ability.

*The Great Problem* is directed against scientific materialism. Gianides advances the following thesis. If one should submit the foundations of contemporary materialism to the scrutiny of cold reason, one would arrive at the conclusion that the materialistic system is nothing but a fashion. Or, to put it differently— and here the words of Gianides remind us of Zervos—materialism is a conclusion arrived at by the human mind after it had become dizzy from the enthusiasm which was caused by the really great achievements of the positive sciences, but which enthusiasm prevented man from rightly evaluating the philosophical significance of the scientific discoveries. The materialistic scientist or the scientific materialist denies the existence of God and of the soul. He asserts that matter is the sole reality; that there is no God, no soul. And such a person says all this in the name of science; that is, he pretends that materialism is a necessary outcome of science. Actually, however, says Gianides, science does not prove these things.

Take the great question of the existence of God. Has science really proved that God does not exist? Let us take God to be a superior Mind, a superior Power, and let us consider the laws of nature as one of the psychical functions of this power, as an expression of its will. Now, "that such a Mind is not involved in the development of things and more generally in the phenomena of nature," science neither has proved nor will it ever be its function

to prove. Science studies phenomena, whereas God, if he exists, is behind or beyond the phenomena, ordering them through his laws.

As regards the question of the soul, here again science, or materialistic philosophy appealing to science, teaches that there is in man no such thing as a psyche or soul. Biology, for instance, says that mental or psychological phenomena, thoughts and feelings, have as their sole cause the brain. In making such an assertion, however, biology goes beyond its proper sphere, which is that of empirical observation.

Suppose we assert the existence of spirit, of the soul. The scientist will ask us, "What is this thing that you call spirit or soul? How are we to imagine it?" We may then counter by asking him, "What is this thing you call matter?" Gianides shows that the second question is by no means easier to answer than the first. The molecule, the atom, the electron, the aether are things which most probably exist. But *what* they are and *how* they *act* we do not know absolutely. They are things which belong neither to the realm of sense-perception nor to the realm of the intellect, but to that of the imagination. Molecules, atoms, etc. are admittedly things that we can imagine, while the soul is not a thing that we can imagine. But the fact that one cannot imagine something does not prove that the thing in question does not exist, any more than the fact that one can imagine it proves that it does exist. We must realize that, after all, the imagination, to which the materialistic is so enslaved, is not the highest faculty of man, that 'reason is a psychical function higher than the imagination.' And to the question of whether the soul or spirit is something thinkable reason answers in the affirmative. It is possible to conceive of a soul, that is, of a substance which is distinct from the body and which is a factor necessary for the life of the body and for the genesis of psychological phenomena such as consciousness, emotions, and thoughts. Further, it seems necessary that science grant the existence of the soul. For if thoughts and feelings are nothing but the results of cerebral and other bodily states, an answer must be given as to how such states, which consist of molecules, atoms, electrons in motion, are metamorphosed into thoughts and feelings. Science, in denying the reality of the psyche, leaves us here with an unbridged chasm. Again, though the scientific method cannot be used either to prove or to disprove the existence of God, it seems that it can be used to throw light on the questions of the existence and destiny of the soul. Gianides refers to the work done by some distinguished scientists in the field of what is called "physical research," where certain unusual phenomena, such as telepathy and clairvoyance, are submitted to the test of the scientific method. It is true, he remarks, that official science looks upon such investigations either

with indifference or with contempt. But this attitude, he says, does not invalidate the results of such research; it only evinces the narrow-mindedness and prejudice of official science.

That scientists turn their attention to the investigation of such unusual or "paranormal" phenomena is not, however, what Gianides wants to urge in his book. The important thing for him is that science become more impartial, that it stop going beyond its proper domain, that it stop making unwarranted negations about things which are of vital concern to man. For then it will not obscure the rational and emotional sides of man which have the possibility, when unencumbered, unobscured, of intuiting, of feeling, however vaguely, the existence of God, of the soul, of purpose.

\* \* \*

The critical attitude towards science taken by the men whose views I have so far discussed is mild compared with that of Photis Kontoglous (1895—). Kontoglous is one of the eminent painters of modern Greece, a gifted and popular writer, and a profound though unsystematic thinker. Though he tends to go into extremes, he always speaks clearly, simply, and with a good deal of insight. His attitude towards science is to be gathered from scattered remarks he has made about it in his various articles and books.

For Kontoglous, as for Mahatma Gandhi, whom he in many ways resembles, science is anathema. Science, says Kontoglous, is a revolt of man against God. Modern science has been presaged by the Greek myth about insolent Prometheus, who stole fire from the gods and gave it to men. Science is one of the satanic idols of Western civilization.

The knowledge given by the sciences, he says, does not benefit man. It only causes to swell up in man the blind conviction that he knows everything. The knowledge which truly benefits man, which leads man to his true destiny and to happiness, is spiritual knowledge, is the enlightenment that comes from God. This kind of knowledge is a gift of God to those who are deeply humble, pure, faithful, devout.

The teachings of the positive sciences, according to Kontoglous, hinder man from approaching those things which are strange in nature, which are above nature. They direct man's attention upon the temporal and away from the eternal. They make man forget the eternal, to regard it as unreal. They appeal to the outer man, to the senses, not to the inner man, to the soul. They encourage unbelief, telling man, "Do not believe this, do not believe that." The miraculous, for instance, is rejected. In this way, science causes a cooling down in the souls of men of the aspiration to do works that lead them along the path of God.

The net result of the impact of science is, then, according to Kontoglous, the moral and spiritual decline of the individual and thereby of society.

\* \* \*

The question of the inadequacy of the scientific method when applied to the problems of ethics has not been dealt with in any thorough way by the men whose views I have thus far presented. This task has been very well handled, however, by E. P. Papanoutsos (1900—), who is one of the most learned and rigorous philosophers of modern Greece.

In his book *Ethics*, which came out in 1949, Papanoutsos devotes one of the five chapters to a careful examination of biological and in general of scientific theories of ethics that have made their appearance since the last century. He subjects to penetrating criticism the theories of such men as C. Darwin, J. S. Mill, L. Levy-Bruhl, P. Kropotkin, J.-M. Guyau, who have tried to develop their ethics through the exclusive employment of the empirical scientific method. What this method is, as used by the ethicist, is explained clearly by Levy-Bruhl in his work *La Morale et la Science des Moeurs*. The model of the ethicist, says he, should be chiefly the history of languages, of the arts, of religion, of civilization, and the like. The historian of language, of art, of religion begins his investigation by studying the first linguistic, artistic, or religious phenomena, their simplest forms which appear in the first stages of the cultural history of mankind. He follows their evolution, which leads to more complex forms, as well as the influence of internal and external factors which, by their change, bring about transformations in them. And by carrying on such a process of analysis he explains genetically the phenomena which he studies.

The basic defects of this evolutionary, scientific method, as shown by Papanoutsos, may be summed up very briefly as follows. In the first place, the ethicists who adopt this method do not really explain the genesis of later forms of ethical life from earlier ones. We are told, for instance, that by a natural or historical necessity the virtue of justice is produced from that of mutual aid, and the virtue of self-sacrifice from justice. Now one may make a plausible case for the origin of justice from mutual aid. But how can one argue that the virtue of self-sacrifice is produced by natural necessity from the virtue of justice? You may take justice here either as "distributive" justice, which is based on a geometrical analogy, or as "corrective" justice, which seeks absolute equality, that is, equality according to arithmetical analogy. The question is how from either of these forms of justice, which are types of *equality*, can originate that virtue which is *par excellence* the virtue of *inequality* with

respect to duties and enjoyments, that virtue which neither expects nor tolerates anything in return—the virtue of self-sacrifice.

Something outside the natural order will have to be introduced, if we are to explain the appearance of a virtue such as self-sacrifice. And if the ethicist grants this, he has given up the scientific method. Papanoutsos argues that "in order that a new form of ethical life appear, there is needed a new creative breath." The active powers of the spiritual world must renew their intervention in the spiritual history of man. The ethical transformations of man do not occur "by necessity," that is, according to the laws of physical causality, as a result of external, mechanical influences. "Always a new miracle brings them and explains them." Of course, says Papanoutsos, the virtues have their "geography," both natural and human, and their religious, economic, political, etc., history. "But in that natural and historical framework there must act the creative forces of the spiritual world, gathered together in a racial and personal incarnation, in order that there may be created ways of ethical evaluation and choice such as the 'compassion' of Buddha, the 'eros' of Plato, the 'agape' of the Gospels, etc. And this precisely is the miracle which takes place each time and changes from their very depths the soul and fate of man."

There is a further major criticism that Papanoutsos advances against the followers of scientism in ethics. They "seem to believe that by tracing back the later and more complex forms of the ethical life to the earlier and simpler ones, they are not only explaining the ways of ethical behavior but are vindicating their value. But even if it be supposed that the evolutionary theory does *explain* their evolution, still it is incapable of *validating* it. It is one thing to *explain* a phenomenon; it is quite another to *justify* an ethical imperative." Putting it differently, facts and things in process do not provide sanctions for ends or values. Why should the things that happen in nature bind me ethically? The things in the natural and in the human realms either *are or are not*. But the acts of men *are or are not ethical*, are or are not justifiable, according to certain ethical norms or standards.

Papanoutsos concludes that the scientific study of things, "which has made so many remarkable contributions in the investigation of the phenomena of the world perceived by the senses, is incapable of solving the problem of value, particularly of ethical value."

\* \* \*

I shall conclude this paper by referring to one of the most recent publications that touches our subject. I shall refer to a book written by A. N. Tsirintanis, Professor at the Faculty of Law in the Uni-

versity of Athens. The title of this book, which was published in English in 1950, is *Towards a Christian Civilization*.

This book, though written by Professor Tsirintanis, is an expression of the avowed beliefs of more than twelve hundred Greek professional men, including two hundred leading scientists. It is a statement, necessarily very concise, of thoughts which touch every important phase of human life, in the context of the modern Christian world. These thoughts were formed in the midst of the terrible period which began in 1940; they were formed in the midst of deep agony, "increased by an exceptionally uneasy peace which came as the unexpected sequel of the last war." The persons whose views this book expresses were forced to reflect profoundly on certain major questions by the violent impact of events, which included the Italian attack upon their country, the German invasion and occupation, the Bulgarian raids, the communist rebellion. They were compelled to ponder over the questions: What has brought about the bankruptcy of civilization? What is to be done to oppose this evil state of affairs, not only on the material, but also on the deeper, spiritual level? Their reply, put in a few words, is this: "Coming to grips with the evil at its roots will mean in substance an opposition to the negation of Christian values." For "it was on that negation that the edifice of civilization, whose ruins we are witnessing today, was built . . ."

The sources of negation have been many. They are all examined in Tsirintanis' book briefly but with exceptional realism and understanding. The positive sciences constitute one of these, and are specially dealt with.

How has science been involved in the work of undermining the foundations of Christian civilization? The answer given is as follows. Science, until the present, has been used by materialistic thinkers and often by scientists themselves to support unbelief and negation. Anthropologists and sociologists are given as examples of the latter. The first founders of anthropology as a special kind of science started with the thought that the negation of man's essential superiority over the animals should be the basis of the science of anthropology. Further, they denied the existence of a spiritual element in man, distinct from the body. And in general they took a negative stand with regard to the Christian teaching about man. The first founders of anthropology started with a *petitio principii*, or a "begging of the question," as to what man is. They assumed as proven what they set out to prove but did not prove. Thus, "the new anthropology began with a sophism. For this reason, from the very beginning it went off the track of the strictly scientific method of genuine

science." It invaded the metaphysical realm in its teaching regarding man; it invaded a realm where it has no right to enter.

Consider also, says Tsirintanis, the science of sociology. This science "has made the same bad start as has been made by the science of anthropology." Its origin is a *petitio principii*, the assumption that history is moved only by natural causes. It started from a narrowminded rationalism, "according to which there was no essential difference between the natural laws of celestial mechanics and the spiritual and social phenomena in the life of animals and the life of man." However, sociology, as compared with anthropology, has this much to be said in its favor, that unlike anthropology, it proceeded with some hesitation. "Sociology had in its negation of Christian spiritual values the caution, the searching doubt, the uneasiness which distinguished it from the conceit of some anthropologists."

What needs to be done? Tsirintanis and the men of whom he is the spokesman ask that scientists make it clear to people that science is limited to a research that does not include metaphysical problems; and that there is nothing in genuine science that contradicts Christian faith. They ask that scientists admit that in the past science has been used in the service of negation, that it has been badly used as a support of unbelief. They want science to cleanse itself of negative crypto-metaphysics, through which it has done damage to civilization as well as to itself; to confine itself to its own proper domain; and to emancipate itself from propagandist prejudice, which has led it to use itself as anti-religious propaganda. They ask that neither the scientist nor any one else "involve science on the plane whereon stand the great metaphysical questions and to employ the name and prestige of science to support attacks against the Christian faith."

With such a healthy turn, they believe, science will become a valuable factor in Christian civilization.



JUDY INABINET

## Trumpeter

I'll tell you this: I think the guy  
 Who dreamed the trumpet had his heart broken—  
 Somewhere in the living.  
 But, before it broke he knew  
 For just a moment maybe—but he knew  
 The one sure pitch, the certain truth of things.  
 Yeah, I guess  
 That's why I love this crazy lump of brass.  
 I'm looking for a little truth, a little heart-break.

JULIET TOUBIN SAUNDERS

## Hot Day In February



Most of the time had been cold, but now the sun was coming out and the man in the battered hat and seamy shoes was thankful for a meager handout of warmth. He had been sitting in the far corner of the park, at the bottom of a hill near the river, where the cops would be least likely to chase him from sleeping quarters. The river itself had almost chased him with its damp, harrowing lift to the night air. But now, in morning, he was glad he had stuck it out, though there was really nothing else he could have done. There had been nothing else to do for months, for years . . . ? He could no longer remember how long it was.

The sun came stronger, a peaceful sense of thaw spreading through the man's body, his mind . . . dulling from pain the few vague memories he still held. There had once been a good many years of activity in his life, and these stirred sweetly now in his heart. For a sound like the better part of his past was rising over the hill, and he did not want to look at first but finally shaded his eyes to see a group of children moving towards him in the shape of a large diamond.

That was the way the blinding blaze of the sun showed them to him—as one great, glittering form. Their voices, too, blended in a cacophonous unit and, suddenly, the man felt very alone and vulnerable. They were the world, rising against him again, as it did whenever he ventured too close to it. The world, when spotting him, always came sweeping brilliantly down, a ruthless tide of re-buff and hatred for this slime, this bum.

The diamond spread itself and burst. There were children all over the grass . . . little, single spots of color and happiness. He

recognized them. He, himself, had had children once. They were merely extensions of himself; they could not be the world. He did not know what had happened to his children, where they had gone, but as long as he had known them, they were only small self-editions. Children were nothing to be afraid of . . . nothing to be afraid of . . .

It had turned miraculously hot. The man took off his battered hat and wiped his bald head with a faded, red-checked rag, marveling. He had no idea what month it was, but it had seemed winter for so long and here was heat, as if there had never been a cold, miserable night before. It seemed impossible, too, that that kind of night could ever come again.

He began to cry a little. The sun, the children . . . everything conspired to bring back to him the morning of his life, when he had been husband and father, had been the world itself; when things had looked to instead of away from him. Back, back he reached, wiping his head almost feverishly. He stood up from the bench, unheeding of the stiffness of his legs, the reel of his head. He walked deeper into the sun, wading in grass, feeling himself grow again. He was big inside, able to give kindness instead of searching fearfully for it.

With dignity he approached the first child and said to her, a little girl with black, melting eyes that could be so trusting:

"Ya're looking for a flower, that's what ya're looking for. I know that's what ya're and I know a place down the river where they's a million. Just you and me, we'll go. Say, the rest will be surprised when ya come back with a whole million of 'em!

He forced a chuckle, for that was how he remembered you were supposed to talk to a child—with a chuckle and a whispering kind of confidential secrecy. A surge of pride came over him.

The little girl stared up at him and then, without warning, ran away. For a moment the man was nonplused. Painstakingly he realized she was playing a game with him. How could he have forgotten?! He came on after her, breathing heavily but straining himself to be fit again, to measure up to the bigness that was in him again.

The little girl had gone quite far, almost as far as the top of the hill over which she and the others had first appeared. She had reached one of the boys and was nudging him. The man began to grin. They would all be in the game—he and all the children in the world and the rest of the world could go chase themselves. He found himself laughing then, out loud, his breath in a delirium of delight tearing each hoarse chuckle apart . . .

It seemed as if he would never get to the little girl. With each step he took, she receded a step. Finally he stopped to catch his breath and call:

"Wait a minute there, wait a minute, can't ya? See, I got something for ya!" And he let his laughter spill invitingly over the distance between them.

A trembling answer came from behind the boy . . . with just a darting glimpse of black eyes to back it. "My mother said, my mother said . . ." she wailed in gasping cries of repetition, "not to take lollypops or anything . . . my mother said . . . from any old, nasty, terrible men . . . my mother said . . ."

The words sired past him, attracted by the river, drowned by the water, a gurgling, taunting echo remaining for the air, for him . . .

The man stared at the hill. The children had gathered into a diamond again, sharp and threatening at the corners. He shook with the old fear. The day was suddenly cold again, the sun a deceptively hot glow in the sky. He tried frantically to retrieve what he had had only a few moments ago. A protest worked out of the bigness, the sureness that had been his heart's . . .

"Bastards!" he yelled furiously.

The diamond burst once more. The children were only spots of colors scattering over the hill. He had again what he wanted, only now they did not want his kindness; they expected only terror. They had rejected him as a father, but looked to him as he looked to the cops. A mean, driving joy filled his legs with energy and he went whooping after the children, yelling obscenities, feeling himself grow again, into a towering figure of lechery.

Over the hill and down the rest of the park they fled before him until, suddenly, they were in the street with its corners and alleys to swallow them, leaving only a last derisive shout of escape. "Yaaah . . . !"

"Yaaah . . . answered the man, stopping, still towering but a rather shaky monument whose foundations were ready to crumble. "Yaaah . . ." he said, this time a whisper. He turned and swayed back into the park, barely making the hill, reaching the bench where he had sat a long morning ago. His knees collapsed and his shoulders slumped and he felt cleaned out inside, hollow.

By noon, the sun became almost unbearable on his bald head, but he could not seem to care about reaching for the battered hat that lay beside him. The sun could make no difference to him now.



MAIDI PAYNE

## Pastel Zinnias

not only a remembrance of pastel zinnias:  
their tapered petals like cuts of thin clay  
swiftly washed in pale yellow, pink, cream flecked with pink,  
gentle orange-ceramic and minute paddles;  
not only a remembrance of pastel zinnias:  
brittle appearing among maidenhair  
and all in a squat white bowl—but also  
a recognition of their importance.  
not only their importance—for the early Sunday sun  
like sweet humming had seeped about them;  
had spread the black table into black mirror  
and humming into rumble exploded on the navy ring,  
new then; heavily omended—as much so as your pretty hand  
crushing the translucent cup . . . I watched the brown pearls fall.  
not only the remembrance of pastel zinnias now  
but a recognition of their importance to a strange sorrow as well.

WILLIAM HOOD

## The Pepper Tree

I remember you—and the penetrating beauty of an April evening,  
When your soft voice, an echo of a muted whisper,  
Filled with your wonder at this new consuming grief, came to me  
Crying in protest, under the pepper tree.

"Why, why?" you asked and I could not reply, as our tears mingled  
And dried.

All the tenderness, the awful sincerity only the young may feel,  
While they yet know the truth, before they forget, was in us  
Under the pepper tree.

Since then I have listened, trying to hear your voice again,  
Trying to relive that time, trying to feel again the exaltation  
And the grief which possessed us under the pepper tree.

I cannot tell why it is that I have not heard since  
The urgency with which your voice was filled, or the softness in it,  
Or the love.

Perhaps it's only that the years have made me deaf,  
I cannot hear it any more and could not recognize it any more,  
Even under a pepper tree.

BOB FOWLER

## Made a Monkey Out Of Rev. One-Eye



It was one of those gray-like November days when Rev. One-eye first came to Gooseneck.

The way Roy Otwell told it, he heard a truck stop across from his store. It was a kind of a van. There appeared to be two men and a woman in the cab, and them just a-squabbling.

Roy noticed a gospel sign on the side; something about "Go Ye Into All The Lands." Then the door slammed and the truck took off down the road.

Roy seen him for the first time then. He was trying to stuff clothes back in a suitcase that had busted open like it had been throwed out of the truck too.

"He shore wasn't talking like a preacher the first time I heard him." And Roy ain't one for exaggerating.

The man came on in the store and Roy seen right off he was peculiar. He was one of them skinny framed fellows that had took on weight. He had nervous ways. The thing that made him peculiar though was no matter how his left eye rolled; the other set still and you couldn't be sure who he was looking at.

"Hello, neighbor." Roy spoke friendly like always.

"God bless you, friend. You're the first man that has greeted me civilly in a long time. My name is Strudenheimer, Cyrus Strudenheimer, Rev. Cyrus Strudenheimer. I'm a minister of the gospel, yes sir, an eye-tin-ee-rant minister of the Lord Jesus Christ's Holy Gospel. What time does the next bus leave here, friend?"

Not having no great love for preachers on account of how his wife, Grace, was such a religious fool, Roy told him in a half an

hour and asked him to sit down by the stove. Roy's store is the bus station in Gooseneck.

That was when One-eye first seen little Snip over in her corner. Snip was the pet monkey Roy had got off a traveling zoo man in the place of rent on the lot next to the store.

Snip seen One-eye and skipped just as close to him as her cord would allow. He jumped up like she was a gorilly instead of just a little red monkey. He didn't say nothing though, just stared.

Then Grace came snooping out of the back where she and Roy lived. She seen how Snip was worrying the stranger.

"Roy Otwell, don't you see that monkey ain't got no business in the store? I'm telling you, it's going to run trade away."

Fact was Snip drew customers, she was such a lovable animal. Like a baby she was sometimes, begging to be held.

"God bless you, lady." One-eye motioned with his hat and then went into his spiel about being a preacher. He ducked his head to one side to see how she was going to take it.

Honey couldn't have drawn a fly no quicker. Grace and One-eye was jabbering like crazy in a minute. Then she broke off and went to the phone.

"Deacon Shreves? This is Grace Otwell. Listen, there's a preacher at the store. Yes sir. And he says he's just looking for a place to preach. Yes sir. Can you come over and talk to him?"

Rod done his first praying since he had got married then; prayed the bus would come on so One-eye would have to leave.

Deacon Shreves was out of breath when he got there. It didn't take him long to see that One-eye had the gift of the word, though. They all three went out together, just as the bus pulled up and Roy had to tell the driver no there won't no passengers.

Word got around Gooseneck that the Holiness folks had got another preacher or anyway he was going to give a trial sermon on Sunday. The Holiness folks are mostly from families that do a little scrub farming in warm weather and they sawmill or make liquor in the winter. Not many live in town but they had been *told* by Sunday.

Ah Lord, they were in that church for sure. Not just them either. The Methodists didn't have preaching that Sunday and Rev. Farnsworth, the Baptist man, didn't have a handful for his service.

It embarrassed Deacon Shreves to introduce One-eye because the church was so full. He turned red, but got his say stuttered out. "We think we have found a real man of God to lead us. He says he's just helped save souls in a great revival in Meadsboro. Now he wants to settle down in a place like Gooseneck. Bretheran, this is Rev. Cyrus Strudenheimer."

One-eye took the pulpit like it already belonged to him. For a long time he didn't say nothing; just stared and wiped the side of his head with one palm.

You could see the folks squirm trying to figure where he was looking.

Then he started talking. Folks to this day can't say for sure what his text was. All they remember was the way the words did roll.

It was just like a train a-starting up slow from the station and then a-getting a little faster and a-picking up more and more speed until finally it's a-roaring along the track like lightening.

Lord, that was a sermon! Part went like this: "Praise God and glory be to the Most High. We've just had a wonderful revival in the sinful town of Meadsboro and now, God help us, that city is cleansed of its iniquities and stands humble in the sight of the Lord. Yes God. But we don't want to be like the sower that sowed his seed on shallow ground where the Book, the Holy Gospel Book, says it sprang up and died in the heat of the sun, Yes God, the burning, fiery, sun. I tell you, good people of Gooseneck, if this is solid ground then this is where I want to sow my seed. Praise God! Bless the Lord! Sing out his Praise! Hallelujah!"

One-eye commenced whirling in the pulpit and slamming down his hand on the Bible and stomping his feet and shouting "Praise God!" until finally he done the trick.

Old Mamie Lee Feathers was the first. Straight up she stood and started quivering. "Hal-Lay," her voice went up, "Loo-Yahhhh." It come down and then she went to testifying. "Lord you done sent us our prophet. Lord help us to persuade this good and holy man to stay. Help us to save Gooseneck. Hallelujah!"

From there they all took it up, all the Holiness folks, that is. The Methodists and Baptists hadn't counted on such a display and they were embarrassed.

One-eye got them calmed down though and said real quiet so you had to listen close: "I know the Holy Spirit when I see it. I can't disobey the will of the Lord. Not when He commands me." He slicked back his hair. "I'm going to be a good sower. I'm going to stay and reap a rich harvest of souls. Bretheran, if it's the Lord's will, I'll be your pastor."

From there, the Holiness folks went crazy and the others slipped out right quick in case they started throwing hymn books.

There won't no place for One-eye to stay in town permanently because Deacon Shreves had his house full of younguns and Roy said he'd burn his store and house before he'd have a Holiness preacher living there.

Of course Grace reminded of how he stood in danger of burning in Hell but Roy said, hell, he didn't care.

One-eye settled things his own way though. He had noticed how many of his flock was sawmillers. It won't much trouble for him to let the hint drop to Grace. She mentioned it to Deacon Shreves and Glory Be if them Holiness folks didn't get together and build a snug three-room house. They had it built and even painted within a week. It still stands near the church but close to the road away from the cemetery.

Grace went to the house-warming. Roy said he had to stay and watch the store and please excuse him. Sarcastic-like.

The men folk that hung around the store didn't care for the new preacher either, but they couldn't say much for fear of reflecting on Roy's wife. They would keep the stove warm and pet Snip or get her to pick up peanuts with her tail. They played checkers too, but only if they were good. That was a fast league and a fellow would get laughed at if he made a wrong move.

The night of the house-warming Horace Greenley was there playing checkers. He brought up the subject of One-eye. Matter of fact, that was where the name, Rev. One-eye, got started. Horace called him that.

Since he drove a bread truck in Meadsboro, the boys thought right smart of Horace.

Horace said he'd heard of Rev. One-eye. Him and another preacher had set up a tent in Meadsboro and went to preaching.

Then some of the fellows wanted to know had they saved the town and did it stand humble in the sight of the Lord now and Horace said good God no, they got run out because of some scrape, he'd heard.

Then Roy spoke up and told how One-eye was let out of the truck in front of his store.

"And I heard him say he was sent here by the Lord," broke in young Bill Kerner, the one that drinks all the time.

Then they got to wondering what kind of scrape it was that One-eye had been in. Some said liquor, others women, and others stealing.

Old Man Witherspoon, who is deaf, busted up the argument by saying it was Horace's move at checkers. Had him where the hair grows short too and that's more interesting than any Holiness preacher yet born.

Christmas went by and for Roy it was miserable. Grace hounded him about his salvation and how rich men gained the whole world and lost their own souls. Roy was flattered.

Grace had been such a sweet kind of girl when she married it

was pitiful to see her turn into a nag. She never could stand Snip. Maybe she was jealous even of a female monkey and for a fact Roy did love the critter.

Grace wasn't the only woman that went silly over One-eye. He didn't look worth a damn but Lord he could talk sugar out of a cane stalk. Some of the Methodist and Baptist women said they wished their preachers was more like Rev. Strudenheimer.

As for One-eye, he had a good thing and knew it. His house built free wasn't enough though. One Saturday he walked into Roy's store. There was a crowd there too.

"Ah there, Brother Otwell. I'm happy to see you."

"You are?" Roy was waiting on somebody else but he butted right on in.

"Yes indeed, brother. I want to see you about a business matter."

"What kind?"

Then so's the whole store could hear, "I've been talking to your wife, as fine a Christian woman as I have ever known. Her mother named her right, Grace." He cut his eye to see how Grace, over at the other counter, was taking it. She had turned to butter. "Mrs Otwell has suggested that I get my victuals here. That you might be so kind as to charge them and we could settle it as her support of the church. Even the shepherd must eat, you know."

Roy dropped his pencil and like to strangled.

One-eye went right on talking. Probably thought Grace had already arranged it. "And brother Otwell, we do wish you'd come to our services. With both you and Mrs. Otwell . . ."

He didn't get no farther. Roy had done started around the counter for him. Roy had a reputation for not being scared of the devil and a preacher won't nothing to him. "Stump-sucking, one-eyed, Bible-thumping, lying . . ."

One-eye was out the door before Roy could grab him. He had no business talking that way in front of his customers, but you couldn't much blame him. Couldn't much blame One-eye for running either; Roy wasn't much size, but made out of whet-leather.

They say the next day One-eye preached a sermon against those who would harm a hair of the head of the Lord's anointed. After that Roy and Grace quit speaking. The Holiness folks just about quit trading at the store and so did a lot of the ordinary women-folks.

One-eye had needed a target and Roy was it. It gave him something to tie his congregation together with. But he was careful not to lose Grace's support.

He started on the little monkey, Snip. A monkey was worse than a snake, he said. It was a mockery of man and any man that kept one mocked God. It gave Grace, who hated Snip anyway, coal oil to fan up her fire.

It wasn't long before One-eye had the Holiness folks believing Roy was a monkey-worshipping miser. The store had fewer customers every Saturday.

Roy didn't say nothing for a long time. When he couldn't stand it any longer he talked to Horace Greenley. They had growed up together.

"I ought not to a cussed him, I reckon, but what can a man do? If Grace wasn't such a fool, she'd see."

Grace won't a fool, but she did have a lot of foolish ways. One-eye proved that. Without a woman of his own to do his cooking, he let it slip he needed someone to fix a couple of meals a day. The church sisters appointed Grace and Mamie Lee Feathers. Grace commenced going to the "preacherage," the Holiness folks called it, every day to cook One-eye's dinner.

Roy didn't find out until the third or fourth day, because him and Grace had quit speaking. That broke the silence though. It was an argument Gooseneck people still talk about. Since the store was open a lot of them heard it going on in the back.

Roy was a quiet fellow until he got riled. Grace gave him back word for word and maybe would have got the best of the quarrel if Roy hadn't touched a sore spot.

"Yeh, you damned fool women really love that mealy-mouthed preacher don't you?"

"I reckon that's better than loving a monkey to death."

"I don't reckon you know that by God he got run out of Meadsboro on account of a woman, do you?" Roy made that up but seeing it hurt Grace he went on, "Now, I reckon you'll start sleeping over there next. You can be his concubine too."

At that she started crying, as women will when words give out. Roy grabbed up some clothes and little Snip and out to the cow barn they went.

After that, the line between One-eye's people and the rest of Gooseneck ran right through the Otwell family. It's good they didn't have no children.

Roy fixed the feed room of the barn the best he could but it must have been powerful cold for him and Snip. This all happened one of the chilliest winters Gooseneck and Oldham county had

seen in a generation. In fact, it was the week of Roy and Grace's fuss that Deep Creek like to a froze solid.

It stayed cloudy without a sign of snow for several days. The air was just like there wasn't such a thing as warmth, it was that cold.

The door between the Otwell's house and the store stayed shut. Folks would come in to buy a little something and they'd cut their eyes at it, ashamed like. Even Deacon Shreves come in to see. A lot of people didn't like him because he wrapped himself in the Holiness brand of religion. He'd been a sorry man until he got saved and since then he'd been a proud one. But that little shy, sneaking streak always showed through. He blushed easy and never would look straight at you, even when he was trying to be self righteous. He didn't look straight at the door either.

Grace lived on there at the back. She didn't have any folks to go to or she surely would have and she was too proud to move in with anyone else. But don't think she stopped going to the "preacherage" every day to cook for One-eye.

The way One-eye stepped along the road going to visit Deacon Shreves or someone was enough to make some of the boys want to hang him. Old Man Witherspoon stopped that kind of talk though. "Boys," he said, and he was right much of a scholar, "you just make his kind stronger, using force. If you run him out of town, he'd become a martyr and it'd cause hard feelings and maybe blood-shed right here."

By that time Roy was willing to talk about it. "But how can you do anything with him? I've stood all I can."

"Just give him enough rope and he'll tangle his feet. He'll have to make a fool of himself before the Holiness folks would part with him."

Horace Greenley broke in. "Maybe we could help him sort of lasso his feet."

And they all laughed.

"Did you ever hear how come him to get run out of Meadsboro?" Old Man Witherspoon wanted to know.

"I heard he got drunk and messed up a meeting and the next day him and his partner and his wife left." Horace told it later that there was a rumor One-eye made passes at his partner's wife too, but he didn't tell it in front of Roy. Too much of a gentleman.

Bill Kerner studied awhile and said, "Liquor, hey?"

And the rest chuckled and Bill said again, "I'll bet it was liquor." As usual, he was drinking.

Before anybody could say anything else little Snip sneezed and

whimpered. Somebody noticed she looked droopy. Roy said yes she was, she'd caught a little cold sleeping in the barn. The rest said that was a shame and gathered around the little monkey and talked sweet to her. She wasn't much interested though, not even when Horace offered her one of Roy's peanuts.

Then it was closing time and the boys told Roy goodnight and they hoped Snip would be better the next day. They loved her too.

Snip was worse the next day. She couldn't breathe good and Roy closed the store to get Dr. Ramsey to come see about her.

Dr. Ramsey wasn't insulted because he was fond of Snip too. Everybody had confidence in him, he was such a fun-loving fellow and too he liked to prescribe brandy.

He seen right off there won't any hope for Snip. Said she wouldn't last the night. Word spread around and pretty soon a bunch of the boys had gathered in the feed room. Snip was wrapped in Roy's blanket and when somebody she loved particular come in she'd wiggle a little, then gasp for breath and close her eyes.

About dark, Horace Greenley brought in one of them little oil heaters and Old Man Witherspoon brought his checkerboard and Bill Kerner, a couple of fruit jars full of white corn liquor; the kind that you hold up to the light and it looks clear as spring water. It was good, the liquor.

They sat around on hay bales and feed sacks real solemn and got drunk in a quiet way. Dr. Ramsey stayed too.

When Snip started going everybody stood up and Roy took her in his arms like she was a baby. She rattled in her breathing a little, then gave a shiver and was dead.

Both Roy and Bill Kerner started crying. Somebody told Old Man Witherspoon, yes Snip was gone and he said it was a shame. She had brought more joy to Gooseneck than all the so-called Christians put together.

Then Bill Kerner let up crying and said yes and by God she ought to have a Christian burial, funeral and all too. But somebody asked, hell, where would you find a preacher that Christian.

Horace suggested Rev. One-eye and everybody laughed. Bill said he bet with some liquor in him he'd do it.

Then Old Man Witherspoon wanted to know what was so funny and Horace told him. "We was just talking about getting the Rev. Mr. One-eye to preach Snip's funeral. Bill says we could get him liquored up and he'd do it."

Old Man Witherspoon was the only one besides Roy who was entirely sober. He studied a minute and stood up right quick. "That's it by gum! If Dr. Ramsey would go to his house with

Horace and tell him a baby just died and slip him a snort to preach the funeral tonight, he'd do it."

"This late?" Horace asked.

"What say?"

"I said he wouldn't do it this late. It's almost 10 o'clock. Besides, do you reckon we could get him to drink any?"

The idea probably would have been dropped right here if Dr. Ramsey hadn't been such a fun-loving young fellow.

Roy got the drift of what was going on and started up. "No sir! That wall-eyed s.o.b. ain't going to drivel over Snip. Not as long as I'm around to stop it."

He seen Dr. Ramsey was for it though and too someone pointed out how it would make a monk . . . fool out of One-eye.

Horace Greenley told the story afterwards so often most of the Gooseneck fellows know it by heart now. "Me and Dr. Ramsey drove up to his house with a half-gallon jar of Bill's liquor. Roy and the others had done said they'd have the monkey laid out while we was gone. Doc went in the house and talked awhile and then told me to come in. He told One-eye I'd had my grandbaby to die. One-eye said poor fellow and told me to set down. Then I went on and told him my daughter had been done dirty and the baby had been born deformed. I told him it hadn't lived but a few weeks and had died that very night. Yeh and I couldn't bear the shame of a public funeral and yet didn't want to bury the child with no ceremony. Then I broke down and made out like I was crying. Doc Ramsey got out the liquor and gave me a swallow. Told One-eye it would revive me. One-eye kind of licked his lips and slicked that hair back. Then Doc took a little drink and asked One-eye if he would have one. He grinned and said well he didn't know. Doc told him aw go ahead it was medicinal whiskey. He finally laughed and said it had been rather chilly lately and he didn't like to be unsocial. That was when we knowed we had him."

The others knowed they had him when he walked in the church with Horace and Dr. Ramsey holding his elbows. "Praise the mershipful Lorud," he said. "Let me see the body of the pitiful infant."

They led him to the front where Snip was laying in an orange crate the boys had lined with a blanket. They had brought along the oil heater too.

"Ah Lord, the pore baby. Pore little mis-shapen thing. I reckon it's a blessing." A regular stream of tears ran down his left cheek.

"Where's the unfortunate mother?"

"Here I am." Roy spoke up real shrill. The boys had wrapped nearly a bolt of black cloth around him so nothing showed but his

face. He sat on the front row and the boys filled up it and the second one.

"Bless you child, bless you." And One-eye took Roy's hand and just stroked the hair on it. "It's not your sin, daughter. It's the man who done you so. Your Papa told me. A fine man, your Papa."

Then Horace led him to the platform and with Dr. Ramsey's help lifted him up to the pulpit. He got a good hold and stood there a-swaying. The boys snickered and shook so they looked like they were crying. Some were because they couldn't laugh out loud.

One-eye started to slick back his hair, but nearly lost his balance, "Lesh Pray," he said.

He prayed awhile for the babe's unmarked soul and asked forgiveness for its mother. Then he gave thanks for the fine group of kinsmen who had loved the child in spite of its being born out of wedlock and being deformed. He prayed particular for the grandfather and the faithful doctor who were so generous.

Then he said amen and he reckoned they ought to sing a hymn.

They joined in "Rock of Ages" and that set One-eye to weeping again but they went ahead with "Abide With Me." Then Bill Kerner took to crying sure enough and somebody told him it was all a joke and if he was going to ruin it, he ought to go home and let the others have their fun.

After that, One-eye wanted to go down and look at the baby once more; said he could preach a better sermon after seeing its sweet face. Doc and Horace led him down. He shuddered and said, "Take me back to my pul-pitt. The word's a coming on me."

Most of them hadn't heard him preach since his trial sermon and they had forgot how he could roll the words. His tongue was a little thick. Still he preached the most eloquent funeral oration ever heard in Gooseneck or maybe even Oldham County.

Yes, sir. Right there in the Holiness Church was preached a champion sermon. Preached at midnight over the body of a pet monkey by a one-eyed preacher, and him drunk to boot.

After half an hour, Rev. One-eye stopped to wipe off the sweat. When he started again his eye was gone. Horace said he took it out and laid it on the pulpit.

Bill Kerner interrupted him saying he couldn't stand it anymore. He was a saved man and before anyone could stop him, he went to the altar and got on his knees.

It was the first time One-eye had saved a soul at a funeral so he stopped to go down and bless Bill. Everybody had said Bill would let liquor ruin him someday.

While this was going on, the door opened and bless pat if there didn't stand Deacon Shreves, one of his sons, and some more Holiness folks. They probably were attracted by the singing. They listened even after One-eye took the pulpit again. But the liquor was telling on him and finally he petered out and set down.

Deacon Shreves marched to the front, looked in the orange crate, and stomped out of the church.

The next day was Saturday. The store had a fair crowd when Rev. One-eye sneaked in and asked for a ticket to Meadsboro. Roy sold it to him and then One-eye went out in the cold to wait. Everybody noticed his left eye was missing and the other one puffed out. All of sudden he hurried through the store to Grace's door. It was locked.

Then Deacon Shreves and a dozen of them piney woods rough necks pushed open the front door. "We want to see you, Mr. Strudenheimer."

"Certainly, Deacon Shreves." One-eye straightened his vest and walked back out on the store porch.

You could see them talking with their hands to One-eye who kept his head ducked all the time. Then somebody said if there was going to be any fun, he wanted to see and everybody went out too.

They was giving that preacher Hell-On-Earth. One of the Holiness boys had a fence rail. Another had cut open a pillow and was shaking the feathers on a tow sack. They asked Roy did he have any tar and Roy said yes but it would take awhile to heat it.

About that time the bus pulled up. The driver swung the door open and asked if there was any passengers. Before they could grab him, One-eye ran to the bus and got aboard. Then he stuck his head out the window and said he was shaking the dust off his feet as a testimony against Gooseneck. He'd left his suit case behind and one of the piney woods boys flung that against the bus window at him. But he seen it coming and pulled in his head. The bus left with everybody shaking their fists at it.

For a long time, the Holiness folks was touchy on the subject. To this day Horace Greenley will see Deacon Shreves and take that glass eye out of his pocket and roll it in his palm. The deacon always blushes and looks the other way.

That funeral was the funniest thing ever happened in Gooseneck. Bill Kerner's salvation stuck though. He joined the church and married a Holiness girl. Or maybe it was the other way around.

That very night, Grace opened the door and asked Roy if Honey wouldn't he come there a minute.

The door ain't been closed since.

WENDELL B. ANDERSON

## Women Beneath Electric Lights

Distended with light their eyes are lidless . . .  
They walk with pale faces like moons within the night.  
Soft as petals their bodies are sheathed in silk,  
They bloom in the night when underneath electric arcs  
their hearts burn and glow like spines of neon.

They walk within the night with purring bodies  
stroking the air with delicate musk,  
emanating as they go with meaningful poise  
of the female bud which blooms at night,  
needing the male nerve whose shock they crave,  
and whose tides they urge relentlessly upon them as moons.

*By Students of The Classics Department of the University of North Carolina with an introduction and notes by Talbot R. Selby.*

# Translations from the Roman Writers

A CAROLINA QUARTERLY SPECIAL FEATURE

## INTRODUCTION

Many persons, in the past, have asked that a selection of classical translations be published in the CAROLINA QUARTERLY. The problem was undertaken with great enthusiasm by the non-professional scholars in the Department of Classics here at the University of North Carolina, and these translations are the fruit of that enthusiasm.

The reader may be surprised to find several of the Latin literary giants, such as Virgil, Cicero, and Livy, not included in the following selections. This is explained by the fact that these translations were made from the favorite author of the individual scholar. For this reason also the reader can be assured that the original was rendered as faithfully as possible into acceptable English literary form and language.

## SALLUST

(86 B.C.-35 B.C.)

*The extant work of Gaius Sallustius Crispus is historical in content. Readers of this author are always impressed by his conciseness, preciseness, and highly ethical tone.*

## HOW ROME GOT ITS START

They say that the Trojans, exiles under the leadership of Aeneas who in their flight wandered without a fixed abode, first founded and inhabited the city, Rome. To those the aborigines of Italy joined themselves, an agricultural people living without laws and government, free but in a state of anarchy. These two peoples, as different in race, language, and customs as they were, came together inside the same walls and formed a body politic with a degree of facility that taxes the credibility of the story. In such a short time did a multitude of different people become a city-state.

After the Commonwealth seemed to have acquired a certain amount of prosperity and power, there arose from its opulence the envy of others—such is the way with the human race. Then it was that kings and neighboring tribes attempted war, while only a few of Rome's friends were an aid to her. For most of them, struck with fear, kept well away from the danger. Still the Romans both at home and on the field with all intent made haste, saw to preparations, exhorted one another, and went forth to meet the enemy, defending liberty, country, and parents with arms. Afterwards, when by their bravery they had repulsed the enemy, they came to bring aid to their allies and friends. For it was more by rendering services than by receiving benefits that they assured themselves of alliances. Under the form of monarchy they procured a government directed by laws. Chosen men whose bodies were infirm with age, yet whose minds were sturdy with wisdom, were in the habit of consulting for the interests of the state. These men, either because of their age or because of their advisory capacity, were called the Fathers.

Afterwards when their monarchy, whose purpose it had been at the beginning to protect the freedom of the state and facilitate its developments, was transformed into a tyrannical absolutism, the Romans adapted the old form of government to their present needs. Instead of a king they placed over themselves with power two of-

ficers elected yearly. For in this way they thought that they might prevent, in so far as possible, the human mind from becoming insolent in public office—the abuse of authority.

#### GREEKS AND ROMANS

Certainly Fortune is an absolute mistress. That power celebrates and makes obscure all things more from her own caprice than from any standard of truth. The accomplishments of the Athenians, so far as I can judge, were truly fine and great, but still somewhat less great than their exaggerated reknown. This was because there came forth in Athens writers of great genius who celebrated throughout the world the deeds of the Athenians as being the very greatest. Thus the merit of these Athenians who did accomplish deeds was really just so great as the praise bestowed upon it by the outstanding abilities of the writers. But we Romans, we have never had a great supply of writers for the simple reason that those of us most qualified to write, our most talented men, were those most taken up with affairs of state. No one of us used to exercise our minds without training our bodies. The best of us used to prefer actions to words, preferred to have our own deeds praised by others rather than to tell what other men had done.

Henry W. Traub

#### LUCRETIIUS

(94 B.C.-55 B.C.)

*Titus Lucretius Carus' one great work is the didactic poem, "On the Nature of Things". Basing his thought on the philosophy of Epicurus, he shows a world made up of matter consisting of atoms which are indivisible. The following passage is a portion of this work.*

... And the flowering new earth gave food-rough, but ample for the needs of wretched mortals. Springs and rivers called them to quench their thirst, as now the clear downrush of water from the high mountains excites the thirsting wild beasts far and wide. These wandering men were tenants in the sylvan lodgings of the nymphs, known to them, from which they knew gliding streams of water to wash moist rocks; rocks indeed moist, as the flow trickled over green moss to burst forth and bubble up here and there in the flatland. Further, they did not know how to handle things by

means of fire, or how to clothe their bodies with the skins and hides of wild animals. They lived in the woods and in caves on mountains and forests and hid their rough limbs among the bushes to avoid violent winds and torrential rains.

Nor were they able to look toward the common good or practise conventions among themselves or use laws. Anyone carried away whatever game life's fortune brought him, taught to live and stand on his own feet by his own initiative. In the forests Venus joined the bodies of lovers, either when mutual desire brought them together, or by the violent force and unchecked libido of the male, or the woman's price, acorns or arbutus-berries, or choice pears. Trusting the wondrous strength of hand and foot, men would hunt the savage beasts in the forest with stone missiles and clubs of great weight. They overcame many animals; some they avoided in hiding places. And, like bristly boars, they flung their rough, naked limbs on the ground and covered themselves with leaves and foliage when night overtook them.

Wolfgang Bernard Fleishman

## CATULLUS

(84 B.C.-54 B.C.)

*Gaius Valerius Catullus was the sweetest of Roman singers. At once buoyant and moody, with equal capacity for great happiness and for great sorrow, his lyric poems show him now striking the stars, now plunged in the depths of woe.*

### TO CORNICUS

My Cornificus,  
(lament ye Gods)  
your Catullus  
is so very wretched.  
Worse,  
this pang expands  
hour after hour,  
day after day.  
And yet,  
I seek only  
that which I know  
comes  
easiest to you.

Just a proven word  
 of that understanding  
 which you continually  
 reject.  
 Must my love venture  
 further  
 without response?  
 Will you not offer  
 my emptiness a word  
 comparable to  
 the sad tears  
 of that tender poet  
 Simonides?

Aaron Jones

## HORACE

(65 B.C.-8 B.C.)

*Only Virgil ranks higher among the Roman poets than does Quintus Horatius Flaccus. Without any very special inspiration, intensity of feeling, or profundity of thought, he produced a body of verse that not only succeeded in winning the interest of his own generation but has held the attention of all subsequent ages.*

### FROM BOOK II OF THE ODES

I have built a monument more lasting than bronze and loftier than the regal statue of the pyramids, a monument which neither the erosive rains nor the raging North wind will be able to tear down, nor the numberless sequence of years, nor the flight of time.

I shall not entirely die: a great part of me will avoid the goddess of death, and I shall be renewed with the praise of posterity as long as the priest climbs to the Capitol with the silent Vestal.

Where the violent Aufidus roars and where Daunus ruled his rustic people I shall be named as the first to have turned the songs of Aeolia into Italian measures, I, risen to power from humble birth.

Take up that pride, won by merit, and willing Melpomene, gird my hair with Delphic laurel.

Hubert H. Harper, Jr.

## PROPERTIUS

(c. 50 B.C.-16 B.C.)

*Sextus Propertius is unquestionably the greatest of the Roman elegiac poets. Everywhere in his works are traces of rare and brilliant genius; imagination of great range and vividness; deftness in word and phrase; and a fine ear for rhythmical effects.*

## ELEGICS, II, XXIX, 23-43

It was morning and I wanted to see  
if Cynthia was sleeping in bed alone—  
but she was!  
I was amazed.  
She had never looked more beautiful,  
not even when she went dressed  
in a purple tunic to tell  
dreams to chaste Vesta  
so nothing would happen to her or to me—  
that's how she looked  
just coming from sleep.  
Oh the potency of the bare bright body!  
"What's the idea," she said,  
"of this early bird's eye view?  
Do you think my morals are like yours?  
I'm not so flighty;  
one's enough for me,  
either you or somebody better.

There isn't a trace of a rumpled bed,  
not a sign that two have wallowed in it,  
and I'm not breathing hard or you'd know  
I've been unfaithful," she said,  
and stiff-arming my kisses  
she leaped from bed  
into her loose slippers.  
So I got what I had coming to me  
for playing watchman of sacred love:  
I haven't had a good night since.

Fred Springer-Miller

## OVID

(43 B.C.-18 A.D.)

*While Propertius puzzles us by his curious self-absorption, Publius Ovidius Naso amazes us by his astounding facility in metrical composition. The Metamorphoses, from which the following selection comes, constitutes one of the most remarkable "tours de force" in literary history.*

## THE DEATH OF HERCULES

And so Hercules, seeking again the walls of his country,  
Came with his bride to the muddy banks of the river Evenus,  
When the winter rains had quickened the force of the current.  
There met them the son of Ixion, Nessus the Centaur,  
Offering help in the crossing; sure of his strength and the channel.  
"Let my back, O scion of Alseus, carry the woman  
Through the rush of the water, freeing thy limbs for  
the struggle."

Whereupon Hercules trusted Deianira to Nessus.  
Eagerly then did the hero step to the bank of the river,  
And having hurled his weapons across he dived in the current.  
Thus defying the wave he reaches the opposite shallows,  
Where he hears the voice of his wife in the arms of  
the centaur;

And looking back sees Nessus ready to flee with his burden.  
Thundering then came the voice of Hercules over the water:  
"Hear me, Nessus! son of Ixion, double shaped monster!  
If no fear of Hercules moves thee, think of thy father;  
Think of his lust and the wheel of Hell; trust not to  
thy fleetness.

For with death dost thou race, with death and the barb of  
an arrow."

Thus he spoke, and the arrow found the heart of the centaur,  
Piercing his side with the venomous iron and splitting his  
breastbone.

Nessus, grasping the arrow's shaft, ripped the point from  
his body,

Leaving wounds from which flowed blood mixed with the  
poison of Lerna.

Dying he fell, and dying he gave to the maiden, once captive,  
His coat, red with the gore, and stained with the water-snake's  
poison;

Gave as a garment sure of renewing love in the lover.

Thus died Nessus the Centaur, gaining vengeance though  
conquered.

---

Long was the space of the years, and great were the deeds of  
the hero.

Victor at Cenaum, he was worshipping at the altars

When glib Rumor brought to the ears of Deianira

(Rumor rejoicing to add to the lie and feeding of falsehood)

News that Hercules loved Iole, his Cenaum captive.

Lovers believe; and hearing the charms fame gave to her rival,

Deianira, yielding to misery, wept out her sorrow;

Wept for a time, but then to herself said, "Why am I weeping?

I can weep or be silent. How she would laugh at my anguish!

But should I leave; should I stay? How can I hinder these  
lovers?

Could I kill her, mindful that I am thy sister, Meleager?"  
So to herself spoke Deianira, mad with her sorrow,  
When there came to her mind the coat of Nessus the Centaur,  
Steeped in the blood and the venom, given to her as a love  
charm.

This she preferred, and this she sent to the Cenaean altars.  
There at the altars Hercules put the coat on his shoulders,  
While he was praying and scattering incense, pouring libation.  
But with the rise of the heat from the flame rose the strength  
of the poison,

Blending itself with his body. He endures it in silence,  
Until conquered by pain he flees to the depths of the mountain.  
And where he tries to rip from his back the death-bearing  
garment;

He tears open his flesh, the coat clinging fast to his shoulders.  
Then he feels the blood in his body boiling with poison,  
While flames eat at his bowels, and the virus shrivels his  
marrow.

Lifting his hands to the stars, his muscles ringing with tension,  
"Juno," he cries, "O this is thy vengeance! Feed on my evil!  
If an enemy is to be pitied, sick with the torture,  
Weary of life and worn with the labors, grant me the favor  
To die. For this, then, did I serve the will of Eurystheus,  
Who still lives, while on me eats a flame of unconquerable  
venom.

Who could believe in the gods?" Thus he speaks, dying in Oeta,  
Wandering as the tiger with the spear in its body,  
Moaning, striking the weapon, blundering through the mountain.  
Finally, sensing his end, he builds from the forest around him  
His pyre, putting over the top the skin of a lion.  
And while the first flames eat at the edges, Hercules,  
mounting,

Stretches upon it. Thus does a guest recline at the banquet.  
Then the fire reaches him, feeding its strength on the limbs  
of the hero.

*Brady B. Gilliland*

## SENECA

(4 B.C.-65 A.D.)

*Lucius Annaeus Seneca was a voluminous writer. He wrote at great length on philosophy and produced as well nine tragedies and one satire. He was for seven years the tutor of the now infamous Emperor Nero and for five years served as an administrative officer in the government. The following passages, selected from several of his works, illustrate beautifully his strong democratic feelings.*

'They are slaves,' people say. No, they are men. 'Slaves.' No, rather comrades. 'Slaves.' No, rather humble friends. 'Slaves.' No, they are fellow-slaves . . . Remember that he whom you call your slave sprang from the same seed, enjoys the same sky, and like you yourself breathes, lives, and dies . . . Live with your inferiors in the same way as you would want your superiors to live with you . . . Treat your slave kindly, affably; allow him to talk with you, plan with you, live with you . . . Let some dine with you because they are worthy of it, and others that they may become worthy of it . . . There is no reason why you should look for a friend only in the Forum or the Senate; if you observe carefully you will find one at home also . . . Just as he is a fool who, when purchasing a horse does not consider the horse itself but only his saddle and bridle; so he is most foolish who judges a man from his clothes or from his position, which is only a garment that clothes us.

\* \* \* \*

We all have the same origin; no man is more noble than another except in so far as the nature of one man is more upright and more fit for good deeds.

\* \* \* \*

But who has said that Nature has dealt sparingly with women's natures and has narrowly limited their virtues? Believe me, their force, their capacity, if they like, for honorable deeds, is equal to man's; they are just as able to endure pain and toil when they are accustomed to them.

\* \* \* \*

Reflect a long time whether you should admit someone to your friendship; when you have decided to make him your friend, admit him with all your heart . . . For each of the following is a fault—to trust everyone and to trust no one.

\* \* \* \*

We shall teach men to offer a hand to the shipwrecked sailor, to show the way to the wanderer, to share his bread with the hungry. Nature orders me to aid mankind, whether slaves or freemen, free-born or freed-men, what difference does it make? Wherever there is a man, there is room for kindness.

Anna L. Motto

## PLINY THE YOUNGER

(62 A.D.-114 A.D.)

*C. Plinius Caecilius Secundus, frequently called Pliny the Younger, was an important political figure in Rome under Nerva and Trajan. The following letter, addressed to Tacitus, the historian, describes the death of his uncle, Pliny the Elder, who was killed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the fall of 79 A.D.*

### THE DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER

You request that I write you concerning my uncle's death that you may be able to transmit it more faithfully to posterity. I wish to thank you, for I realize that immortal glory will be given his death if it is celebrated by you . . . He was at Misenum in command of the fleet. Just after noon on the 24th of August (79 A.D.), my mother told him that an unusually large cloud of a peculiar type had appeared. Having sunned himself and taken a cold shower, he had eaten and was at that time studying. He called for his shoes and went to a place where this great wonder could best be seen. A cloud was rising, although it was uncertain to those watching from what mountain it had come—it was later known to be Vesuvius—

and in form, this cloud was not unlike a pine tree . . . He hastened straight ahead to that place from which others were fleeing, holding directly for the danger, so without fear that he dictated and noted all the motions and shapes of those evils as he saw them. Now the nearer he approached, ashes, hotter and denser, fell on the boat together with pumice and stones, blackened, burned, and broken by the fire. Having considered for a moment whether or not to turn back, he said to the captain, who urged that he should, "Fortune aids the brave. Take me to Pomponianus."

In the meanwhile from Mt. Vesuvius broad flames and high fires burned forth in many places, the darkness of the night intensifying their gleam and clarity . . . At that time my uncle retired to rest and indeed slept a deep sleep. For his breathing, which was somewhat heavy and sonorous because of the corpulence of his body, was heard by those who were watching at his door. Having awakened, he went out to Pomponianus and the rest, who had stayed up. They discussed together whether they should remain in the house or walk around outside. They tied pillows on their heads with napkins; this was their defense against the falling objects.

Now it was day elsewhere, but there it was night, blacker and denser than other nights; however, torches and various lights illuminated it. They resolved to go to the shore to see at close hand whether they could set out. But the sea remained high and adverse. There, lying down on a discarded sail, my uncle asked for and drank cold water several times. Then flames, and the precursor of them, the odor of sulphur, drove the others to flight. Propping himself on two servants, my uncle arose but immediately fell again, some very obnoxious gas, as I suspect, having stopped his breath and closed his throat, which was by nature weak and narrow and usually inflamed. When day returned—the third from the one he last saw—his body was found, whole, uninjured, and clothed as he had been. The appearance of the body was more similar to that of a sleeping man than a dead one.

G.A. Harter

## MARTIAL

(40 A.D.-c.104 A.D.)

*With the mention of Marcus Valerius Martialis' name, the term epigram comes to mind. Epigrams had to be brief, concise, and polished. Martial added the element of surprise to these factors, and it is his style of writing which has influenced writers of epigrams up to the present day, making his literary position outstanding in his field.*

*On the theme, "Live Today":*

Tomorrow you will live, you are always saying, tomorrow. Tell me, Postumus, that tomorrow of yours, when is it coming? How far away is it? Where is it? Or where may it be sought? Is it hiding among the Parthians or Armenians? Already that tomorrow of yours has the years of a Nestor or a Priam. Tell me, for how much can it be purchased? You will live tomorrow? Already it is too late to live today. He is wise, Postumus, who has lived yesterday.

\* \* \* \*

*On doctors and medicine:*

Dialus until recently was a doctor; now he is an undertaker. What he does as an undertaker, he did as a doctor.

\* \* \* \*

*On the blessings of life:*

The things which make all life happier,  
Most pleasant Martialis, are these:  
Wealth not earned by labor but inherited,  
Land not unfruitful, an everburning hearth,  
Never a lawsuit, a rarely worn toga,  
A peaceful mind, congenial friends,  
The strength required by a gentleman,  
A healthy body, wise simplicity,  
Simple fare, a table without ornament,  
A night not drunken but free from cares,  
A pleasant and a modest wife,  
Sleep which makes darkness brief.  
Be what you wish to be; seek after nothing.  
As for your last day on this earth,  
Neither fear it nor hope for it.

*John W. Zarker*

## TACITUS

(c. 55 A.D.-116 A.D.)

*Cornelius Tacitus is the most difficult of ancient prose writers to translate; yet he is the most rewarding. Macauley said, "On the delineation of character, Tacitus is unrivalled among historians and has very few superiors among dramatists and novelists." The following passage contains the first mention of Christ to be found in any non-Christian writer.*

## THE GREAT FIRE AT ROME:

## A ROMAN'S OPINION OF CHRISTIANITY

There followed a disaster, whether occurring by chance or a ruse of the emperor is uncertain, since historians have assigned both reasons. It was more serious and fiercer than any of the previous fires which in their violence brought ruin to Rome. It had its beginning in that part of the Circus Maximus which bounds the Palatine and Caelian Hills, where spreading through the shops its flame was nourished by the wares. At its outset the fire was already a conflagration and, hurried on by the wind, it seized the whole length of the Circus. For here were neither mansions enclosed with walls, nor temples girded with masonry, nor any other structure to offer a check to the fire. The holocaust running rampant first spread to the level sections of the city; then, rising to the higher levels, it destroyed completely all the places below them. It outstripped any remedy because of the swiftness of the malady, because of the unfortunate susceptibility of the city—its narrow streets, winding here and there, the shapeless city blocks built on no definite plan. For such was the character of old Rome. Added to all of this were the miserable cries of the women, the helplessness of worn-out old age, the inexperience of childhood, all the rest who either took care for themselves or for others—the latter pulling out the weak or waiting for them. Some delaying, others racing on—all of them making total confusion. Often while they were looking backwards they were enveloped with flames on their sides, in their faces. Or often if they did escape to the places near at hand, they were there consumed;

even the spots which by their distance would be expected to offer refuge they found involved in the same devastation. Finally in their vain attempts at avoiding and searching they filled the roads; they perished on the open ground. Some of them lost all their possessions, even their daily stipend; and others out of love for their own whom they could not tear from the danger, gave up their lives even when safety presented itself. No one dared to oppose the fire. There were frequent threats from men prohibiting the suppression of the flames, while some actually hurled fire brands and shouted that someone had given authority to their actions, either desiring to plunder more freely or really under order. At that time Nero was at Antium, not returning to Rome before the fire approached his palace. But as rumor had it, at the very time when the fire was at its height Nero had appeared on his private stage and had declaimed over the fall of Troy, comparing present ills with those of the past. The conflagration had even more infamy because it had broken out on the property of one of Nero's henchmen, and Nero seemed to have sought the glory of founding a new city and calling it after his own name. Therefore to abolish this rumor, Nero fraudulently placed the blame on and afflicted with the most exquisite tortures a people whom, hated because of their atrocities, the crowd called Christians. This name and religion originates from a man named Christ who under the principate of Tiberius was killed by Pontius Pilate, the procurator. For although this pernicious superstition had been checked, later it broke out again, not only throughout Judaea, the origin of the scourge, but even throughout Rome, where all things from all over the world atrocious and shameful find their way and settle down. Those were first seized who confessed their beliefs; then a huge multitude of them was convicted, not so much of the crime of burning the city as of their hatred for mankind. Derision was added to the persecution of the Christians; covered with hides of beasts they were torn to pieces by dogs, or they were fastened to crosses, or when the day had gone to rest, set on fire, they served as lights for the spectacle. Hence pity arose for the criminals who, even though they deserved these extreme and exemplary punishments, seemed to be killed, not for the sake of the public good, but merely to satisfy the cruelty of one man.

*Henry W. Traub*

## JUVENAL

(c. 60 A.D.-c. 128 A.D.)

*Decimus Junius Juvenalis, in his satire, is to be considered in the same light as some of our present-day sensational newspapers. He exudes bitterness as he picks the blackest, most sordid examples of conduct, showing them in the worst possible light. The following quotations exhibit his most acid trenchancy.*

*The denunciation of the Greeks shows how bitter Juvenal can be:*

The hungry Greekling knows all. If you command, he will go to heaven. . . You laugh, he is shaken by a great laughter. He weeps if he spies the tears of a patron, but he really feels no sorrow. If you seek a sweater in cool weather, he dons an overcoat. If you say, "I am warm," he begins to sweat. We Romans are not on a par with the Greeks. He is better who is always ready, night and day, to assume the facial expression from the countenance of another. He is always ready to show approval, to praise if a patron burps well, if he heeds the call of nature handily.

\* \* \* \*

*Juvenal pulls out all the stops when he comes to the subject of women and marriage. Perhaps he had an unfortunate experience:*

Surely you used to be in your right mind. You are getting married, Postumus? Tell me, by what fury, by what serpents are you being tormented? Can you endure any female as your boss with so many good strong ropes close at hand; when so many windows at dizzy heights lie open; when the nearby Aemulian bridge offers itself to you?

\* \* \* \*

*Juvenal had some cogent remarks on female education:*

This woman is worse who when she reclines at the table praises Vergil, pardons dying Dido, compares and contrasts the bards, placing Vergil on one side of the scales and Homer on the other. Literary critics yield, rhetoricians are vanquished, the whole assemblage is silent; neither a lawyer nor an auctioneer speaks, not even another

woman. Such a force of words flows from her that you would say many pots and bells were being struck together . . . Do not let your wife know all history. Let there be certain things in books she doesn't understand. I hate the woman who is ever reading and re-reading the grammar of Palaemon and keeps every case and rule of language. She, the antiquarian, quotes verses unknown to me. She chides her unlearned lady friends about mistakes of no importance to men. A husband ought to be allowed to make a grammatical error.

John W. Zarker

### SUETONIUS

(c. 70 A.D.-c. 160 A.D.)

*Of the many Greek and Latin works which Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus wrote, only fragments remain, except in the case of the biographies of the twelve Caesars. These were published about 120 A.D. and were divided into eight books, all of which are extant. The following excerpt is a passage from the first book of "The Deified Julius."*

#### THE DEATH OF JULIUS CAESAR

Because of these portents and because of poor health as well, Caesar hesitated a long time whether or not to stay home and put off the business he had intended to transact at the Senate. Finally, with Decimus Brutus encouraging him not to disappoint so large a group who had been waiting a long time for him, he started out at about eleven o'clock. When someone in his path held out a note disclosing the plot, he put it in with some other papers which he was holding in his left hand, as if he intended to read them later. Then, although he could not get a favorable omen even after many sacrificial animals had been killed, he went on into the Hall in scorn of superstition, laughing at Spurinna and maintaining he was a false prophet, because the Ides of March were there without any harm done him. However, Spurinna said, "They have indeed come, but not gone."

As Caesar was sitting down the conspirators stood around him with the appearance of paying their respects. Tillius Cimber, who had assumed the leading role, immediately went closer to him as if about to demand something. When Caesar refused and put him off to another time with a gesture, he caught hold of Caesar's toga by both shoulders. As Caesar then cried out, "This is violence indeed!"

one of the Cascas wounded him from the side, just below the throat. Caesar caught Casea's arm and ran it through his stylus, but as he tried to spring up he was stopped by another wound. As soon as he realized he was surrounded by drawn daggers, he muffled his toga and at the same time pulled down the fold to his ankles with his left hand, so that he would fall more decently with the lower part of his body covered too. And in this way he was stabbed *twenty-three* times, not crying out except for one groan at the first thrust. But some have reported that as Marcus Brutus rushed at him, he said to him in Greek, "You, too, my child!"

While the conspirators fled in different directions, his lifeless body lay there for quite some time, until three mere slaves put him on a litter and carried him back home, with one arm hanging down. Among so many wounds not a one, in the opinion of the doctor Antistius, proved to be mortal except the second blow, in the chest.

*Lois Barr*



THOMAS LLOYD

## King James Version

"God is right here," the prophet said,  
Then blithely, blithely turned his head,  
"Oh, where" we answered, lifting each  
Pebble on that sandy beach.  
"Right here," he shouted, and we turned,  
His hand was stretched, we could discern  
A million whitecaps, dancing frill  
Upon the ocean's window sill.  
We walked away, each footprint plain  
Was filled with water, drowned again  
The moment that we left it there;  
God drowns himself . . . it is not fair!

JOSEPH TERRELL

## The Front Side Of Three Lead Bullets



That wasn't the reason I wanted to get rid of them, not really. Of course, to be as honest as I possibly can, that might have had something to do with it, but not much. In fact, the more I think of it, those guys teasing me about keeping those bullets is probably one reason why I hung on to them as long as I did. It sort of kept me apart from them. They seemed almost jealous of the way I got so much pleasure out of carrying those bullets around in my pocket and feeling them with my fingers and taking them out and feeling the heaviness of them in the palm of my hand and studying them very carefully. I truly don't know why I got so much pleasure out of them. Maybe I figured they were sort of good luck charms. No, I don't believe that either. But somehow or another just holding those bullets in the palm of my hand and feeling the weight and smoothness of them gave me a good fine feeling. And that's not so strange. It's the same effect that a man gets that likes to scuffle with dogs, holding the dog's mouth shut and shaking its head back and forth and all the time smiling and even trying to growl, too. And I knew a man once that liked to look at airplanes. He said he liked to look at airplanes because it made him feel good; and he liked the way airplanes smelled, too. He would walk up to the hanger out at the airport at home on Sundays and look at one of the Piper Cubs or Stinsons or the old Stearman biplane and walk around it and drum on the doped fabric covering with his fingers. If one of the pilots asked him if he wanted to go for a ride, he would look up in the air as if he were studying the sky and then say, "No, I don't believe so today, thank you." He had never been up in an airplane.

There are a lot of people that get pleasure out of things like that, and it's not exactly magic, and it's not crazy either, and it seems like a mighty fine thing to me. Maybe a psychologist can explain it in scientific terms, but if he does it the way Leon tried to, then I don't want any part of his explanation.

Leon was one of the guys that I worked with weighing trucks for the highway department. There were always two highway patrolmen working with us handling the traffic and one day when we didn't have much to do we were all just standing around talking and one of the patrolmen went to his car and brought back a snub-nosed .38 revolver that he had just bought. He had won some sort of contest as a pistol shot and he had quite a nice collection of pistols. He let all of us handle the gun. He had a box of bullets and I put up some empty milk bottles for him down at the edge of the woods. The pistol made a loud flat pow sound and the bottles exploded at the same time. At first I didn't know whether or not I should ask him, but I did, and he said "okay" so I shot three times at a tree. My hand bounced up in the air a few inches after each time I shot. He didn't want to take the money for the bullets, but he finally did because after all they had cost him. I paid him eight cents apiece for them. After they stopped talking about the pistol I went to the tree, and with my knife dug out the bullets I had shot.

When I came back up to the road with them, Leon and a couple of the other guys were a little curious to see what they looked like. I took my knife and cleaned out the grains of wood that had been caught in the wrinkles of the bullets when they mashed themselves up against the tree. The bullets looked like pieces of modernistic sculpture, mashed and twisted like they were. I shook them in my hand the way you do dice and listened to the dull clicking noise they made.

Leon said, "What are you going to do with them?"

"I'm going to keep 'em."

Sasser said, "He's shot a gun and now he's going to keep the bullets so he can go around and show people."

I put the bullets in my pocket. "The shooting is all over," I said. "That was fun, but this doesn't have anything to do with it. These bullets are something different, something new."

"My aching back! What do you want to keep them for?"

"I like 'em."

Dick said, "If you ever get in the army like I was, you won't be liking no bullets."

"They aren't bullets any more," I said. "They're mashed-up chunks of lead that were bullets once. Now they're not. But that doesn't make any difference. I think they're pretty."

They kept on kidding me, but it wasn't the bullets that they thought were so important, they just had something new to kid me about. We were down at the coast then, and I still had the bullets when we had worked every station until we got up into the mountains around Asheville. They had started calling me "Bullet Boy" and "Three Bullet Jack" and "Three Shots Kid" and everything, but I didn't care because I didn't like them much in the first place.

One night after we had got through work, Leon and I went into the small town near Asheville to eat. Riding up there I began to feel good thinking about being through work for the day and having had a hot shower and shaved, and put on clothes that still smelled like a nice clean laundry. I began to look out the window at the early darkness there in the mountains in the fall. The night was crisp and chilled like it had just been taken out of the refrigerator. I started talking to Leon, feeling good, and I usually didn't talk to him any.

We found a parking place right in front of the cafe, so I talked for a while about how lucky we were. The waitress was pretty. She had on a nylon uniform that made her nice to look at when she walked or stood with her foot propped on the low bar at the base of the counter giving our orders to the cook.

Leon saw me looking at the waitress by turning around in his seat. I had come in first and picked out where I was going to sit.

"Those waitresses use good psychology when they wear those nylon uniforms," Leon said. He had been to college for almost two years, the only one of us in the whole weight crew who'd been to college, and he talked a lot about psychology.

"I don't know, Leon," I said, "those nylon uniforms are a lot less trouble than cotton ones. They can wash them out and they dry in no time. And I don't think you even have to iron some of them. And shoot, they look better anyway."

"That's what I was talking about. And you can see through them a little bit. Those waitresses know that the more they show the more tips they're going to get."

"I don't know, Leon, maybe they just like to look good and neat."

"They're out for the money, Jack. They use psychology."

I didn't say anything for a little while and then I said, "I don't care. I like to look at them. And I never leave over a fifteen cent tip anyway."

We stopped talking then because the waitress brought our food. She gave Leon his hamburger steak and coffee, and she gave me my

fried shrimp and hot tea. I always got shrimp and hot tea when I felt good. It was a regular ritual.

We started to eat our food. I hummed with my mouth full and looked all around. I got up and put a nickel in the juke box and sat back down. It was a song by Louis Armstrong.

"That's a fine tune, isn't it, Leon?"

He looked up from his food. "I don't know. I've never heard it before."

"Well listen to it then."

He sat chewing and frowning and listening. "I can't understand the words."

"What difference does that make? The words aren't nearly as important as what it just plain sounds like."

"Oh no," he said, "the words have got something back of them."

"Why don't you listen to the front of something instead of trying to get around back of it all the time?"

He looked at me and I knew he was doing his analyzing on me, so I looked around with my eyes open wide, humming with the tune. I could see him wishing he had his psychology book with him.

I started thinking about what he said about words.

"Hey, Leon."

"Yeah."

"Do you like words?"

"What do you mean? Like words to a song?"

"No. Just words that sound pretty. Do you know any pretty words?"

He narrowed his eyes and studied me. "Do you?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Well, there are lots of them. Like 'melancholy' and 'cellar-door'."

He didn't say anything.

"I know some ugly words, too. Like 'mother.' That's an ugly word."

He looked at me quickly like he had just remembered something from his psychology book. "You think 'mother' is an ugly word?"

"Sure. Don't you?"

"Don't you like your mother?"

"Of course I do. What's that got to do with it?"

He tried to be real casual. "Oh, nothing." But he narrowed his eyes and looked at me again in a minute. I started humming and looking all around. I motioned for the waitress and smiled at her as she came over. She brought me some more tea and Leon some coffee.

"Hey, Leon," I said.

He looked up quickly.

I leaned toward him. "I was talking about the way words sound."

He squinted his eyes at me for a long time but he didn't say anything. He went back to eating, but he looked up at me every now and then to see what I was doing. I was having a wonderful time. I remembered the bullets.

Leon looked up from being hunched over his food and said, "What the hell those bullets doing on the table?"

"I thought I'd look at them while I ate."

"Jesus Christ!" he said. Then he looked at me over the edge of his coffee cup, slowly sipping at his coffee, studying me, analyzing me. I looked up at him and grinned.

"You know," he said slowly, "I've just figured it out."

"What?"

"Why you like those bullets."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. They represent power to you. They are symbols of power. You feel strong when you think about them."

I stopped smiling. "I feel good when I think about them, Leon. That's all. You shouldn't take it any further than that." I held one of the bullets up for him to see. "It's pretty just like it is, and if you start trying to explain it then you lose some of the magic or whatever it is that goes with it. Some things are just nice or pretty or good like this—right on the front side—and then if you start analyzing them, and looking for what's back of it, you lose the whole thing and you really don't have anything to go in its place."

He kept looking at me, so I smiled at the waitress and motioned for the check. "You ready to go?" I asked.

"Yeah. Sure."

I left a twenty cent tip and smiled and waved at the waitress as we left.

He was quiet on the way back, but after we got to the motor court he started telling the other guys about the things he'd said and what I'd said and the way I looked at the waitress. He laughed a lot and acted like he was glad he wasn't with me by himself anymore.

They said, "What's the matter 'Bullet Boy' you getting mad?"

So I went outside and walked around awhile, but that wasn't when I decided to get rid of those bullets. I actually think it was because they had begun to get in the way, and that's probably because they were just wearing out. I thought I had lost them one time, but I found them in another pair of pants. At first when

I thought I had lost them I was a little bit glad, because, after all, that would have been a good way to get rid of them. But then I found them and so I decided that giving them away would be a good thing too. You can't keep things like that indefinitely like I used to think you could. Half the pleasure of them is knowing when to give them up. And I'm telling the truth when I say that those guys teasing me didn't have anything to do with it.

I didn't know how to give them up until about two weeks later when we got to Winston-Salem. My sister lives there. She's got two boys, one of them is six and the other is almost two and a half. We got a day off there and I stayed with Peggy. The next morning after I got there, after breakfast, Buddy, the older boy, and I walked to the store. While we were walking along looking at everything I said, "I bet you don't know what I've got."

He looked up at me real shrewdly like he thought maybe I was going to play a joke on him. "What?"

"These!" I said.

"What are they?" he said looking at them in my hand.

"They were bullets," I said. "Go on and look at them."

He took them and looked at them for a few minutes and then gave them back. "What are they for?"

I put them in my pocket and walked on for a while. "Oh nothing," I said.

We ate lunch and Peggy and I talked about how it used to be before we all grew up and left home. After lunch, I went out and stood on the front porch in the sun, waiting for the guys to come pick me up to weigh trucks that afternoon. It had warmed up a lot, so I sat on the steps and took out the bullets and looked at them for a long time. I thought about throwing them as far as I could. But then I decided I didn't want to do that. And maybe Leon could explain why, but I didn't throw them away and that seems to be all that is important, even if I haven't been to college. I didn't feel good at all.

I looked around when Michael, the younger boy, opened the door. He grinned at me and I grinned back and turned back around. He didn't let the screen door bang, but I could tell by the way he stumbled around that he almost tripped shutting it.

He came over and sat down beside me looking very serious, and then he saw me watching him so he grinned and I grinned too. I gave him the bullets and he took them and studied them a minute and then he gave them back to me. I looked at them for a while and then he put his hand out for them again. He studied them some more, grinned, and handed them back.

We sat there and handed those bullets back and forth for a long time. And he never asked what they were. He would just take them and look very seriously at them for a few minutes, each one separately and then all together and then hand them back, smiling. Oh we had a wonderful time.

A little bit later, the guys came driving up in the station wagon and blew shave-and-a-haircut-two-bits, so I got up from the steps and went in and told Peggy that I had a real nice time and everything. Michael followed me into the house and he still had the bullets in his hands. He didn't show them to Peggy. I grinned at him and messed his hair up.

The guys said, "You have a big time, Bullets?"

I said, "Sure. You damn right. What about you guys?" I hummed all the way to the next weight station. And I still didn't like those guys and I'm glad of it.



## In Review

*Plantation County*. By Morton Rubin. 235 pp. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. \$3.50.

*Plantation County* is the first of a projected series of anthropological studies bearing the general title, *Field Studies of the Modern Culture of the South*. Sponsored by the Institute for Research in Social Science of the University of North Carolina, the series is under the general direction of John Gillin. The book is described by its author as a field study utilizing "modified culture-structure-function" theories current in cultural anthropology.

Conscientiously, painstakingly, humbly (and a book intended for the general public, however scholarly in inception, need not be "dead pan"), the author records and catalogues the overt behaviors and some of the verbalizations of a group of Southerners in a single Southern county dominated by a plantation economy.

From his investigation, Dr. Rubin

concludes that a trio of "themes" dominates and distinguishes Plantation County behavior patterns. These are: (1) mastery of the land, (2) conformity with the word of God, and (3) "ideal" stratification of mankind. Translated, these refer, respectively, to (1) the importance of agriculture as a way of life and private property in land as a goal for members of all classes of the subculture; (2) the social as well as psychological importance of the church in giving security and status to its members; and (3) the perpetuation of the race-caste system which defines the Negro as inherently inferior to the white. Dr. Rubin sees these three themes as "until quite recently . . . consistent with each other and mutually re-enforcing." But today the impact of American mass culture upon the structure of Plantation County's institutions has brought "compromises and re-interpretations" of the basic themes.

*Plantation County* has a dual value as a record of this subculture: it will provide a more mature and theory-wise social scientist with copious, meticulously-gathered data; and it gives scientific corroboration to the reports of Southern culture by such intuitive ethnographers as William Faulkner, Margaret Mitchell, and other Southern writers who are not infrequently accused of distorting their descriptions of the South. Yet from these anthropological field notes, an extraordinarily familiar picture emerges: the lazy Southern town with darkies clustering the square on a Saturday; the pillared or "modified colonial" mansions; the efficient Yankee interloper who "makes good"; the widows clinging to their cherished symbols of a dead ear; the "white man's nigger"; the mulattoes whose presence mocks the mores of miscegenation. What is going on in *Plantation County* is apparently what is going on throughout the South.

Ethnographically, the book is excellent. As cultural anthropology,—if this means the scientific study of human behavior patterns in a given culture in terms of a soundly conceptualized and internally logical theory,—it is less successful. Dr. Rubin is confessedly weak in theoretical background: one should not therefore ask more of him than he intended to do. The lay reader indeed, may be grateful that the sketchy and eclectic "Theoretical Frame of Reference" appears as an appendix: he may thus, at one leap, skip scientific jargon. But in so doing, he will miss the integrating concepts which alone give meaning to the body of the book. Indeed, had these concepts been utilized in the general structure of the book as a kind of counterpoint to factual recording, *Plantation County* would have gained in depth and cohesion, and would have lost nothing as a contribution to the scientific as well as the popular literature of the South.

—William K. Hubbell

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*North Carolina Poetry*, Edited by Richard Walser. 200 pp. Richmond: Garrett and Massie. \$4.00.

Poems for an anthology may be selected upon two criteria, historical and literary excellence. One of these must predominate, and Mr. Walser has chosen to make his anthology an historical survey of the development of North Carolina poetry. Although many of the poems in his volume are without distinction in style or thought, their quality is less important than their relative position in one province of American literature.

These poems illustrate numerous poetic idioms from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. North Carolina themes and allusions distinguish some, but there is no clear definition of North Carolina poetry. It need not, apparently, be written in the state; its author must have lived here, but only for a year or two. Some works of Thomas Godfrey, a Philadelphian who lived in Wilmington for three years, and William Hill Brown, a Bostonian who lived in Halifax for one year, are included. Randall Jarrell has taught in Greensboro four years; if that is long enough to make him a native, one would like to see more of his poems, which are indeed notable in this anthology.

Several pleasant and interesting pieces in a variety of eighteenth-century forms begin the volume. Selections by writers of the Negro dialect, Confederate, and "O! prostrate South, arise!" schools are included. John Charles McNeill and James Larkin Pearson represent respectively the scholarly and the folk tradition. Pearson occasionally achieves lucid, succinct expression in the Emily Dickinson manner: "I've never been to London,/ I've never been to Rome:/But on my Fifty Acres,/I travel here at home."

A number of sensitive lady poets, their candles genteelly burning at one end, illuminate the pages devoted to the first years of this century. Helen

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Bevington, Charles Eaton and Randall Jarrell are contemporary poets with vigorous individual traits and unusual facility. Jarrell's "Lady Bates" is perhaps the most forceful poem in the book.

The diversity inherent in a collection comprised largely of work by amateur poets, and the variety in form and style consequent in an anthology which comprehends nearly two hundred years resist critical generalization. Natives of the state doubtless will enjoy familiar, local connotations in many of the poems. Other readers will discover in them a unique survey of American poetic maturation.

—William M. Peterson

---

*up ego!* By John Foster West. 26 pp. New York: Payton, Paul Publishing Co. \$1.75.

A first collection of poetry is usually greeted with a mixed expectation by the reader. He wishes to be either one of the co-discoverers of a great poet or one of the superior maligners of a failure; in most cases he seems to prefer the latter. Only when the reader is willing to place his own feelings in sympathy with, or at least appreciate, those of the author is he able to derive the genuine pleasure of reading poetry, for it is only then that his judgment is free from the limiting and narrow confines of a single man's mind—his own.

*up ego!* is not tremendous in its scope; wisely, Mr. West does not attempt to deal with everything from Lysenko to the A-bomb in 26 very short pages. Carefully approaching his task, the writer has been cautious not to undertake too much, thus avoiding the pitfall which, according to cliché, takes toll of young poets whose song is either too big or too loud. Mr. West's voice is seldom too big and never too loud. Only in a few instances does ambition appear to have replaced present ability; one of these, unfortunately, is

the title poem. "up ego!" is hardly a fair introduction to some of the other works of the volume, notably "Opposites," winner of first prize in the 1951 poetry contest sponsored by the North Carolina Poetry Society, and the delightful "Adam's Apple." The writer's rather keen sense of humor finds capable expression in the clever lines of "Throwback," while in a deeper vein he achieves a controlled power in "Look Somewhere Else."

The physical makeup of the verse in *up ego!* is not revolutionary; one notes, with considerable relief, the absence of the abundant parentheses and countless dots which often fall into use by young poets to conceal their fuzzy efforts at calculated obscurity. Mr. West has seen fit to return to the use of verse with the presence, most often, of a rhyme scheme, rhythm, and *talent* in preference to the sloppy contortions performed on a typewriter and agonizingly called poetry by so many of our young moderns. For no other reason, and there are many, this alone would make *up ego!* enjoyable to the reader and a worthwhile addition to the verse lover's library.

—Thomas Lloyd

---

*The Best of the Best American Short Stories 1915-1950.* Ed. by Martha Foley. 369 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.75.

I think no one will take issue with Miss Foley's claim that the selection of the twenty-five stories in this volume has been the most difficult task she ever attempted. Indeed, this appears to be a classic understatement when one considers that the thirty-five annual volumes of *Best American Short Stories*, from which the selection was made, contain nearly a thousand stories, which in turn were chosen from the more than fifty thousand short stories published in this country since the inauguration of the series in 1915. I fear, how-

ever, that many readers will take issue with the final selection as it appears in this anthology. In her foreword, the editor states that, "One of the reasons there are so many editors in the world is that they disagree with one another. Just as Edward J. O'Brien, if he were alive, undoubtedly would be astounded at some of the decisions I have made in those volumes I have edited, I have been surprised at some of his decisions, or rather omissions." Miss Foley would be the first to agree that this applies equally well to critics, reviewers, and readers; it is inevitable that many of us will be very much surprised by the decisions and omissions of both editors. True, she does point out validly extenuating circumstances, imposed by the limitations of the original series, for the omission of works by Conrad Aiken, Stephen Vincent Benet, and Willa Cather; but there seems to be no justification for the conspicuous absence of names like Steinbeck, Porter, Warren, and Fitzgerald.

In spite of these gaps, however, the collection is good for many hours of mighty fine reading, and it should by no means be passed up by anyone with even the vaguest interest in the short story as a genre of the arts. It would be somewhat naive, and rather pointless, to attempt an enumeration of the Best of the Best of the Best, but I cannot refrain from casting votes of personal preference for Kay Boyle's delightfully futile "Nothing Ever Breaks Except the Heart," Walter Van Tilburg Clark's nostalgic "The Wind and the Snow of Winter," Pietro Di Donato's powerful "Christ in Concrete," and Wilbur Daniel Steele's haunting "How Beautiful With Shoes." In fine, here is a collection that will, if nothing else, assure the reader that he is, in the words of Miss Foley, "being afforded as choice a selection . . . as an editor who has done an awful lot of reading can devise."

—Paul T. Chase

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# The Carolina Quarterly

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ANNUAL FICTION AWARD STORY

# A Race Of Men

by JOSEPH TERRELL



*"There's a race of men that don't fit in."*

—Robert Service

"I'm fed up. That's all."

"But that's no reason. You can't just quit like that," and he snapped his fingers.

"Oh, yes I can," I said, "Oh, yes I can."

He looked at the side of my face for a moment and then started to walk away, but he came back and stood there with his hands in his pockets out of the cold and the note-board under his arm. His cap, with the ear flaps turned up, cocked over on one side of his head so that he had to hold his head at an angle too and then peer at me from the corners of his eyes, made him look almost comical, but he wasn't because it was too much like a cartoon that makes you sad instead of laugh if you think about it.

"You can't do the State that way," he said. "If you don't give them a notice then they'll black-list you. When you start looking for another job and want references they'll say that you quit without giving notice."

"Do you want a cigarette?"

"I'm not kidding about it," he said. "It's just not a wise policy."

"I'm going to quit, Leon, that's all. That's all I'm going to think about now. I'm just fed up with it."

"You ought to think it over. Maybe until tomorrow."

I glared at him hard and started to say something, but I didn't. So I looked out across the light and the highway to where it was dark and up at the edge of the sky you could see the mountains outlined darkly like we were in a big scalloped bowl. We stood leaning against the truck, out of the wind. It was almost four o'clock in

the morning and the wind came from the west out of the mountains. A crew of seven of us were weighing trucks for the statistics and planning division of the highway department. We were weighing at station thirty-six, three and two tenths miles north of the city of Lorillard on highway 72. There were twelve weight stations located at various places in the state. Sometimes we worked from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, and sometimes from four in the afternoon until midnight, and sometimes from midnight until eight in the morning. Or we worked two shifts in twenty-four hours. That was what we had done that day. We started work at eight in the morning and then went back to work at midnight. I was very tired, and cigarettes tasted the way they do after you have wrestled too long, not being in shape.

We had built a fire out of logs and kerosene, and Leon and I walked from the truck to the fire. We all stood around the fire watching it burn. The traffic had slowed down. Every few minutes some one would look up the road to see if a truck was coming. When a truck got close you could hear the deep, loose-throated rattle of the engine, and you could look up high in the cab and see the driver looking down at you.

I stood there at the fire and kicked at it every now and then. I walked away from the fire and looked both ways up the road to see if I could see the trailer lights of a truck as it started up the hill into view. There were flambeaus strung both ways up the highway right in the middle of the road with stop signs at the edges of where we weighed. I listened to the gasoline-run generator that we had in the truck for the six flood lamps that made a big sickly pool of light for us to weigh by. The ton and a half truck carried the flambeaus and scales and signs and lamp posts, and we had two green house trailers set back from the road, a station wagon, and there were the two patrol cars of the men that helped us with traffic and drivers that didn't want their trucks weighed because they didn't believe that it was just a survey. Out there in the middle of the night on the side of the road with all that equipment and unnatural looking light, it made you think of a carnival.

I walked back to the fire and stood there trying to cup a match from the wind to light another cigarette. We had to keep shifting around the fire because the smoke did not blow in the same direction. I could smell the wood smoke in my clothes. Everyone kept squinting at the fire and the smoke. Leon spoke up loudly and said, "It's a tough world," and the rest of them laughed about him saying it out real loud like that when everyone else was just thinking.

And Leon looked at me and I knew he didn't blame me for quitting because I knew he remembered that night in the trailer when I had been writing a letter and he had come in and sat on the lower bunk, leaning back with his head against the wall, his neck bent so that his chin almost touched his chest and smoking with an ash tray on his stomach and flicking the ashes at the tray, missing and then still smoking, squinting his eyes and talking huskily because his chin was almost on his chest and saying that he was working out his philosophy and I thought about him being an ass and yet liking him a little but wishing he'd shut up so I could go back to writing my letter. And we talked about the war in Korea and how we would probably be in it before long and about how it looked like that we would have to fight Russia and what a hell of a mess the whole thing was because we didn't want to fight. Leon said that he didn't want to be a hero. He said there was too much fighting all the time, that that's all people thought about, and I said I don't want to fight either, I just want to be left alone and go live somewhere that is peaceful and quiet and never have to fight and he said me too, and not have to fool with Sellers and Wallace, not fighting them exactly I mean, it's not what you call a fight with them in the ordinary sense, it's something else, it's something that you can't name, it's not knowing exactly what it is that you're fighting but it's something very evil, and I said yes I just want never to have to fight; but I'm not sure I believed in what I said even then because I felt like I wasn't thinking enough, that I wasn't quite telling the truth.

I turned away from the fire and rubbed the front of my thighs, pressing the hot cloth up against them, warming. Then I turned back around.

Wallace looked at me, rubbed his hands together, and bent over to the fire not looking at me. "You'll mess up quitting without giving notice." He was the party chief. His face was very red, his eyes were like a turtles' eyes, bulging. He would go into the trailer and take a drink and come back out eating an apple or smoking his pipe as a chaser. He had been a highway patrolman for eleven years, then worked with the government raiding stills, and now he was doing this. He had a big fat gold pocket watch that he would pull out and look at every now and then. I liked him because of that at first. It seemed like a nice thing for a man to have and do.

"They just don't take that sort of mess," he said, looking at me again and not looking away.

I didn't say anything.

"Now if it's because of one of us, just say so. We've got to work together and if it's one of us just say so."

"I'm just fed up with this work. It's nothing personal."

Standing there with my back to the fire again and my face and front cold now, and I knew I had lied again. And then it was all back in Salisbury and it was cold and rainy and very late in the afternoon. Wallace had said that there was no sense in you boys taking a chance on getting killed out there on this slick highway so we stood in the back end of the truck out of the rain. But the wind would shift, blowing in the fine rain on us. There were the two patrolmen and Wallace and Bud and me. Bud told me of working with tree experts and about tying knots and climbing trees in the rain once. And he told me about the time a new boy had tried to cut the top out of a tree and somehow or another he had cut it wrong and the tree started spliting and squeezed him tighter and tighter because of his harness around the tree, and Bud and another guy had climbed up the tree and cut him out of his harness while the boy was still alive, but he died the next morning and Bud said that trees were the worst goddamned things in the world. Then Bud went back to the trailer where the others were, and he walked slowly, stooped a little as if he were very very tired; and there was only Wallace and the two patrolmen and me, and I stood near the tailgate of the truck counting and classifying the traffic that came by. The rain blew in on us, and we stamped our feet now and then.

Wallace was saying, Back in thirty-five when I went on the patrol. I didn't listen to him past that, so I watched the water spewed up from the singing black tires of the cars and trucks; then Wallace was telling about the time on a day off in plain clothes and car he and another patrolman had ridden along the highway and stopped every time they saw a colored man walking by himself and they would stop and beat him up and leave him on the side of the road. Oh he said we had a fine time back in the old days. We were just couple of wild bucks. And they left to go get supper and Wallace turned around with the rain and the wind between us and hollered that he would send somebody up to take the board so I could go eat and I waited there a long time stamping my feet and staying back in the far end of the truck where they had been.

I walked away from the fire out to the edge of the road and Sellers said, "Is one coming?" I shook my head and walked over to the truck and got some water from the box we had built on. I could hear them discussing whether it was easier to just sit around with nothing to do or to have heavy traffic and have to work hard

but with the time passing faster. When I came back to the fire, Sellers said, "There ought to be a truck coming by after a while that's going all the way through. Not many of them on this highway but there should be one before morning."

Then he crossed his legs and held his hands out to the fire. He sat in a chair he had brought from the trailer. "I don't blame you for quitting. This isn't any work for civilized people to be doing. And I can just see that bunch at the office now sleeping in a warm bed. I bet they're just laughing at us out here on the side of the road like a bunch of tramps. Isn't that right, Wallace," he said. Sellers was the assistant party chief. He was thirty-six, and had a long scar running the length of the left side of his face. He said that he got the scar in an automobile wreck, and he would go into great length telling just how the wreck came about. The first time you saw Sellers, the scar on his face made him look tough, but then after a little while you knew he wasn't.

Sellers started kidding Leon about the way he stood on the sides of his shoes, with his hands in his pockets and the board under his arm, with his cap over on one side of his head, his eyes wide, and staring off into the night thinking about something. Sellers got up and stood beside Leon, imitating him. They all laughed about that, so he did it again and then he walked around a bit stumbling over the scales with his feet like Leon did and they thought that was wonderful. Leon grinned and shrugged his shoulders, and then Sellers imitated that too, and they laughed some more.

One of the patrolmen said, "I think you've got a truck coming."

We got up and looked up the road at the truck and heard the rumbling of the engine as it slowed down. Dick and Bud and I each worked an axle handling the scales. We weighed one side of the truck and then doubled the weight. We did it with individual scales for each axle on one side. The scales weighed eighty-five pounds apiece. You had to sling the scales under the wheels in sort of a half squatting position. It made the inside of your legs and your back very tired. We changed axles every hour because the man on the middle axle would get sick smelling the exhaust if he worked it too long. Once we weighed a truck a minute for eight hours.

Dick and Bud and I called out the weights to Leon to the nearest hundred and he wrote down on his board and then doubled them. If they were over weight we got the owner's name and the license number and what they were carrying.

"Are you going southeast?" I asked the driver.

"Why?"

"It's nothing about the weight. I want a ride if you are."

"Oh," he said. "No, I'm just going into Lorillard."

When we finished with the truck, Sellers started on Leon again. I went with one of the patrolmen back of the trailer to get some more wood for the fire.

It was like that the night in Meade at the tourist court in the room with all of us drinking beer, and it was the nicest tourist court we had ever stopped at and we looked very dirty in the room. We waited one at a time to take a bath and drank beer and talked about the people at the office and what was on at the movie and women. And Wallace and Sellers told us how much they would be getting if they were as young as we were and not married. Then Sellers started kidding Leon about being just newly married and having to stay away from his wife so much of the time. And Leon laughed and shrugged his shoulders and then Sellers imitated him and giggled and looked at Wallace and winked and said isn't that right, every other phrase. Then Leon went into the bathroom and Sellers started telling us that you had to work it right to make a woman. He giggled and crossed his legs as he talked and slapped his thigh and winked. We were all beginning to feel good drinking the beer and waiting to take baths and talking about women. I opened a beer and it spewed on Bud and he laughed and I laughed, and Sellers told us about some of the women he had made, and how you just had to work it right, that's all there is to it he said, you've just got to work it right. Make them believe in you he said, make them believe you love them. And he told about this girl that wouldn't do it because her mother said it wasn't nice and Sellers said he asked the girl if her mother hadn't told her there was a Santa Claus and he said she said yes and he imitated the way she said yes very meekly and we laughed so he did it again and then he said he told her well if she lied about that how do you know she didn't lie about this other and the girl thought and then said all right but just a little while and we laughed and he repeated it, and he told about how he and a friend of his would go to see this married couple they knew and have a drinking party, and his friend would always manage to go with the husband up town for some more chasers or whisky or something and Sellers would make love to his wife. He said she always had on a different colored pair of pants and it was fun to try to guess what color she had on. He said she must have a hundred goddamned pairs of pants. Then he started telling about the girl that he would have married if she hadn't given in to him on Christmas Eve and Wallace said that was a nice Christ-

mas present and we all laughed and Sellers started again and said he went with her a long time and then since they were going to get married anyway he talked her into it and Dick said you worked it right huh? and we laughed and Sellers said yes and then he told about what a nice letter she wrote his mother and sister when she found out he didn't love her and was going to marry someone else and how she always wanted to be friends with the famliy and everything and Wallace said she would be a nice friend to have. I remember how I started feeling drunk in waves and getting up and opening aonther beer being careful not to let it spew and then I was drunk again in another wave and I tried to light a cigarette and biting my lips and not feeling anything but the pressure on my teeth and then Leon singing with the water running in the bathroom and Sellers talking quietly to us about this friend of his that had slept with Leon's wife before Leon even knew her and how Leon figured he had done it all by himself, and then Bud said where are you going, Jack, are you sick and then Bud came on out doors with me, walking back and forth.

Coming back up with the wood, it all looked strange with them standing by the fire and all that light out there beside the highway with it dark all around. I put the wood down and brushed the dirt and loose bark off my arms.

Wallace said to the patrolman, "What's the matter boy, is that all the wood you could bring?"

"Somebody had to carry the flashlight," the man said, and Wallace chuckled with his pipe in his mouth.

"Some of those are green."

"That's all right. It's a hot fire. Those green ones will burn after while."

"What's the matter Leon?" Sellers said, "You cold?"

"My, my," Leon said.

Sellers clapped his hands together, grinned and winked at Wallace. Wallace took the pipe out of his mouth and spit at the fire. I watched the spit bubble up and fry on a log just at the edge of the fire. "The coldest I've ever been was when we had motorcycles on the patrol. You'd get so cold on those things that you couldn't breathe."

Sellers said, "I bet it was the truth," very seriously, as if he were commenting on the most weighty subject in the world.

I looked at Sellers a moment and then over past the fire down to the green trailer there in the dark. I thought about the first day I had worked, and that night washing up at the filling station where we had parked the trailers. The filling station attendant had left

the ladies rest room door unlocked for us to wash up in. It was on the outside of the building like most of them because smart filling station operators know that women don't want to walk through the inside of the station past the three or four lanky men that always loaf around inside a station, grinning.

Hold your flashlight over here.

Looks like they could leave the current on.

Hey, shine the light back over here, damn it.

What's the matter? You missing?

I don't know.

You ain't missing. As long as you hear the water splashing you're doing all right.

Hey, there aren't even any dirty pictures on the wall.

No poems either.

What the hell do they look at while they're in here?

Maybe they look at themselves.

Boy if I was in here with them I know what I'd look at.

Good. We needed another flashlight. Yeah? What would you look at Leon? You're a married man now.

Yeah but I ain't dead. Ha Ha.

It's nice in here. Not like the men's.

Don't smell as bad.

Ain't used as much.

Well, women just naturally ain't as nasty as men.

Yeah?

They put paper all over the seat. My girl told me that.

As I opened the door, going out, back to the trailer, I saw several lipstick prints on the door where girls had kissed it, blotting their lips. It smelled good outdoors in the night walking back to the trailer holding my flashlight and watching the illuminated, blurred and bobbing circle always in front of me.

I stepped inside the trailer, with it dark except for Sellers' and Wallace's flashlight that shined: one from the desk and the other from the top bunk where they had placed them to get the most light. They cast a weird crisscross of light with Wallace and Sellers standing just at the edge of the light. I could tell they were looking at me. I heard one of them put a bottle down.

Tired, Jack?

No not too much.

First day's always rough, isn't it Wallace?

You're telling me. Yes sir.

I was in pretty good shape to start with. I was working with a

construction company this summer. That exhaust gets me though. I've got a headache.

They were still standing at the edge of the light. I started taking my clothes off, acting like I wasn't paying any attention to them.

Do you want a drink, Jack?

No thank you, I don't think so.

What's the matter, don't you drink?

Oh sure, I take a drink every now and then.

Why don't you want one now.

I just don't want one now.

We had one guy on the job who didn't believe in drinking. He almost got us messed-up. I guess someone told you how funny the big boss is about drinking, even off the job. But we've got to work this thing like a family. Everybody's got to work together. And I can't see anything wrong with a man taking a drink as long as he does the job.

I picked up my shirt and took out a cigarette and lit it for a chaser. Yes a drink might help my headache.

Sure. Of course it will.

That's right. A drink'll make you sleep good after working hard, won't it Wallace?

A sudden wind blew smoke in my eyes, burning, so I turned away from the fire, rubbing my eyes. Dick and Bud were over by one of the scales. Bud was trying to pick up the scales by the handle and hold them over his head without letting his hands slip on the handles, but he couldn't do it.

Wallace said to the patrolman, "Do you think you could do it?"

"Hell no, can you?"

Wallace chuckled and nodded toward Dick and then me. "Not me. Dick and Jack can though."

The patrolman looked at me, "You can do it?"

"Yes."

"Dick, show him how it's done," Wallace called.

Dick picked up the scales and put them over his head. He put them down, rubbed his hands together and walked back to the fire, grinning.

"It takes a man to do that," Wallace said.

I could tell the patrolman was still looking at me and I thought he would say something else and I would have to go show him that I could pick up those scales, but he didn't say anything, so I let it ride. I was tired of having to always prove to somebody that I could do a thing.

"Yes," Wallace said, "slinging those scales around all day will make a man out of you, won't it Dick?"

"It can be rough all right," Dick said smiling, and in that soft voice that always turned into a harsh but lisping whisper when he got drunk.

I looked across the fire at Dick, watching the way the light made shadows move across his face so that it kept changing the appearance of his smile. And there was something here that I never did get settled either, I thought.

That night in Lorillard that Bud and Leon and Dick and I went to the fair and saw all the girl shows and then drove up town talking about them and drinking beer and then deciding to go try to find some girls, and not finding any and stopping and drinking and driving fast in the state-owned station wagon, looking. Then Bud driving fast around a curve and hitting the curb so that we almost turned over. Everyone wanted to go back to the trailers then and call it a night but Dick. He said everyone but Bud was a bunch of goddamned chickens for not wanting to go with him. He said Leon and I were a couple of goddamned chickens, but Bud was all right because he was driving when we almost turned over. Leon tried to tell him that it was time to go to bed because we were drunk and it was a state car, but Dick kept calling us a couple of goddamned chickens in that harsh, lisping whisper of his, so I said that's enough of that, get over and drive any place you want to, I'll ride with you any place you can take us, and he looked a little puzzled and I thought for a minute that he was going to stay, but he started the motor and I got in beside him, holding an opened beer in my hand. He drove very fast all over the town there late at night and I sat beside him trying to relax drinking the beer, with my hands trembling and I tried then to figure out whether it was because I had got mad or because I was scared and I honestly couldn't figure it out because I kept telling myself that I was crazy to get back in the car and yet I couldn't make myself care about whether we would have a wreck or not, and then at an intersection when we had to swerve to miss a new Pontiac. All I said was we didn't miss him very far and that was the first and only thing that was said on that drive and I said that in a perfectly natural and normal voice, very quietly, and I felt good about saying it that way.

Then he drove back to where we had the trailers parked at the trailer court. And the next day he came up to me and said he didn't remember last night and I knew that was a lie but I knew how he felt so when he said if I said anything bad I didn't mean it, I said you didn't say anything bad. I felt real good and I thought nothing

like that would happen again and that I had conquered being afraid but when a few weeks later he got drunk again and started hitting Leon and I pulled him off and Leon ran and he turned to me and held his fist in my face and whispered, you think you're a god-damned hero don't you? Do you want me to start to work on you? And I said you're drunk, Dick, and walked away. I walked slowly and tried to do it like I wasn't bothering to think whether he'd come up behind me or not, and he didn't but I was scared. I was afraid he was going to come up behind me and jerk me around by the shoulders and hit me with one of his fists that had grease worked into the knuckles and I felt that fear in my stomach and in my legs as I walked away.

"I believe we got a truck coming," Wallace said.

"There's two of them."

We weighed them and I asked the driver if they were going on through but they weren't.

Walking back to the fire Leon said, "Have you got your bag packed?"

"Yeah, if I left anything you can have it."

"Hate to see you go," He said.

"Yeah. Yes. I appreciate it, Leon."

"I'll have a hard time keeping the notes straight with you not here to help me check my adding." I looked at Leon and we smiled. I remembered Wallace saying that there are some types of guys that are going to mess up everything they try to do, and Leon's one of them. Sellers had giggled and slapped his thigh, and said, that's right. And I had thought that that was the only really true thing Wallace had ever said and he had been trying to be funny. There at the fire, I thought about Leon.

A Sunday night down in Murine that Leon and I went into town to eat, dressed in clean clothes. We drank hot tea with our shrimp and talked a long time. He told about how he was going back and finish school after his wife had the baby and could work again and that he was not going to do this sort of work all his life because he wanted to be somebody, and then after a while he told me that the baby was going to be born seven months after they had been married, but he said that was all right because after all a marriage vow wasn't anything but a law; it was what you felt inside you that counted, and he said he had loved her all along and now more than ever. I told him I hoped everything worked out for him, and he said it was good to have someone to talk to and he thought it would all turn out all right if he could just put up with Sellers and Wallace and Dick until he got some money then

he would be all fixed-up. But I knew he would never be all fixed up. Then after a pause he said we just don't fit in with this sort of a crowd, do we? I don't understand it. Why they always kid me. And you, they don't seem to trust you or something, they don't kid you or anything, but some reason or another they don't like you. Wallace seems like a nice guy but after a while you can see that he's one of the meanest, and Sellers is just plain sneaky or something and Dick would kill you when he's drunk, yet he's all right when he's sober, and then Bud had changed more than anyone I know. He just doesn't seem to care one way or the other any more. And you've started to change too. You used to argue with them a lot, and now you just stand around, and you kid every now and then too but that doesn't make any difference much because it doesn't bother me but you've started to change too. You seem to be real tired all the time. You use to seem to be real proud that you didn't like them and they didn't like you and you didn't like me very much either and it made me feel good because you seemed proud but now you just stand around, and it makes me feel bad.

He didn't look at me when he talked. I said that was a lot of crap and laughed about it and said lets get a couple of beers and go to the movie and forget it all.

And I did, just about, but now it came back to me and what he said seemed to link up somehow what I had said about wanting to go somewhere where it was peaceful and never have to fight. And I knew that I still was not thinking enough and that I wasn't telling myself all the truth.

But then a big Autocar diesel came over the hill and we weighed it. I walked around to the driver's side of the cab and climbed up on the running board and asked him was he going on through. He said he was and that he would take me, glad to have you. I called to Wallace as I ran to the trailer for my bag that I had ride. But inside the trailer getting my bag I didn't feel so good about the whole thing. I shook hands with a couple of the guys telling them goodbye and then I went quickly down to the truck that had pulled off the side of the road beyond the pool of light. But going down to the truck I thought about everything. Some how or another it didn't seem right. I started to climb into the cab, but then I realized that no this wasn't the thing to do.

The driver said, "What's the matter?"

"I've changed my mind. I'm not going."

"What?"

"I decided not to go. Nothing personal. I just changed my mind. I appreciate it though, and sorry I made you wait."

He shrugged his shoulders as I got down from the cab. I could see them up at the fire watching me. I heard the diesel start off down the road. I knew there would be a lot of kidding but I didn't care because I knew I could take it. And walking back up there carrying my bag and looking at them looking down the road at me, I felt good. I was going to fight every goddamned one of them if I had to, and I knew now that if you wanted to feel good and big you always had to fight, or be ready to fight. That's the one sure thing, and knowing it didn't make me a bit afraid. I knew that there was no place you could go that was real peaceful and never have to fight unless you wanted to give up and be like Wallace and Sellers. I was proud again that they didn't like me and that I didn't fit in with the whole outfit and never had fitted in with hardly anything really. That was something. That was a wonderful thing. And Leon came down to the edge of the pool of light and stood there waiting for me, standing on the sides of his shoes with his hands in his pockets and the note-board under his arm, his hat on one side of his head and grinning like a character from a Punch and Judy show.



JAMES GARDNER

## See

This day before base speech had dared  
the morning's acid fear,  
the sun not wary of their terror  
stood before the window there  
and proud in science peered  
inside to see them unaware  
as only stars and nightlamps SEE:  
saw eyes moistly glisten, flare,  
as mice from upturned boxes stare.

JOHN FOSTER WEST

## Time Out Of Mind

Far hills piled on the circling rim,  
    Like climbing clouds before a rain,  
Are hills, though vague, gray-toned and dim  
    (And pain is pain  
And every shadow is not grim);

And climbing clouds like hills up-piled  
    Are clouds that march to thunder's chore,  
As distance curtains out their wild  
    Oncoming roar,  
Until the watcher is beguiled.

But in that flash the heart is still,  
    Dead at the nadir of a beat,  
A climbing cloud becomes a hill;  
    For time complete  
Cannot be reckoned in each thrill.



MARK LINENTHAL, JR.

## Cass Mastern and Jeremiah Beaumont:

# Novel Into Myth

### I

The moral locale of much serious modern writing lies this side of Dante's Acheron, between the river and the gate of Hell. Eliot's line, "I had not thought death had undone so many," is Dante's response to the vision of those who chose neither God nor Satan, who chose not to choose, thus evading moral responsibility. Consigned to the brink of Hell, they follow forever a swiftly whirling banner (Dante never tells us what emblem appears on it). Virgil explains to Dante that they "lived without infamy and without praise" and thus "never were alive." For Eliot it is their aimlessness, their death in life, which is the lot of the sceptical, of those who lack an organizing, unifying, and directing faith. Eliot's real followers in this country have been the Fugitive-Agrarians, and the most notable novelist of the group has been Robert Penn Warren. His theme, close to Eliot's, is the insistence that the divided man must be made whole, that the continuity or integrity of the self must be established, and that this continuity or integrity develops from an acceptance of moral responsibility.

### II

A number of the narrative motifs which embody Warren's theme recur through the novels: the rejection and acceptance of the father, the trip West and the return, the conclusion, tragic or otherwise, which is determined by the hero's ability or inability to transcend his own inner contradictions. Another, the historical narrative within the narrative, has become the dominant one. The

thematic impact of *All The King's Men* depends to a considerable extent upon the effectiveness of Warren's use of the Cass Mastern story; in *World Enough And Time* the story of Jeremiah Beaumont includes the other motifs and has become the novel itself.

Both of these stories perform mythic functions. The meanings of "myth" have multiplied to cover many of the sins of contemporary criticism, and one hesitates to use so vague a term. But it, better than any other, does indicate the area of meaning where dream, religion, and literature meet. We know what we are when we read our dreams aright; religion establishes our relationship to the transcendent; and literature provides patterns which make the raw material of experience meaningful to us.

The Cass Mastern episode is Jack Burden's myth. As a student of history Burden finds himself unable to understand the story of his granduncle Mastern and he gives up the job. Yet "the end of man is to know," and, like a recurrent dream which could reveal but which jealously conceals his identity, it follows him about, a parcel bearing his name, but forever unopened. The unopened parcel is an unacknowledged reproach. It is a story told with the sustained rhetorical dignity of the last century (which contrasts sharply with Burden's heavily ironical manner) of the evil vibrations of an evil act. Cass Mastern, by betraying a friend, causes the friend's suicide, the perversion of the character of his lover, and the cruel sale of a slave girl. Cass accepts his guilt, the enormous burden destroys his capacity for good, and he seeks death as a private in the Confederate Army. But before he dies outside Atlanta, he regains some pride by recognizing the virtues of the soldiers around him. The story is a reproach to Jack's inability or unwillingness to recognize his own moral role. He wavers between idealism ("If you are an Idealist it does not matter what you do or what goes on around you because it isn't real anyway") and materialism ("the twitch can know that the twitch is all").

He cannot open the parcel until the main action of the novel is completed. By participating in that action Burden acquires a moral attitude and a self. He learns that actions have consequences, that good and evil are intimately related, and that although a good act may have evil consequences, one must accept the responsibility for one's acts. To recount this educative process is to recount the plot of the novel; here it seems sufficient to note that Burden unwittingly helps to destroy three people: Adam Stanton and Judge Irwin, Burden's boyhood friend and father; and Willie Stark, the governor of the state. Realization of the fact of his involvement in a web of evil at first suggests the worthlessness of himself and

of all mankind; a later realization of the greatness in Willie who had "to sell his soul in order to get the power to do good" partially reverses the verdict. Finally, that they were "doomed" to destruction does not deny man a moral role, for "they lived in the agony of will." This paradox is resolved in more or less theological terms. The view that the creation of evil is a sign of God's power and glory and that the creation of good is a sign of man's, is presented, and Burden in a parenthesis admits that he accepts the view in his own way. His acceptance is a key to the identity of Cass Mastern and thus to his own identity. It is the burden of moral responsibility which is accepted and which is symbolized by his name.

*World Enough And Time* is our myth; it is our past and a reproach to us. But we need not acknowledge the reproach, for Warren's subtitle, *A Romantic Novel*, is ambiguous, and the closing line is a question: "Was all for naught?" If we emphasize the pejorative note in "romantic," and if our answer to the question is clearly affirmative, we will pity the hero, enjoy the excursion into a melodramatic past and congratulate ourselves on the great good luck of our modernity. But this is certainly not Warren's intention. For him the story is the tragedy which Jeremiah Beaumont hoped that it was. Jack Burden calls Adam Stanton "the man of idea" and Willie Stark "the man of fact." In *World Enough And Time* the poles in relation to which Beaumont attempts to define himself are "the world" and "the idea." He is destroyed by the separation between them; like Stanton and Willie he is destroyed by "the terrible division of our age."

Appropriately, the American myth-hero, in groping toward himself, gropes toward justice. Midway in the book Jeremiah reviews his behavior, locates his error, and decides on a new course. He has left his benefactor, Colonel Fort, to win Rachel Jordan whom Fort has abandoned. To win her he must avenge her by killing Fort, since for Beaumont there can be justice only when the past is destroyed. But engrossed by the "idea" of justice and regarding the "world" as a trap, he has married Rachel and failed to kill Fort; he has been trapped by the "idea." So he decides anew to kill, feeling now that "the world must redeem the idea." But toward the end of the book the grounds for this decision are revealed as illusory. The murderous redeeming act blurs all distinctions: he has killed the man whose "creature" he is and has been ironically sentenced to a deserved execution by a testimony of lies. He tries to immerse himself in the "world," in the blurring of distinctions, and to find "innocence" there. He escapes West

into non-history where justice is a meaningless word, but "innocence" proves to be the terrifying, animal-like figure of La Grand' Bosse. His final decision is to return to history and to suffer for his crime, "the crime of self, the crime of life." Like Burden, Jeremiah comes to know ("the end of man is to know") that we cannot live wholly in either the realm of the ideal or the realm of fact, and that to live in both, as we must, is to be human and responsible. To accept the myth is to criticize ourselves for the "innocence" with which we pragmatically immerse ourselves in fact or with which we justify our means by our ends.

### III

By summarizing the novels in this way I have perhaps implied a thematic unity or clarity which is not there, but I have also neglected some of their real virtues. Warren seems to sense that his narratives do not say precisely what he wants them to say, and he somewhat ruthlessly imposes meanings upon his narrative material; as an artist he suffers from the sort of division which is his real subject. But his audacity and imaginative vigour are compelling. He challenges our liberal and "enlightened" attitudes and in so doing demonstrates his affiliation with the Fugitive-Agrarians. He shares their opposition to the idea of progress, their fondness for myth, for the tragic view, for "the past," for a traditionally ordered society, as well as their tendency to formulate problems in theological terms. As liberals we should like to dismiss all this. But Warren's audacity and imaginative vigour deny us the right to dismiss him. *All The King's Men* contains a vivid and memorable picture of the charismatic figure of our time and of the world which surrounds him, and the realism of the picture is used to explore the central moral issue of our time, the proper relationship between morality and power. *World Enough And Time* dazzlingly revives a dead world, the deadness of whose issues is a reproach to us. The social realists of the twenties and thirties implied that intelligence and good will were enough, and since we knew we were intelligent and that our will was good, we were congratulated. Our moral fervor seemed to be its own justification. Warren offers no such congratulation, and when we attempt to criticize him, we cannot help feeling that we are criticized.



VARLEY LANG

## A Few Hours



### I

In the morning the pickets stopped him. It was already as hot and stuffy as a feather bed; and the sweat stood on their arms and foreheads, described dark circles on their shirts under the armpits. They were tired already, though this was only the first day of standing in the sun, watching the occasional patrolling cops and the heavy sticks that might be meant for them if trouble started. You could never tell.

Two of the pickets stood still in front of him and blocked his way. Bill Nolan took out a handkerchief and passed it over his face. He looked up and down the long line of pickets, a fence of sweating men.

"After the meeting yesterday the pushers didn't have a chance to turn their sheets in. I'm to collect them. They'll be coming in. No sheets, no pay. We can clean it up by five this afternoon."

He spoke directly to the man who blocked his way. One of the men turned his head a little and called out, "Fatsol!" A big-bellied man stepped out of the picket line, looked at Nolan, and said, "Hiya, Bill. Let him through, boys."

Nolan glanced at one of the pickets before walking between them and said, "I hear they plan a little party for tonight." The two pickets smiled some, not because they found Nolan's remark humorous. Men sometimes smile that way when they hear the rent has been raised or that the temperature is expected to reach the hundred degree mark the next day. Nolan passed between them.

Time refused to go or stop. All day the foremen straggled in, hot and a little soured with trouble. Nobody seemed to think the strike a glorious occasion. With increasing nervousness, Bill Nolan missed the grind and squeal of hoists, the roar and rumble of the dock trucks. He sat behind a small desk in a corner of the dingy office, usually trembling with sound, now quiet in a threatened way. It was sick with the river smell, a heavy reek in the steamy air, as if the offal of nations had been evacuated from the dozens of ships loading, unloading. Finally, all the sheets were in, except Jim's. Nolan looked through the dirty window and saw him coming, the papers in his big hand.

In spite of his tiredness at the end of a long day and the slight headache from the river stench, Nolan took the same pleasure he always felt at seeing Jim approach with magnificent glide for all his tremendous bulk, smooth, controlled, excess of power in reserve. He was one of two negro pushers and worked his black men with song, wit, and example. The other foremen were mostly Irish or Polish. Between Jim and Nolan a quiet friendship had existed for several years.

The big Negro stood poised in the doorway, great shoulders held in a vise of chest and back muscles as he paused for a moment balanced, sloping in relaxation when he crossed the floor and leaned against Nolan's desk. Nolan smiled.

"How's it going, Jim?"

"Hot and hellish, Bill." His voice was deep, serene, his words slow, well-spoken.

"Well, that completes the tally on the time-sheets. Be good to get home and relax."

Jim nodded a little absently, his lips set in a wide, curved smile, as though at a joke, often repeated, old, belonging to his black skin and the labor of his hands.

"Bill," he said, "you've got a head and a heart. I want you to tell me. We've dropped the crowbars and let the dollies stand." He looked at his big hands, the palms pale, coffee brown, and flexed them.

"You too?" Bill Nolan asked. "Your men?"

"Yeah. We strike when we're told. We go back when we're told. My men say, 'Tain't no fight of ourn. White men's fight, not ourn. Got our kids to feed, got our whiskey to buy. Things get bad, we go first; get good, we come back last. We lose no matter what.' Keep away from that picket line, Jim. Go home and love your woman."

He turned his big head slowly to Nolan and waited.

"I know, Jim. It's worse for your people, but it's true of all of us. I've been out on a lot of strikes in my time. What we gained one year was taken away in the next. Or prices rose. Or the place shut down. But I always went out, and I'm going out this time."

A deep, vibrant monosyllable: "Why?"

Nolan said, "It's the only weapon we have. I'm not saying it's the best possible; it's the only one. I don't like it. It makes for hardship every year, every two years; and I don't like the violence. The scabs need the jobs. They've got kids to feed, whiskey to buy, just like you. It doesn't take much company encouragement to empty the south of the city and send it crowding to the docks. They'll very likely try to get them in tonight. And a month from now, if it lasts that long, our own men will be filtering back through the pickets."

"Still you go out?"

"Still I go out. As for the picket line, you'll have to decide that. I won't be there. I've served my time on picket lines." He put his hands on the desk and examined them carefully.

Jim was comparatively naive in most matters. But he was startlingly quick to know when a friend had what he called the blues. He possessed the sudden warmth and sympathy of his people at such times, and he almost always did the right thing to help. He half sat on the desk and held his big hands together on one thigh. "Something wrong," he said.

Nolan looked up and laughed.

"You're hard to fool, aren't you, Jim?"

Jim smiled slowly, caressingly.

"This here is one wise dock-walloper. He's seen a peck of trouble. Something on your mind."

"You remember after that parade we went by your place, and you took me in and gave me some beer?"

Jim nodded.

"That big firecracker the kids sent off. I couldn't hear for a while after that, you remember?"

Jim said, "You think it might come back?"

"Yes."

"And stay?"

"Yes."

"You don't want any part of that picket line and a clip over the ear, maybe?"

"That's about it, Jim. I can't take the chance."

"You'd like to be there, though?"

"I'd like to hold my end up. I don't want to go deaf, though, I have to be careful, mighty careful."

Jim now knew with absolute certainty that he would be in the picket line tonight. It had something to do with what Nolan had just told him, but in what way he did not bother to investigate. Having made that decision, he did what he could to make Nolan feel better, again without deliberation or conscious thinking. Naturally, as we say.

"That boy Rex. He's come a long way." Jim shifted a huge thigh for comfort. "Wasn't much when he came here." He was rewarded by Nolan's pleased attention. "He's got the makings," Jim went on, "and I know where he got them. Last week I lost my papers. Rex, he fixed it up for me."

"Well," Nolan said, "you've been nice to Rex, always had a word for him, when he was just as lonesome and low down as an old hound dog."

"Sure. That don't mean he's nice to me, though." Jim spoke from sad experience. "It's you. You put some backbone and right thinking in that boy, tain't any use to deny it."

Nolan couldn't, for the life of him, keep from looking proud. He said, "I've tried to teach him to know a man when he sees one."

The compliment was sincere and inclusive. It lay like mellow music between them. Jim stood away from the desk, his great shoulders gripped in the vise of muscles as he balanced lightly to go.

"Yeah," he said, the single word rolling deeply over the office.

After Jim left, Nolan arranged his time-sheets, made a few notes, and took the sheaf of sweaty papers down the hall to Rex. Quite frankly, Rex had been a mess. If he had practiced a steady and petty malice, it was his only expression of passionate outrage against a world which instantly disliked, bullied, and shoved him around. The word vicious applied exactly to his circle. Outward grace might have promoted an inward one. But his half-formed countenance entitled him to no other name than that applied by someone to muddled and amorphous adolescence: a thing. Now, thanks largely to Nolan and to the boy's own solid but formerly wasted materials, the face of a man was perceptible under that of a gargoyle. He worshipped Nolan, and he was learning little by little to respect himself. These are the elements for a future man and a future conflict. Nolan was happily anticipating the day when Rex's further growth and maturity would show him certain cracks in his idol and temper worship to a cooler and more rational affection. But at this point of his progress Nolan supplied him

with what he needed. While his own strength, judgment, and self-respect were slowly ripening, he needed to have a decent man near him whose disapproval he dreaded, whose approval filled him with pride. Even now he was struggling toward that rather bleak area of being in which we must make our own decisions, reluctantly and with pain, for ourselves and by our own lights and values; not regardless of idols, but (the first turn of the screw) perhaps in another direction from that to which the revered hand points.

Rex stopped his machine. Over its soft hum and the kiss of delicately motivated metal parts, he had recognized the footfalls of the idol. His low forehead was comically furrowed with distress, like the look of a particularly intelligent hound faced with urgent choice: two rabbits, let us say, equidistant from his eager observation. When Nolan entered, a wide smile split his irregular face and shot deep creases toward lugubrious ears. He had no tail to wag.

They talked for a while about the Dodgers, the Red Sox, home runs, base hits; but Nolan saw that Rex was a little distraught instead of eager. His coltish legs and big feet pushed him from one position to another. He didn't even offer to make a bet when Nolan insulted the Dodgers, a sure sign of desperate malaise. As Nolan was about to go, Rex called after him in the carefully lowered tones of conspiracy.

"Mr. Nolan."

"Yes, Rex."

"Mr. Nolan. Hannecky was in here yesterday afternoon. He said I'd better go out when the rest did. He looked like he meant go out or else."

Nolan thought, "The kid's scared. Going around scaring kids. I don't like it."

"Rex, you don't have to go out. Hell with Hannecky. It isn't usual for the office to go out, even if we are on the dock here. You go around to John Street, to the main office, and they'll give you plenty to do until the strike is over. You won't have to lose a day."

Rex's legs drove him into the corner of the room and back again. The sick river small thickened. You felt that the odor would come off on your hands like oil if you touched anything in the room. "A shame," Nolan thought, "a shame. Kicked into the whole dirty mess."

"Mr. Nolan, are you going to John Street?"

"No, Rex. Remember, I worked on the docks before I had this job in the office. I'm going out."

Rex was happy now. He could follow, instead of choose; the idol's hand pointed in a comfortable direction.

"So'm I."

Bill Nolan smiled. He said, "Well, if you insist."

Rex's feet began to shuffle again.

"Mr. Nolan, you going to picket?"

"No."

Rex was deeply concerned. The comic furrows of distress in his forehead were very much in evidence.

"But Mr. Nolan, if you go out with the boys—"

Was there, even now, the shadow of a small doubt concerning his idol? If so, the shadow was undoubtedly deepened by Nolan's immediate and dictatorial response. He was made brusque and commanding by anxiety.

"Listen here, Rex. You just keep your mouth shut and stay out of the rain. There's a storm coming. If you must strike, walk out quietly. Keep away from the docks. If the strike lasts too long, get a job as a clerk or something. Lay low and keep quiet. When it's all over, walk back in and say nothing. That's the best way to handle it."

If Bill Nolan had taken the trouble to examine himself, he may have been surprised at his own feeling of fierce protectiveness. He couldn't bear the thought of those gangling legs and spindling arms in a picket line.

It is likely that somewhere in the well of the subconscious a bucket was waiting to draw up a whole pailful of Rex's doubts: Mr. Nolan was fussing over him, and he wasn't no kid; it wasn't right not to hold your end, and Mr. Nolan wasn't holdin' his and told him he shouldn't. But that bucket had not yet been drawn. Now he was merely perplexed and frightened. Nevertheless, by the time Mr. Nolan had left the office, Rex was rapidly approaching the bleak area where choice is made.

## II

Bill Nolan swung down from the streetcar and into the heat of August weather. Somewhere in the sky storm was gathering, making the air thick and clinging, holding also an expectancy and vague excitement. A force might be gathering. A storm might break. Somehow the enforced mood associated with Jim, the bronze image of the Negro and his stoic courage, had led to the tingle of excitement in his blood.

Our ways and media of expression are pathetically limited. Nolan expressed his feelings of excitement and impendence by purchasing peaches at the grocery store instead of cabbage. And the reaction of others to the shackled fumbblings of the mood and spirit must be equally limited. The grocer turned to the single limp clerk after the customer had completed his purchase and said, "Peaches. The most expensive on the market. Came in for cabbage, and bought peaches. And him on strike."

Those who love us learn a little, at least, of the pathetic shorthand. His wife had seen him climb the front steps, paper bag in arm; she met and kissed him at the door.

"Why Bill, you didn't forget this time."

"What?" he asked, looking alert.

"The cabbage."

"Oh. Well, no." He put the bag down and took off his jacket, a small light of mischief in his eyes. "No. Only, at the last moment, I changed my mind."

She followed him into the kitchen. He took down a large white bowl and poured out the fine fruit with gusto in a rich heap. He looked at her, waiting as a child would, for applause or expression of delight. Mary knew it was not the cool flavor of the peach alone that gave him pleasure, but the sudden richness of the lovely heap, yellow against the white bowl. Peaches for cabbage, and she worked so hard to manage, and now another strike. She felt like crying. Instead, she caught again naive anticipation in his eyes and laughed. He hugged her, pressing her head against his throat. Mary pulled away and said, "They're playing Corelli tonight."

He snapped his fingers, "Aha! Who?"

"NBC. Ten, I think the paper said."

After supper and a cigarette, Nolan drifted out of the kitchen, down the hallway to a back room, and straight to an old upright piano whose cover he lifted from the yellowed keys. His father had professed drinking as a chief occupation, but had also played a cello in the days when many of the movie houses hired small orchestras. From him Nolan had acquired an abhorrence of whiskey and a passionate love for music, especially string. Still standing, he played, or rather picked out, themes from a piano concerto he had heard over the radio a few days before. The sudden, inexplicable change in the slow movement from grave beauty to the wild, thrilling middle passage caught his imagination: the untamed smell of salt-water marsh, the pacing tiger in our hearts. He was pleased—not at the playing, at no time satisfactory—at having

felt the change in mood. And more, a thing usually taken for granted, at having been able to hear at all.

For a while his fingers rested on the keys and he calculated rapidly. Forty-two years, and three months and eleven days. He had had that long to listen to music. Less. Perhaps thirty-two, if you took off the ten unlistening years of childhood when he had accepted sound without knowing. With luck, ten more, perhaps twelve; with luck and care, much care. Corelli's sinuations of pure sound shortened, stunted, a hammer falling rhythmically on lead. "It is like awe," he thought, "to know that Brahms exists, moves to life, the strings leaping into sudden cries of exaltation, falling through space like downward fire: to know, and not to hear."

Looking at the yellowed keys, he thought of all the sounds he loved: his wife's voice, wind among reeds in salty marsh, the cry of gulls, the freighters stalked by fog and sending deep warning of their horns. Listening intently, he reached one finger and struck a high note, clear and soft, a pebble of sound falling into the deep pool of silence. Sheer sensuous pleasure held him rigid, listening for the last ripple, the ultimate vibration, lingering, lost. The harsh scream of the telephone in the hall made him start.

Mary, cleaning up in the kitchen, could hear Bill picking out themes on the piano. She had reached the stage of deep, unquestioned affection for Nolan, after years of intimacy and the testing of experience, that causes a woman to watch her husband with constant and anxious care. Not that she was fussy or outwardly over-anxious. But she was absolutely certain that he had not the slightest notion of how to take care of himself. No evidence to the contrary could possibly have persuaded her otherwise. And so, when the phone rang, she exercised the prerogative of wifedom and listened to every word.

When Nolan hung up the receiver, she said, "Bill, they aren't calling you to go on that picket line, are they?"

"No, I told them I wasn't. It's that damn little fool, Rex. His mother called. Says he went down there and she couldn't stop him. She's worried sick."

"I guess she is. What made him do a fool trick like that? Didn't you tell him better?"

"I told him."

He walked up the hall to the front door and put on his seer-sucker coat. Mary followed, shaking her head in a very determined fashion.

"Bill, listen to me. You can't go down there after that kid.

You said yourself there'd be trouble tonight, with those freighters waiting to load and the company sure to start something."

Bill looked unhappily at the floor. He had a stake in that kid, but he couldn't tell her that.

"And you never did tell me just what the doctor said. What did he say?"

Bill sighed.

"I'm getting deaf. Doctor claims I had a shock or something when that tanker blew up at the docks."

"What else, Bill?"

"Well, ten years. With care. No swimming, diving, big noises, shock. I guess that's all."

Mary lifted her arms from her sides and spread her hands in the age-old gesture of woman faced by the wrong-headed obtuseness of the male.

"There you are. And you were just about to go down there when you know you shouldn't."

"OK, Mary." He took the jacket off. "I'll call Jim and ask him to go down there and drag that blasted kid home."

He strode down the hall to the phone. Mary sighed and returned to the kitchen.

Bill waited impatiently, sweating in the heat of the hall, while the usual complicated business of communicating with anybody in that neighborhood went its tortuous way. The grocery man on the corner nearest Jim's house sent a kid out as soon as one came in. The child left what he had been told to buy at his basement, but was informed he had to stay and eat his supper, while his mother, who wanted to hear the gossip, if any, connected with the phone call, made her leisurely way to the longshoreman's house. After a friendly chat and a thank you, Jim's wife walked to the corner grocery. She took it easy. Too hot to move fast in such weather. Bill finally learned what he did not want to hear. Jim was on picket. Either nothing would happen or something would. In which case Jim would probably be entirely too busy to do anything for Rex, even if he knew he was there.

Nolan went back to the piano. He struck the keys a few times and attempted to drive into the back of his mind the ominous rumors of an attempt to break the back of the strike at once. He had seen that tried before, which made forgetting and turning to something else a difficult thing. He walked up and down a few times, then put his face close to the window screen. The air smelled like storm.

## III

Of the handful of our years, there are some which are anything but tranquil; and of these, there are some months, perhaps, unusual, extraordinary; of these again, a few hours in which reality scarcely exists and the datum lines and benchmarks have reference in proportion only in nightmarish dimensions.

As he got nearer to the wharves, Bill Nolan felt fear and excitement knot in his stomach until it seemed he was so taut something must break. He could hear a growl, far off, rising from a fierce hum and mutter. Occasionally it rose to a deep-throated roar, and it was not a good sound to hear, for it held menace and terrible power. He jumped like a wasp-stung horse at a swift patter of footfalls from an alley. Men and women streamed out and scattered as a big mounted policeman charged out of the black, confined space, club swinging, rising, falling. Someone screamed. Bill Nolan broke and ran, paused in a doorway, taking air in panting gulps. A cordon of foot police had formed over the alley mouth. He went past to the next street. It was blocked in the same way. He went back to the alley. The growl came again, angry, savage, a primordial force. The knot tightened in his stomach; but he walked on, trying to find an unprotected spot to get through. He sidled up to a deserted store front and flattened against it in the dark as a mounted policeman rode by.

When he could no longer hear the horse, he worked at the boards nailed across the store window. He got the ends of two of them loose and wrenched them off, one at a time, and forced his body through the space. It was damp and pitch dark inside. He felt his way, smelling the old, sooty dust his feet had stirred. He found a door at the back, slipped the bolt, and in a moment stood in the dark of an alley or narrow street. It was deserted. At the upper end, in a doorway, a match flickered to a face and cigarette. It was the cordon. He went the opposite way, toward the wharves.

Searchlights from police cars and fire engines played on the pickets; scabs and strikebreakers surged out of darkness like a wave on shallow beach, advanced, mingled, broke in a foam of tossing arms and heads, scattered in a hoarse murmur, a muffled roar. He hoped Rex wasn't in that. He climbed a fire escape as a shower of bricks and cobbles flew and came out on a concrete balcony just over the street. He could maybe spot Rex from there.

A ragged roar ran along the crowd as more searchlights came into play, bringing out hard angles, photostatic prints of open mouths, twisted forms. A revolver shot snapped and one of the searchlights melted with a hiss. The big square seethed and roared,

menaced by hulking warehouses, squatting like gorging beasts. And on the whirling rim, half out of light, he saw Rex, a bit of white paper hurried in undertow. You can shoot rope, rig buoys, sent out boats for drowning men, he thought.

"God damn it," he said aloud, "you can even swim yourself."

As he turned quickly, two flames blinded him and left a high ringing torture in his head. He staggered against the concrete wall, and a hazy smudge of darkness slipped down the fire escape and vanished.

Shotgun, Nolan thought, shotgun; not hit, just dazed.

He looked over the parapet again. Police were in it now, and firemen had the high pressure hoses out. It was queer. And suddenly he knew why. The thunderous and confined water shone like solid metal in the lights. It swept men before it, a scattering of leavers, and the thousand mouths were screaming bitter hurt and hatred. Not a sound reached him. A terrible pantomime.

Bill Nolan went down the fire escape feeling the rough iron, catching the chipped scurf of old paint in his hands. He pressed his feet down firmly in disembodied silence. He needed the feel of things in a world gone quiet and voiceless. Even snow falling feather soft made a small hissing sound if you listened. Far off in twilight among the reeds the slate-blue heron stilted deftly, leaving no sound; like smoke he rose, like smoke drifted, weightless on twilight air. But lilt of summer and the beating of earth's heart sang. Silence was made of multitudinous and never ceasing sounds, not this bulging and insane hiatus.

The crowd broke and solid ghosts ran by, he reeling with them and longing for the sound of running feet. In a small eddy beneath a street light a bit of flotsam whirled with him, a shabby wraith babbling with soundless lips, fawning, clinging with grey, leprous hands. Around they whirled, broke, joined. With fierce revulsion, Nolan thrust the incubus to hands and knees, leaped free, and found Rex pulling at his arm.

A ghost horseman entered the pool of light cast by the next lamp, a half block down, reined, then crouched to charge. Nolan ran for the nearest doorway. Rex stood stupidly, exhausted, and a little dazed, directly in the path of velvet hooves. In the same insanely quiet way, Jim hurtled, a black panther from the night, sent Rex sprawling and took the shoulder of the gliding horse upon his own. Nolan could feel by the aching of his throat that he had shouted in an agony of warning without sound. He ran forward and helped Rex to his feet. Jim loomed above them, blood blacker than his dark skin glistening in a trickle on his face. Together they

ran breathless through nightmare ways, foulness of twisting alleys filled with the carrion stench of need.

They stopped to catch breath by the lighted windows of a drugstore. Jim had one powerful hand on Nolan's shoulder, the other still on Rex's arm, protective, unashamed. Rex snatched his arm away, and Nolan saw his lips moving in foolish pantomime. His face was wet with tears. He had made his choice. He had taken a man's part in a big deal and Mr. Nolan and Jim and come along, shoved him out of harm's way, picked him up, and hustled him out. Like a baby, like a kid, looked after. He shouted his outraged frustration at his idol's deaf ears while the tears of impotence blubbered his gargoyle cheeks.

Jim caught Rex by the collar of his sweated shirt and pulled his face away from Nolan's.

"That's enough. This man's hurt. He can't hear a word you say, and one day you'll thank the livin' Jesus he can't."

A bolt of lightning hurt their eyeballs and flickered its adder's tongue above them. Only two of them heard the smashing thunder. A few quiet drops of rain fell. From the open door of the druggist's shop, the sweet sanity of Corelli laved them like a benison. Someone in the store shut it off abruptly with the turn of a knob.



ARTHUR A. SCHAFER

## When The Word Advanced The Proposition Broke

And when the word advanced, the proposition broke  
Into a thousand pieces.  
And all that desolate the lone sea shakes  
Is empty in an hour.  
We, in our looked-around-a-little-while-world  
Are stubborn to resist pleasure,  
Stupid to return the charm that mad-men make  
Of converted angels, and repented sinners.  
And then, after a little while,  
He wrote his own farewell.

WYAT HELSABECK

# Jonathan Heard The Cries Of Cain



The whipping woods were wherever you please. You could find the boy Jonathan anywhere. He thought the world was tolerant and lay down in his powderpuff house in Christ-kindness, full of the health of the strong vine. He dried his feet on the bleached grass and walked in the safety of sunpuddles with Kenny of the young corn. They understood as little as necessary and tried to be happy in spite of the people.

But Kenny heard of the impossible camel and the eye of the needle and fell into a contagious hurry. He discovered that the Bible was full of riddles and you could not bathe long in the sunpuddles without answering them to the satisfaction of the people. If you denied the riddles, you had come down from Cain and were like all the goblins and demons and ungodly beings that all the sons of Jesus Christ were born to whip out of the world. One day you would wake up and open the door of your house and there would be seven sons of Jesus Christ demanding to know what you stood for and how you would answer the riddles and what plans you had made for your bodycolor. They would ask for truth and you would have to give them an answer. They knew all that was left to know of how to heal and how to punish. They knew the is and the ought to be and the time for all things, which of the strangers to let into the house and when the woman was clean and when she was unclean. They could whip you through the tiny eye of the needle, you the impossible camel.

Then Jonathan heard the cries of Cain!

He was there at the supper table in the big candle room, where Kenny ate his young corn and came drunk with imagination. It

was better to cast seeds in the belly of a whore than on the ground, he cried, and his finger traced the terrifying riddle on the tablecloth. Jonathan listened because of love and Christkindness. "Cain! You've come down from Cain! You ate the young corn in my house and you denied the riddle of the whore. I have to hate you and your face and your body and all the things you've stood for since the day you came to my table, holding your brother's hand! How could anybody think you looked like the Christchild? That's what I thought, but I never told you!"

Jonathan felt his forehead filling with wrinkles, but he loved the hysterical boy and the finger jabbing at his eyes. Cain, the brotherkiller, who fathered a race of unnatural and ungodly things that had to be whipped out of the world. Cain, holding his brother's hand, walking unafraid into the sunpuddles, rubbing the flesh of the young calf, not yet aware of the need for fire and atonement. You had to have ugly names jabbed at your eyes and you had to beat the hard of your knuckles against the anemic face of the thing you loved before the names and the cries of Cain would stop. You had to stop the cries of Cain, for you thought of your father Adam and wanted to know you were as near to God as the rest of the pale people you knew.

But Kenny of the contagious hurry went into the fields where the food grew and threw up the colorsickness in his body. And he left the big room full of the cries of Cain and locked himself up in the closet, and one day all the doors of the house were standing open and there was nothing in the house but papers and rubbish and evidence of a hideous hurry.

Jonathan walked in the stale rain of the darkriddle road, wanting to lie down and bathe in the hysteria the rain made. He knew that when you lose the thing you love, you have to be whipped into a quiet corner of the world or scrubbed clean in the wet sand. He would never be able to accept the darkriddle road as it was now, with its ditches to die in and its drythroated houses and its dead ends of guilty feeling. He had to compromise the bodycolor with the demands of the riddle and thought it possible. You had to solve the riddle of the whore, if you happened to be a boy, or you could never sit down with the seven sons of Jesus Christ, who had been trying to find out what you stood for ever since the day you were dropped in the chloroform pool through mother's suffering. The intolerance of the cries of Cain would wake you up in the middle of the night, and the sheets you slept in would show what the yellow paralysis of the body feelings was like. You would get up while your brother was sleeping and bathe your body in

hot water and slip quietly to bed again, in a new place of white safety, and think of the riddle and the slamming of doors and you would float in an uncontrol and think you were drowning.

Jonathan felt a burning in the bottom of his feet when he walked on the bleached grass, and he lay down in his bed in spider-skin. An idea came to him in the indifference of the bedsheets. Tomorrow some men were coming to his brother's house with a tremendous white bull. They would turn the bull loose with the whitefaced cow and he could watch from the barn loft. It was a type of healing he would have to know about.

His young thighs hated the allnight indifference of the bedsheets.

As soon as he saw the sun bathing in the bleached grass, he tasted the milk and the melon and climbed into the barn loft. The boy who peddled the bullsex had already led the tremendous animal into the fencehouse, and the seven sons of Jesus Christ were standing with Jonathan's brother by the barn door. They had come to approve the healing.

Jonathan removed a knot from the loftwall and lay on his stomach where he could watch what the bull did to the young cow. The bull looked as if he needed to bathe his body in the shallow river and push his nose through the watercolor. But the greater need was in his white thighs. Love of the young-faced cow and her quiet color and the healing patience of her body stirred the strong vines of the giant genitals. There were no cries of Cain when the tremendous energy of the bodyfeelings began to whip the anemia of the young cow into color.

The seven sons of Jesus Christ watched the belly of the young whore where the animal seeds of the world grew. You could tell by the expressions on their faces that this was one of the essential healings. It was the healing with the red face. It gave Jonathan a courage to copy. The help of the boy who looked after the bull was the best thing he could think of with his eye at the knothole. His name was Roper. Jonathan stuck his nose into the hay and tried to smother the shame he had caught from watching the bull answer the riddle. He had to find Roper alone. Perhaps the bull had taught him the things you need to know, if you happen to be a boy.

He waited until Roper had taken the bull home. It was growing dark in the whipping woods, and his brother had gone to hunt the opossum. Jonathan put away the food he had eaten for supper and followed the bulltracks on the darkriddle road. He had

to pass the houses he hated and smell what they threw up in the ditches.

He heard the sneeze of the garbage dog, pushing its nose into unpleasantness, trying to synchronize appetite and nausea. He thought of the scrubbing in the clean sand and ran through the whipping woods until he came to the barn by the bull's house.

He knew Roper slept in the barn where the cows were. He intended to look through a crack at the doorhinges. There was a light inside and a woman's thin voice. He had not noticed the hayfork over his head. It was suspended over the barndoor and held by a rope in an iron ring. As his fingers touched the rope, the fork began to swing and its prongs rang together. He heard scuffling inside, and then he saw Roper run through a side door and down the darkriddle road, a white handkerchief flying from his pocket. The noise had frightened him. For some reason, he had been hysterical to get away into the woods.

Then Jonathan knew why. A strange woman with a shawl over her head came out of the barn. She was stuffing some money into her dress. He stood behind the open door and watched her run by the bull's house and into the fields. Then he knew Roper had found the strange woman and the belly of the whore. Did it make any difference who the woman was? It could have been anybody with a frank need to answer the suggestions of the body-color. She was an identity, a healer, not a woman with a certain color of hair and a certain measure of breast and a name that would fit.

Jonathan ran because he had seen the others running. He felt expanded and illegal and all out of proportion. He was glad he did not know what the woman looked like. He was afraid he might see her face in the woods and lose his forced courage. It was late by the skysigns, and he had never felt himself in such a hurry. He hurried back to his brother's house to bathe in the hot water and to forget the garbage dog and the sneezing and the nausea. After the sun came back to the bleached grass, he would find Roper and the impossible help he needed in such a hurry.

The fat opossum his brother hung over the fireplace reminded him of a crucifixion. He wondered if the animal had solved the riddle of the whore before the men came to its house. His brother snored in adult security, but Jonathan slept in spiderskin and thought of the woman stuffing money into her dress.

By morning he was so terrified he wanted to wake his brother and ask to be beaten. But he dreaded the questions and was afraid to think about the hysterical answers. He went instead and pushed

his head into the watertrough and ran until the sun dried his face. His eyes were almost closed as he ran and when he opened them he found himself on the darkriddle road, standing in front of Roper and the white bull.

Roper had never admitted the mimosa part of his father Adam. He had never lain down in a powderpuff house and slept in Christkindness. His arms were made to wrestle with weakness and kill cats in the river. Nobody loved him and nobody hated him. He was safe from censure, in oftenkind indifference.

Jonathan wanted to catch the contagious safety of the boy with the bull. You needed indifference if you were going to stop the cries of Cain. You had to have a hand to hold when the bottom of your feet felt the fire in the grass and you thought of the seven sons of Jesus Christ coming to hold your head in the watertrough and rinse you of Caincolor.

Roper was no riddler and had no idea what Christchildren looked like or what was clean and what was unclean. He had sad eyes like a spaniel in the sun and listened with his mouth open.

Jonathan reminded him of the hayfork and the money the woman had and the white handkerchief flying.

Roper put his hands around Jonathan's throat, but only to warn him. "You keep your mouth shut! You better keep it shut tight! I never had no money!"

"But you're safe, Roper! You did what the riddle said! Nobody can ever crucify you or hurt you! I'm not trying to get you in trouble! I've got to have your help! Don't you see? The seven sons of Jesus Christ can never drown you in the water trough!"

"I don't know no seven sons of Jesus Christ," said the catkiller. "And I don't know no riddles. You keep your mouth shut!"

"But you found the belly of the whore. Don't you see? Nobody can cry Cain at you as long as you live. You do know the riddle! Everybody knows the riddle but me! You want your safety all to yourself, just like everybody else!"

"You keep your mouth shut, or I'll strangle you!"

He pushed Jonathan into the ditch where the stale water was and stuck his knee in his stomach. Jonathan bit the end of his tongue until it turned white, and he felt a beltbuckle pain run like the hives around his waist. But he managed to roll over on his side to keep the back of his neck out of the waterstaleness. The beltbuckle pain was not as brutal as the Caincrying.

Jonathan kept talking because there was nothing else to do.

"I've got to feel safe. Roper! Show me the belly of the whore! I'll keep my mouth shut. But I've got to know about the belly of the whore! I know where there's a whole bag full of money. I can go straight to it."

Roper knew what the money meant. You could know how to buy the things you want without knowing which of the strangers to let into the house or how the impossible camel gets through the needle's eye or what the mother of the Christchild thought of the brief conception. He pulled Jonathan out of the ditch and held him against the white body of the bull.

"You go straight to the money, and if you want to be safe, don't open your mouth. You just bring me the money and keep your mouth shut!"

Jonathan thought of the opossum crucified on the mantel. His brother, who had held his hand for so many years of safety, had become a killer. Everybody had forgotten the need of Christkindness. Everybody would kill you to keep safety in the house, and even your own brother would crucify you if the seven sons of Jesus Christ pointed at you and said you had not found the belly of the whore. He remembered how Christ had forgiven the thief.

"I'll steal the money!" he cried. "I'll steal it and bring it to the barn as soon as I see the moon from the barnloft!"

He ran home through the water in the whipping woods and dried his burning feet on the grass. Kenny's yellow cat with the fine fur sat on his doorsteps purring, waiting for its usual liberties under the supper table. Jonathan left it rubbing the screendoor and followed his fingers to the tobacco can in his brother's kitchen, where a lot of money had been hidden in the safe days before he heard the riddle. It was money to buy safety with now. There was a needle fixed inside the can. It jabbed into the palm of his hand, and he thought of the impossible camel. He crumpled a five dollar bill into his pocket and went out of the indifferent house. He climbed into the barnloft to await the permission of the moonmadness.

The knothole, where he had watched the bullhealing, filled with the fullmooncolor. He knew this was the night of blood and blush and the yellow paralysis, and the moonmadness created a bodymadness in dogs and cats and idiots. It was a night of animal courage. The impossible camel would challenge the eye of the needle. And his brother would come home with another opossum to crucify over the fireplace, and then lie down and snore in the safe bed.

Jonathan knew the hysterical courage he had been building

would not last long. It was part of the hurrying he had caught when he looked into the riddle book and found that the belly of the whore, without the implications of the healing with the red face, was really there as Kenny had said. He went out through the back door of the barn and ran in the dark until he saw the bull's house and heard Roper telling him to hurry.

Roper met him under the hayfork and told him to get inside. There was lanternlight in the body of the barn. Jonathan drew his shoulders in to pass through the doorway, for he was thinking of the needle's eye and how you would have to squeeze to get through. Roper's arm, as strong as a vine, crooked around his throat and held him against the body where the yellow paralysis was heaving.

"Where's the money?" he said. "You said you'd bring the money! Have you got it? Tell me about the money, quick!"

He asked Jonathan for the truth but could not wait for an answer. He stuck his hand into the pocket where the money was and pulled out the crumpled bill. The moonmadness flew through his body and was milked into the strength of his hand and finger vines and he exulted, in an idiot's way, in the moneycolor.

Jonathan stood with his palms flattened against the wall and saw the face and the lipsmiling and the body tolerance of the whore. Her body was made with the challenging eye of the needle and the humps of the impossible camel and the riddle had implied that she was a healer. The needle eye and the impossible humps of her flesh were the first things he thought about. He remembered the young cow with the bull and at the same time thought of the mother of the Christchild in the barn and of the brief conception, and he was more confused than he had ever been in his life. What did it matter who the woman was? What did the riddle mean when it spoke of the strange woman? Was it safety you bought from her, or was it uncertainty that could get you crucified by men who understood no more about her healing than you did? The feeling for truth and the unanswer brought back the burning in the bottom of his feet, the burning that had always seemed to warn him when he was not safe, and he was delirious for the cool-water in the whipping woods. He felt the sun's color and the safety being milked out of his body by unclean fingers.

He saw Roper approach the belly of the whore, insane with bodyfeelings, full of the yellow paralysis. He thought of the mother of the Christchild and what had happened to the son she bore in the barn, and he began to tremble in a mixture of holyfeeling and fear. He saw the woman's hand knock over the lantern as

he backed through the barndoor, and he turned and ran through the water and the bleached grass and down the darkriddle road until he could see the house of his brother. The yellow cat with the fine fur ran between his legs, and he thought of Kenny and stumbled and fell on his face in the mud in front of the house. Hounds of all colors began to yelp around him. A little red bitch dog, her belly sagging with random new flesh, was trying to lick the dirty water from his cheeks. He looked up and saw his brother standing on the porch with an opossum in his hand, and with him were the seven sons of Jesus Christ. They all carried lanterns that stressed the anemic censure on their faces.

He was surprised to feel his brother's hand lift him to his feet, and he stood on the doorsteps with the stale rainwater running down his body and knew the seven sons of Jesus Christ had come to ask for the truth and would never leave him alone until they had an answer. He could tell them what he stood for now and what he thought of the riddle and what he had done to find out, but they would not understand him.

He opened his mouth to speak, but what he said made no more sense than what he was thinking: "I believe the Christchild heard the cries of Cain the same as I did. I believe in the clean white body, and I believe the thief ought to be forgiven, and I—"

He was stopped by one of the men, who held a lantern close to his face. The mention of the thief made him angry.

"So you saw the thief and think he ought to be forgiven! You're a wicked boy! You left your brother's house standing open, and a thief came and carried off his money! And you think he ought to be forgiven! You ought to have your head held in the watertrough! You ought to be crucified!"

Another lantern bounced forward to blind him, and then all the others, until he thought of the way his brother must have caught the lightblinded opossum. "Why didn't you catch the thief? You're as guilty as he is! You want to forgive the thief while the Commandments are broken in your own house! You're a wicked child of Cain!"

So he was going to have to listen to the cries of Cain again! He was never going to be able to stop them. They were on everybody's lips. They were made to stop you when you came too close to knowing the truth, and they would never let you find it. They would hang you up on a tree and crucify you before they would allow you to know more about the truth than the rest of the pale people you knew. He was ready to stand on a dreadful stump in the middle of the world, in front of the seven sons of Jesus Christ,

and tell how he had stolen the money and what he intended to do with it and how he had craved the tremendous energy of the white bull to give him the courage he needed to find the belly of the whore and its meaning. And he was going to tell about the holy-feeling in the quiet barn and the patient animals and the way he had seen the mother of the Christchild between him and the belly of the whore and was confused. He was bold in the lanternblindness and felt a colorgenesis all new.

He was about to tell everything that had happened in his hideous hurry, when the dogs began to run barking through the ditches and everybody turned and saw a terrible firecolor on top of the whipping woods. Jonathan remembered the lantern of the whore and knew where the fire was.

The seven sons of Jesus Christ thought the thief was in the barn, and they ran after the dogs down the darkriddle road and past the drythroated houses and through the stalewater puddles, swinging their lanterns and crying for the thief. Jonathan's brother had thrown the opossum on the porch and was holding the boy's hand as they ran in the ditches. There was a strange new paralysis of many colors in Jonathan's body, for he could not understand the apparent sympathy he saw in his brother's face. He watched him run through the coloring grass and into the redfaced barn. Perhaps he meant to lead the fireblinded animals to safety, or maybe he was thinking of another kind of safety, the kind his stolen money was intended to buy.

Jonathan could not break away from the seven sons. They held him paralyzed, while his feet burned in the grass. He looked up and saw that the huge hayfork had fallen and Roper was lying under it with his head crushed. A tiny piece of fire was caught in the leg of his pants. The crumpled money to buy safety with was there in the strong vines of his handgrip, and the seven sons cried out that here was the thief forgiven the way he should be forgiven. They dragged the body away from the fire and stood with the same anemic censure that was always on their white faces, too proud to admit they were baffled.

Jonathan knew his brother must have found the body of the whore in the barn and would guess the motives of the thief and who the thief was. He would make him tell the seven sons of Jesus Christ all the things he had done and why he had done them, and when they brought the firecleansed body of the strange woman into the grass, he would have to throw up his guiltyfeeling and nobody would believe his motives. They would not have to force him to

do anything. He knew the time had come when he would have to stop running whether he wanted to or not.

His brother had seen the body in the barn, but the fire put smoke in his eyes and he came running back in an uncontrol of unusual color. He didn't look like a man who would crucify opossums, or people either. Jonathan waited until he was standing beside him. He wanted a hand to hold to, but he knew the time of punishment had come and the time of healing was wasted. There was no healing left in the world for such moments of guilty feeling as this, when the cries of Cain had caught up with you and killed you with adult riddles.

A renewed craving for the safety of the sunpuddles was stinging like a wasp in his body. The confused cries of an hysterical boy over the supper table had bleached the color out of his life and sent him like a hound smelling after riddles, white where there was dying and inadequate healing. He had run faster and farther than you could run in the time and the season allotted to anybody as young as the corn, and nobody would be tolerant enough to understand what he stood for, now that the time had come to try to tell.

He opened his throat to condemn himself, but he could not say a word. He felt his brother's hand cupped tightly over his lips. An hysterical hope of safety ran along the vines of his young body. He stood trembling with love as he heard his brother telling the seven sons of Jesus Christ a story that was as near the truth as the understanding of one impossible camel for another can make it.

They left the seven sons of Jesus Christ approving the terrible healing, and Jonathan looked back and thought how dreadful it was to watch people dying and not be able to do anything about it.

He was conscious of a mixture of shame and disturbing satisfaction and thought of the garbage dog he had seen trying to synchronize appetite and nausea. He shut himself in the safety of the house and sat down on his bed with his brother.

"The money wasn't the real trouble. That wasn't it at all," he said, and he watched his brother's face. "I guess you know what it was."

"I think so."

"I had to know I was like everybody else. I had to stop the cries I heard! You've got to know what people expect you to do with yourself!"

"And you thought that woman was the answer. You changed your mind when you saw what she stood for, didn't you?"

"Yes. I began to wonder if I was really as bad as I thought I was. You've got to know you're as good as everybody else. You've just got to know! I was afraid they'd crucify me if I didn't prove I was as near to God as they were!"

"Do you think you're not?"

"I don't know. Kenny said I was like Cain. He said I had to be whipped out of the world!"

"Did he mention the Christchild?"

Jonathan was surprised. "Yes, he did."

"He was whipped out of the world and called ugly names. Do you remember why?"

"Because he wasn't like other people."

"Wasn't it because he knew the truth and they didn't? You thought of that in the barn, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't start the fire, did you?"

"No. I ran. My feet were burning and I ran till I fell in the mud, and when I saw the men on the porch I knew I had to stop running. I knew they'd hold my head in the watertrough, but I didn't care then."

"I don't know what you intended to say. I don't want to know. But do you think they would have known the proper way to punish you?"

"I don't know. I'm too mixed up! Maybe they wouldn't have understood what I wanted to say. I'm not sure I understand it myself! They might have—" He thought of the opossum over the fireplace. "They might have crucified me!"

"It's been done before by people who couldn't tell the thief from the master of the house," his brother said. "It isn't easy for one person to understand the motives of another. Maybe you have to be confused yourself before you can understand. I don't know."

Jonathan could still hear the dogs barking at the fire they couldn't stop, and he thought of the young cow and the belly of the whore and of the mother of the Christchild and of the hysteria the cries of Cain could inject into your body, if you happened to be a boy. He could have gone anywhere, and there were many things he could have done, but bathing in the sunpuddles seemed to be the safest thing he could imagine. He thought of the garbage dog and knew he had been trying to do the same thing that the sneeze stood for. He had been trying to synchronize an appetite and a nausea, and he knew now that you had to if you expected to survive. He fed the yellow cat with the fine fur and prepared for the hot bath and the clean white sheets.

ROSE ROSEBERG

## Waterfall

Lying quietly  
upon the aromatic summer grass  
beside this white-foaming torrent rushing downward endlessly  
as in that race within atom and star  
run with such fabulous speed  
they seem unmoving to the naked sight,

I am reminded to look again within myself  
and catch the lightning flux of thought in brain,  
the swift-changing flow of feelings in the heart,

but, strange paradox—

my eyes, still dazzled by the rush of waterfall,  
now see only  
the dark coolness and quiet of that dreaming pool  
into which all waters must finally flow.



## The Introduction

There is a pencil down your face.  
I see it as I take your hand  
And there's a line drawn on the air  
That is as thin as veins of blood;  
As thin as bones are, through a flesh.

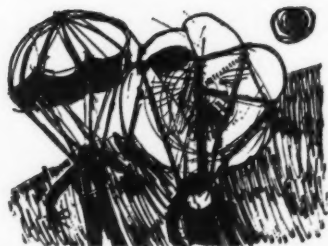
There is a pencil on your face  
that writes there such a round wide hand  
that I can read without dismay;  
That I can read entirely.

There is a pencil on your face.  
Across your eyes is a design.  
And there's a line drawn on the air about you  
that's a pencil line;  
That's a determined pencil line.

I feel your writing on my face  
A large hand writing round and wide.  
I feel you write my blood and bone,  
And so you write my heart and mind  
In thin lines drawn across the air.

WESLEY FORD DAVIS

## Look For A Buzzard



In the dark interior of the plane Ben Jarrad pressed his face against the window and stared intently into the deeper darkness. Soon the moment would come. On command he would stand to the door with the others, but it was a night-jump. Once in the doorway he could leap privately into the night.

The jumpmaster, who slouched in the doorway, looking out, turned and shouted:

"All right, men. You got three more minutes to smoke."

Three minutes to get across the river into Alabama, where they would jump on Field A.

The plane had moved away from the lights of Fort Benning and Columbus. It was a cloudy night. Some of the men had hoped it would rain so that the jump might be called off, but it hadn't begun to rain yet. It was just a black night. In the east a solid bank of clouds hit a waxing moon. It was a fine night for tactical jumping. It was a fine night for Ben, for in the night he heard a sound of murmuring water and a voice, a voice as slow and soft as the murmuring water. It folded him about like a baby's blanket.

Along the length of the plane's belly the seated rows of paratroopers lit their cigarettes and sucked them to bright points. Over the doorway the jump-light glowed red, too, like a larger cigarette sucked hard and steady. The heavy inhalations and the tiny lights destroyed the night. Ben lost control of his private world. In the pale glow there loomed the image of a man called Shorty.

Ben and his brother, Tom, had never known him by any other name. On a bright afternoon in the far past he sat on an old automobile tire, his upper body bare and shining with sweat. He sat,

taking a break from his work, and rolled a cigarette. And rolling a cigarette always reminded him of stories, things that had happened in far places: stories of cigarettes, of fire, of niggers, of niggers burning on the stump. He liked especially to tell of the cool one, the nervy nigger he had seen, one that no white man could hold a candle to.

And he had listened. During the long months Tom was away in the hospital, Ben had listened to Shorty's tales, trying to take his mind off the long months that Tom would be gone. But Ben did not want to look at Shorty now, or hear his terrible story. He tried to avoid looking at the jump-light over the door, tunneling his thoughts through the doorway into the darkness beyond. But the other paratroopers puffed hard on their cigarettes, mindful of the three-minute smoking period. The sound of their breathing was slow and strong, and their faces lit up intermittently up and down the length of the plane. Ben could not shut out the lights of their cigarettes. His head pounded with rage against the sound of their strong breathing and their illumined intent faces. Clinching his eyes he strained to hear the murmuring water in the night and the slow soft voice. But the glare was trapped beneath his tight lids as bright as the sunlight of a July morning, and Shorty sat spraddled-legged on an automobile tire, resting from his work. His voice teased and taunted as he rolled a cigarette and admired its nearly tailored shape. He pinched the ends together to hold it. He searched his pockets for a match and couldn't find one, and said, "Cain't very well smoke this thing 'thout lighting it, can I?"

Shorty paused, thinning his thin lips into a slight smile, staring at Ben, who fidgeted his bare toes into the hot sand, hunting cooler sand, waiting, knowing Shorty's way of getting into a story.

"Did see a man smoke one once 'thout lighting it."

He paused again. He had made a riddle, and waited for Ben to ask the answer, waiting for him to say, "How could a man smoke a cigarette without lighting it?" But Ben refused to ask it, staring back at Shorty, thinking, "Damn him. I got as much time as he has."

He pitched Shorty a match from his own pocket. Shorty lit his cigarette and explored his own riddle.

"Hit was lit for him."

Again he paused, drawing on his cigarette, grinning thinly, waiting for Ben to ask, or rather to declare, "Who would light a cigarette for a nigger." But Ben refused to say it, thinking, "He's telling this for himself anyhow. Damn him. Let him tell it by himself, without any help."

"He was a cool nigger. You don't see many cool niggers, but when you do find one, there ain't no white man can hold a candle to him." Shorty drew hard on the cigarette, then closed his mouth and looked at Ben. He let the smoke out through his nostrils (It seemed to Ben like minutes after he had swallowed it) and studied the cigarette where the fire had eaten a scorched-edged curve up one side. He said, "God-damned cheap paper they're putting out with this smoking tobacco."

"Damn him," Ben thought, "if he doesn't like it, he's got money to buy Camels."

"Yuh see, Bennie, this nigger'd attacked a white girl and weighted her body down under a log in the edge of a lake. But her skirt bottom floated up and told on him." He sucked hard on the cigarette and again stared at the brown crescent that crept along one side of the cigarette toward his fingers. And in Ben's brain the unspoken words writhed and twisted like the cigarette smoke. "Damn him. The story will have to be just as long as the cigarette." And he wanted to say, "Well, what about the cigarette you started out to tell about? You ain't said a word yet about any cigarette." But he didn't say it, thinking, "Damn him. Let him tell it without any help. He is only talking to fill up the time while he smokes that cigarette."

"After they caught him they tied him to a lighted-pine stump and stacked dry cord wood up around him to his waist and poured some kerosene at the bottom to start it. One of 'em asked him if there was anything he wanted, and he said a Camel cigarette. But about the time the fellah put it in his mouth for him, another fellah struck a match and threw it into the kerosene, and said, 'Now, that'll light it for you.' The fire blazed up and the cigarette was lit from the fire on the front of the overall jumper the nigger was wearing. The last I saw of it, he had smoked it down that far." Shorty used his thumb to measure off half his forefinger. "Is he lying?" Ben thought. "I hope he's lying. But the way he tells things, they don't sound like lying."

"I wasn't much bigger than you," Shorty was saying, "when it happened, but I'll never forget it. The way it smelled."

Ben turned then and ran across the yard and away beyond the chicken pen and on past the mule lot. Alone in a clearing in the high palmettoes he threw up until his insides were strained and sore. He wept and prayed for Tom to hurry and be sent home from the hospital where he had gone with a swollen leg and a stiffening neck.

In the dim-illuminated belly of the plane the jumpmaster's boots scuffed the floor as he turned to lean through the doorway to try to check their position. Up and down the plane the cigarettes brightened and faded with the sound of strong breathing. And like whips of smoke the jumpmaster's words writhed and coiled in Ben's brain. "Three minutes to smoke," a three-spaced progression of the long hand of the jumpmaster's luminous-dialed wrist watch. Ben breathed a silent curse against the jumpmaster. "The ignorant bastard. Just what the hell does he think he can measure on the neat face of a wrist watch?"

He turned again and pressed his face hard against the cool window glass, began again the effort of placing in order the objects of his world, the precious private world which could exist only in the dark night.

Out of the night there came the murmuring of water and the soft voice saying, "Running water always makes a pretty sound. Especially at night when you can't see it. Scares you sometimes when you're alone."

Now the panorama of the past was in control, unreeling like a motion picture of selected scenes, and for background the music of moving water and the soft voice.

The war was still young, and Ben was on his way home for the first time after finishing the infantry officers' candidate school, his new gold bars shining on his shoulders. He sat in the Greyhound bus and listened to the fat man across the aisle.

"It's hell these days when a man can't get on a train, ain't it, Lieutenant? But I reckon we got no right to kick—you boys have got it a lot harder." Ben regarded the fat man, wondering, "Where the hell is his car? He looks like the kind that would have at least one big car, maybe two. Maybe he is patriotic and won't buy black market gas and tires. Wouldn't that be rare?" The big man went on talking, saying how hard it was on a man who had to move around as much as he did.

"What do you do?" Ben asked.

"I'm Sam Warren."

"Oh."

He should have known Sam Warren. Tom had told him a great deal about this fat man with the big gold watch chain across his belly. People called him the Bolita King. He controlled the numbers game in most of the state. They said he pinned together hundred-dollar bills for drapes for his bedroom windows.

Ben thrust his hand across the aisle. "You know Tom Jarrad? I'm his brother."

"I reckon I do know Tom. He works for me off and on. He was telling me his little brother was going to school to be an officer. Glad you made it, son. Tom is a mighty good boy."

"Yeah," Ben thought. "You better watch out, big boy. If you live long enough you'll be working for Tom some day."

Before that, right after Pearl Harbor, he had hitch-hiked home from Camp Blanding, riding most of the way with a truck driver, who looked at him and said, "You're Tom Jarrad's brother, ain't you? He was telling me the other day that you got promoted. Are you an officer now?"

"No. I'm a sergeant. There's a big difference."

In a big county of a big state, it seemed they all knew him. All kinds. Rich and poor. Beautiful and ugly. Fat bastards and thin ones. Male and female. Tom knew them. They knew him.

And way back before Pearl Harbor, when a lot of people still thought it wasn't our war at all, Ben hitch-hiked home, wearing the plain khaki with no rank on the sleeves because he and Tom had decided a man should work his way up in a citizens' army. Late in the night a long black Cadillac sat purring in front of an allnight juke joint at the junction of two highways, its driver drinking coffee. When Ben walked out of the place, stretching, yawning and smoothing the wrinkles out of the khakis, the driver said, "Walk on down the road—I'll pick you up." He saw only the thin nose and a wide brilliant mouth under the hat brim, a glimpse of great beauty.

Then the big Cadillac purred soft and swiftly through the night, its headlights making ghosts in the swamps along the road, until all at once it slowed and turned off by a sign lit by one yellow bulb, that said CABINS. The big car needled along twisting sand ruts beneath the tall pines and palms until it passed between two cabins and stopped behind one of them. She said, "Here, take this." She pushed paper money into his hand. "You'll find some one in the first cabin." And later, in the dark still, she asked, "Well, who are you? Do I know you?"

"You know me as well as you need to know any man."

She laughed. "But sometimes one wants to know more."

"I live down at Sunland. My name is Jarrad."

"Tom Jarrad's brother?"

"You know my brother?"

She laughed again. "As you might say—as well as I need to know any man."

The panorama of his past spun neatly as a whirling sphere, flashing brightly the selected images of their life together. Even

when apart they had been together. But now harsh against the night the jumpmaster's shouted orders sliced through the roaring of the engines, stilling the sphere, hushing the soft voice. The jumpmaster's wrist watch asserted its strict authority.

"All right. Put 'em out! The situation becomes tactical. No noise when you leave the plane."

He flipped his own half-finished smoke out into the prop blast where it shattered violently into a shower of sparks. Ben turned from the window. The tiny signal over the door was the only light in the plane now. In another minute or so the red light would change to the green go-signal. Ben tried hard to tunnel his gaze through the door, trying to shut out of his mind the dimly outlined frame of the doorway and the small light overhead, reserving a minute niche in his mind for the jumpmaster's shouted orders. Again the left engine coughed and backfired. A blaze of sparks shot past the door, and in their brief glare loomed one of the eternal moments, a moment of time like solid granite, unmindful of the measured progression of the jumpmaster's timepiece. Locked behind his eyes burned the glare of the bright hot day of their qualifying jump.

The platoon of officer students double-timed into the company area, halted, and faced left on command. Beneath a coating of red Georgia dust their faces showed the strain of the early stages of parachute jump training. A stage designed, they said, "to separate the men from the boys." A corporal approached the platoon leader, saluted, and handed him a slip of paper.

"Lieutenant Jarrad, reported to the orderly room immediately after this formation. . . . Don't load yourselves down at chow. We take a 55-minute run this afternoon . . . Dismissed."

Ben walked slowly toward the orderly room, wondering why they were calling him in. Hell, they couldn't drop him now. He remembered, too, the days in the sawdust arena in the burning sun when they lay on their backs, legs raised rigidly to a forty-five degree angle, spreading them and closing them at a slow cadence until the skin of your stomach was knifed through with a tearing, ripping pain, and the pressure points in the groin bulged and pounded like faulty pistons. And the training master, holding the group at attention with legs still rigid at forty-five degrees, interrupting his cadence to tell a joke about Pat and Mike, the same joke he had told the day before, or maybe the hour before. And your outstretched arms pressed down and your fingers gripped for strength at the loose sawdust, and if you dropped your legs the penalty would be twenty-five extra push-ups. So you didn't drop

your legs. You gritted your teeth until the jaws ached and squinted your eyes into the hot bright undisturbed sky and cursed the instructor in your mind for twenty kinds of bastard. Then later, looking back, you loved the discipline strict almost to the point of being absolute. as when a lieutenant-colonel spat in the sawdust arena and the sergeant-instructor ordered him to take the handful of sawdust with the spit and double-time around the arena for ten minutes, chanting, "I am a naughty lieutenant-colonel. I spit in the sawdust."

Ben grinned with the remembrance. Tom would appreciate that story. If the good jump-weather held, they would finish their qualifying jumps in a couple of days. Then he would ask for a week end V.O.C.O. and go down to Jacksonville to see Tom.

Tom was working in the shipyards. All of the armed services had turned him down because of his neck and back. "Working here must be a little bit like being in the army," he had said. He had shown Ben the light tin helmet he wore to protect his head from falling rivets. Ben had said, "Tom, this thing is not worth a damn. You might as well wear an eggshell."

"Sho'," Tom said. "You know that and I know it, but the man who gives them to us don't know it, or maybe he knows it and just don't care, or maybe the army needs all the steel helmets in the country right now."

Ben stood before the company commander's desk and saluted: "Lieutenant Jarrad, Sir."

"At ease, Lieutenant. Western Union telephoned a message for you." He handed Ben a sheet torn from his memorandum pad. He asked quietly, "Is it your brother, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Was he older or younger than you?"

"Four years older, Sir. He was twenty-three."

"When you're ready to go, Lieutenant, I'll have an emergency leave ready for you. I'm sorry, Jarrard."

Then in the latrine in the privacy of the noise and concealment of the shower, making ready to go home to the funeral, he wept, rehearsing in his mind the scene which had grown so clear and real during the weeks of training. Proud as a child he would have walked in on Tom with his silver bars winking in the light and the officer's pinks bloused neatly over the tops of the glittering jump-boots. Tom would say, "Had a notion you'd do something crazy like going into the paratroops. Better watch yourself, Little One, you can't be governor if you're dead."

"But, Sir Thomas," he would answer, "I don't aim to die. I am one of the lucky ones."

"Knock on wood, Little One, then we'll go out to Jacksonville Beach and paint a few red places redder."

In the shower his secret tears merged with the water of the bath so that he could emerge with dignity to dress neatly, polish his boots until they glittered. He caught a ride home on an army bomber, and at home, stared for a long time at the strange face the undertaker had made for Tom. With the eyes closed it was a peaceful face, with the hair combed neatly to hide the hole made by the white-hot rivet.

In the dark belly of the C-47 Ben ground his fists into his clinched eyes to smother the trapped glare. He turned again to the window, pressing his nose and eyelids against the cool glass. He was able thus to listen to his thoughts as though they were played on a phonograph. Out of the far past the record played: "Remember taking the wild rabbits from the trap set in the high dog kennels at the edge of town. Remember sitting over the drainage well in the darkest night, and how you skinned the rabbit by touch. And the quail we took from the bird sanctuary at the edge of town, when Hoover was president and nobody had work, and you picked the feathers into a paper sack at night by the open door of the cook stove. You said, 'Most everything about a bird is good eating except the feathers and intestines. The liver and the gizzard, the heart and even the lungs that are right up under the backbone can be saved if you're careful when you clean it—something like what they call the lights, in a pig.' And we pushed the rabbit skins and insides through the iron grill into the black steady sound of running water, and you said, 'Running water always makes a pretty sound, especially at night when you can't see it, scares you sometimes when you're alone. . . .'"

"First stick, stand up!" The jumpmaster's shouted command disrupted Ben's reverie, and he opened his eyes and instinctively pulled back his feet to clear the aisle for the first stick.

The light over the door was green now. The twelve men of the first stick were on their feet, each in a shuffling stance, left foot advanced slightly, breast pack of the emergency chute pressing forward against the back-pack of the main chute of the man ahead. Each man gripped the steel eye-hook of his static line in his left hand. At the command *Hook-up* each man snapped his static line to the steel cable overhead which ran the length of the plane. Under the green light the jumpmaster stood shouting the preliminary commands above the roar of the plane, his dark form a faint out-

line against the darker night. Then he knelt to one side of the doorway, and shouted, "Stand to the door!"

Ben watched the twelve dark shapes, each breaking for a moment the black regularity of the doorway. As each of them stood to the door the jumpmaster tapped him on the calf, the luminous dial of his wrist watch setting up a small arc of light. When the twelve men had gone, the jumpmaster pulled in the twelve static lines. At the end of each static line there dangled the cover of a chute-pack. The twelve lines signified twelve successful exits. The old training school refrain writhed in Ben's brain, uncoiling phrases. "We don't make free jumps, men. We make static line jumps. You don't pull a rip cord. You are not in the movies. One end of the static line is attached to the cover of your back-pack. The other end is hooked to the cable inside the plane—that is, if you *don't* forget to *hook-up*. When you leave the plane the static line rips the cover from your pack, and the chute inflates in the prop blast. It's foolproof, if you don't forget to *hook-up*. If you do forget to hook-up, start looking around for a buzzard to glide down on. If you don't find one, they'll find you."

"The comical bastards," Ben thought, "buzzards don't fly at night. They don't even eat at night." Once he and Tom had watched a flock of turkey buzzards take a whole afternoon to settle down over a piney woods cove that the flooding creek had left in the fork of a water oak. Dark came and they roosted in the tree 'til sun-up before starting their meal. "A buzzard is a strange bird," Tom had said. "They are never in a hurry, but they are always in the right place at the right time. They don't even have to look for what they find. They are just there when what they find is ready to be found."

The jumpmaster was speaking again, sharply, precisely:

"All right, men. Be ready. It'll take the plane about a half minute to turn and run the field again for the second stick."

"A half minute by your watch," Ben heard himself whisper, "but your watch can't measure a half second of the soft night of eternity." He pushed his gaze past the jumpmaster into the darkness beyond the doorway, and back through the years of his life to a point where the real and the fanciful merged into a sharper reality. A mere walking baby, he stood in a high wooden box where his mother, who thought that dogs with running fits were the same thing as mad dogs, kept him during the dog days. Tom stood beside the big box talking to him.

"Now look, you just sit here in one end of this box and I'll show you something fine I've got in this sack. Now wait a minute,

don't mess 'em up. Now, look. One two three four five. Just as many as you got fingers on one hand, see. Can you understand that? No. They ain't just birds. They're woodpeckers—red-headed woodpeckers, except this one with the yellow ring around his neck. He's a yellow hammer. Listen here when I knock this scutter's bill against the side of this box. That's what they sound like pecking away on a lightered stump—just like somebody beating with a hammer. Shh. Shh. Now, you feel them sharp claws? That's how these scutters can run up and down the side of a tree. See this one with the logsawyer in his mouth? That's how they tote their food to the little ones that sit in the nest looking straight up, with their mouths wide open, like you sitting here in this big box. All right, Little One, you want to feel it? Here, feel how soft and slick these red breast feathers are. You like that, huh? You sound like a damn little cat purren. . . ." Then their mother stood over the box, screaming, "Tom Jarrad, you little heathen. I've a good mind to wear out a stick on you. You get those dead birds away from that baby."

"All right. Let's see you people get out of here as fast as the first stick!" The jumpmaster's voice came sharply above the plane's roaring. "Just listen to what I say, and don't forget to *hook-up*."

Ben tried to turn a knob in his brain that would shut out the jumpmaster's voice. He placed his hand lightly across the back-pack of the soldier on his right. His hand would detect the orders; the rest of him would follow his hand's directions.

He clinched his eyes, but Tom was not beside him in the night. He was away in the special hospital where the doctor had sent him to try to check the paralysis which was creeping into his neck. Instead, Shorty sat sweating in the bright sun on an automobile tire he had removed from an old-style clincher rim. He rolled a cigarette and talked of things that had happened in the forty-eight states.

"I'll bet you was wondering if that nigger I told you about burned all the way up. Well, he did. Near 'bout. Somebody said they fished his heart out of the ashes and it was still beating but I never knowed whether to believe that. He was a cool one though, smoken a cigarette like that. You don't find one like that in a thousand." Shorty paused, staring intently at his own half-finished cigarette, being reminded by this story of another story, waiting too, perhaps, for Ben to say, "Man, he sho' was a cool nigger. I bet most of them don't act that way when they're burning." But Ben fidgeted his toes in the hot sand, caught, somehow, like a fly in a spider's web, but refusing to speak, only cursing si-

lently, "The son-of-a-bitch. Let him take all the time he wants. I'll have to listen, but I won't help him out."

"Now, there was another one up there close to Atlanta that asked for some cornbread when he was on the stump. They give him two pones and he et all of it. Then he asked for something to hold in his mouth, and they give him an old piece of a broom-handle that was laying on the ground close by. When they lit the fire he bit that broomhandle in two. They say it helps to have something to hold in your mouth. . . ."

Ben's hand fell with a sharp jerk and slapped against the hard seat. The jumpmaster's order rang in the back of his head: "Second stick. On your feet!"

Ben was on his feet with the other eleven men. The jumpmaster shouted, "Hook-up." The metal hooks clicked against the steel cable and snapped shut. In the belly of the plane, all darkened now but for the faint glow of the green light over the doorway, Ben held the metal hook of his static line tight against the cable but he did not snap it on. Each man checked the equipment of the man ahead, but in the dark the checking of equipment was perfunctory; in the dark the jumpmaster's control was limited.

The jumpmaster shouted the command of execution, "Stand to the door!"

The second stick shuffled toward the doorway. Ben was fourth in line, shuffling lightly on the balls of his feet. He stared over the shoulders of the men ahead. The jumpmaster's wrist watch was describing its small arc of light. Ben felt a rising sense of exultation. In another three seconds the neat measured face of that luminous dial would exhaust its authority. His spirit soared through the door into the soft measureless night, toward a murmuring of water and a voice like music.

"Running water always makes a pretty sound. Especially at night when you can't see it. Scares you sometimes when you're alone." Ben crowded against the man ahead. He moved through the door so fast the jumpmaster's hand brushed his calf weightless as a butterfly. He lunged through the door with the static line in his hand.

The rush of the prop blast struck his back, and for a moment it was like being swept on a rough tide. Then he was falling softly into the night, and listening, looking for the soft voice. He couldn't find the voice, for in the east seeming near enough to touch was the waxing moon. The heavy clouds had split apart and were drifting away. He opened his mouth to curse the moon, but the

uprushing air filled his mouth, choking the sound. For a moment he couldn't account for such a strong wind blowing straight up from the earth below, straight up out of the silver stubble of an old corn field which shone serenely in the bright moonlight. Turning his head he saw the silhouette of trees on the skyline. "They had jumped at twelve hundred feet," he thought. "How long does it take to fall twelve hundred feet? How long has it been already?" In his brain a voice began to toll, "He asked for something to hold in his mouth, and they give him a piece of an old broomhandle that was laying on the ground close by. . . ." The voice stopped, waiting—waiting for him to ask, "Well, what happened when they lit the fire? What did he do when they lit the fire?" Ben heard himself screaming, "Damn you. Damn you. I don't care what he did!" The voice resumed in measured tone, "They say it helps to have something to hold in your mouth." Ben felt himself turning and a rushing of air against his face. The stubble of the corn field flashed like solid silver coming up fast to meet him. He thrust the static line into his mouth. His teeth sank into its heavy belted fabric. His hands moved instinctively to the ripcord of his emergency chute. He jerked his hands back, heard himself screaming, "No, no. Damn you." The voice answered. It was the jumpmaster's voice now, speaking with metallic precision, sneering, "Look around for a buzzard. . . ." Then the voice was gentle but steady, speaking slowly, exactly. "A buzzard is a strange and wonderful bird. The only bird that knows what wings are really good for. I have seen a turkey buzzard fly for half an hour without flapping his wings."

His body revolved, the heavy back-pack pulling toward the earth. The silver-stubbed corn patch vanished. He faced the sky and the stars and the waxing moon. The big C47 banked against the moon, its broad wings in silhouette, turning back toward Fort Benning. "Like a buzzard," Ben thought. "No. Not like a buzzard. Buzzards don't fly at night. Airplanes fly at night. Men jump in parachutes at night." The voice came softly. "A buzzard is always at the right place at the right time doing the right thing. They eat rotten meat, but they leave the bones white and clean." Then the voice exploded harshly in Ben's brain: "The right thing to do is to do a thing right." His own voice was answering, "Sho, Tom. I hear you. You're right, Tom. I thought I knew before, but I didn't really know. Now I know, Tom, sho."

His hands moved swiftly now and surely, jerking the ripcord of the emergency chute, stuffing the handle into one hip pocket, knowing that the steel wire handle falling a thousand feet could

kill a man on the ground below. He had already, as his body revolved, without knowing he had done so, checked the deflated chutes of the first stick for wind drift, and had seen that there was no wind drift. The chutes had settled neatly and lay like great white flowers without stirring, waiting to be gathered in. He made ready to pitch the silk upward and outward into the still bright night. With no wind drift there was an even chance that the emergency chute would inflate at three or two or one hundred feet. He could not now know exactly how much time he had. The parachutes of the second stick, his stick, were far above, growing smaller, shining like snow clouds in the moonlight. He almost laughed out loud seeing them climbing upward, thinking not many people ever get to see parachutes rising like balloons. Then, wadding the silk into a tight ball, struggling against its incohesion, with all his strength he hurled the canopy outward and upward. Even as he waited for the shock of the inflating canopy, which might or might not come, he bent his knees slightly and tensed his muscles, making ready to land. In his brain four disparate voices, one of them his own, spoke in chorus: "Land on the balls of your feet, knees slightly bent, muscles tensed but not rigid, and go into your tumble, all in one smooth motion. . . ."



## In Review

(*Cheri*—The Last of *Cheri*—The Other One—Duo—The Cat—The Indulgent Husband). With an introduction by Glenway Wescott. 733 pp. New York: The Dial Press, Inc., \$5.00.

When Colette originally published *Cheri*, the first novel that appears in this book, she received a letter of congratulations from Andre Gide. He had, he said, read the tale through breathlessly at one sitting and found that there was "not one weakness, not one redundancy, nothing commonplace." This was high praise from that great French novelist who did not make a habit of handing out compliments.

However, in spite of Colette's undoubted skill in handling her material, her subject matter is at all times sharply limited. All of the novels in this volume are concerned with one principal theme: the various singularities and oddities that occur in sex and in physical love. But in this one range of human life, it must be admitted that she is a master. She attacks the subject with an unblushing objectivity and frankness that is possible only to a Frenchman or a Frenchwoman. Americans write about such matters with tightened fists and clenched teeth and continual self-conscious repetitions of Anglo Saxon four letter words. The English blush prettily about these things and drop vague hints as to

what they mean but are too ashamed to come out and say it. It is certain that they weren't like that in the great days of Chaucer or of Shakespeare, but in these times it seems that it is only the French who can write about sex with the necessary naturalness.

There are six short novels in all included in this volume. None of them fail to be immensely interesting and entertaining, but the two best ones are probably the paired novels, *Cheri* and *The Last of Cheri*. The second is an inexorable sequel to the first, and together they form a masterful fugue of humor and pleasure placed against a swelling background of decay. They describe a love affair between a beautiful but aging courtesan and a very young man. There could be no improving on Colette's descriptions in these two tales. See, for instance, in the following passages how well she has conveyed the contrast and the shock of seeing the courtesan as a still beautiful woman and then ten years later wholly surrendered to the ravages of time:

At the beginning of the story she had a "great white body tinted with pink, gifted with long limbs and the flat back which one sees on the nymphs of Italian fountains: their dimpled hips, the high breasts 'which would hold up' . . ."

By the time of her final appearance "she was not monstrous, but she was huge; everything about her had grown enormous. Her arms stood out, away from her body, like rounded thighs; they were too fat to touch her body at any point . . . her hair was cut like some old cellist in a female orchestra."

We can see then that Colette's stories, even in translation, have as their greatest asset their vivid and yet flowing style. In the sensuousness and hard conciseness are combined and dependent on one another as in the beauty of a cut diamond, although in Colette's case the beauty might better be compared to the mystical glow of an

emerald. The light that diffuses through her world of Paris and of wealthy country homes is a green one: not the white light of diamonds and daylight but rather the green one of opium and cat's eyes and aging flesh.

ROBERT L. SELIG



*A Two Party South?* By Alexander Heard. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1952. XVIII 334 pp. \$4.75.

As the question mark at the end of the title of this book suggests, the task which Professor Heard set for himself was to analyze current political trends in the South with a view to determine whether or not a two-party South is in the offing. He begins with the well known fact that the South, at least the eleven former Confederate states, has voted the Democratic ticket in every presidential election since 1876 with the exception of 1920 when Tennessee cast her electoral vote for Warren G. Harding and of 1928 when Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, and Texas cast their votes for Herbert Hoover. Professor Heard correctly ascribed this Democratic solidarity to the enfranchisement of the Negro and the resentment of southern whites to federal control and Republican domination of the South during reconstruction. He then attempts to explain why this situation continues to obtain so long after the conditions which brought it about have passed away, and to explore the possibility and probability of the development of two-party competitive politics in the South. Predicting the course of American politics is exceedingly difficult as the Gallup poll of 1948 and the prognosti-

cations in the recent New Hampshire primary have shown; hence Professor Heard is inclined to hedge on his predictions—maybe yes, but then possibly no.

In discussing the weak position of the Republican party in the South today Professor Heard emphasizes the lack of strong leadership, the "numerical superiority of the Democrats," the "rigged election laws" and machinery of control set up by the Democrats, and the indifference of the national Republican party. Furthermore southern Republican leaders like the sort of government supplied by the Democratic party and see no need to change. These obstacles, says Professor Heard, "can be overcome only when shifts occur in the economic and social and emotional foundations of southern politics." He believes that a profound social and economic revolution is under way and that the recently enfranchised Negro will ultimately be assimilated into the Democratic party. This, he says, will strengthen the liberal element in the Democratic party and encourage the conservative whites to shift their allegiance to the Republican party. Such conclusions do not seem to be sound. Is social and economic change essential for a two-party system? What of the pre-Civil War South where the two parties, Whig and Democrat, were nearly equal? And if the Democratic party gives the sort of state government which the conservative Republicans want why should the conservative white Democrats leave the party?

Professor Heard attributes evils to the one-party regime which may be explained by other factors, for instance conservative leadership. North Carolina has a Republican party of considerable proportions, Alabama hardly has a Republican organization. But contrast the liberalism of Black, Hill, and Sparkman of Alabama with the conservatism of Gardner, Hoey, and Smith of North Carolina. Again Heard

says the one-party system gives freer reign to pressure groups and lobbies in state legislature than competitive party politics. Are such forces freer in southern state legislatures than in Congress where the two parties battle each other on terms of nearly equal strength? Manifestly other factors than the one-party system operates in these areas.

Professor Heard takes the position that the prospects of the Republican party in the South today are very bright because of the revolt of the Dixiecrats in 1948 and the threatened split in 1952 of Byrd, Byrnes, and other conservatives from Truman and the Fair Deal. The lessons of history might cause one to discount the split. The Independents of the 1870's fought the Bourbon Democratic machine but refused to join the Republican party because it did not offer a program satisfactory to them. They shortly returned to the Democratic fold. So did the Populists in the 1890's and the bolters in 1928. Now that Truman has withdrawn from the race, straws in the wind indicate that the threatened revolt of the conservative southern Democrats under Senator Russell's leadership will fail to materialize and that the South will remain solidly Democratic. It seems to me that the rise of a strong Republican party is, like the weather, a topic that everybody talks of but does nothing about.

This is a well written, interesting, and provocative book. It contains little new information but is an excellent presentation of the current southern political scene. It will furnish material both pro and con for those interested in prophesying the future, but it does not give a categorical answer to the question, will the South become a two-party region. In fact no one can do that. Future developments cannot be accurately predicted.

FLETCHER M. GREEN

